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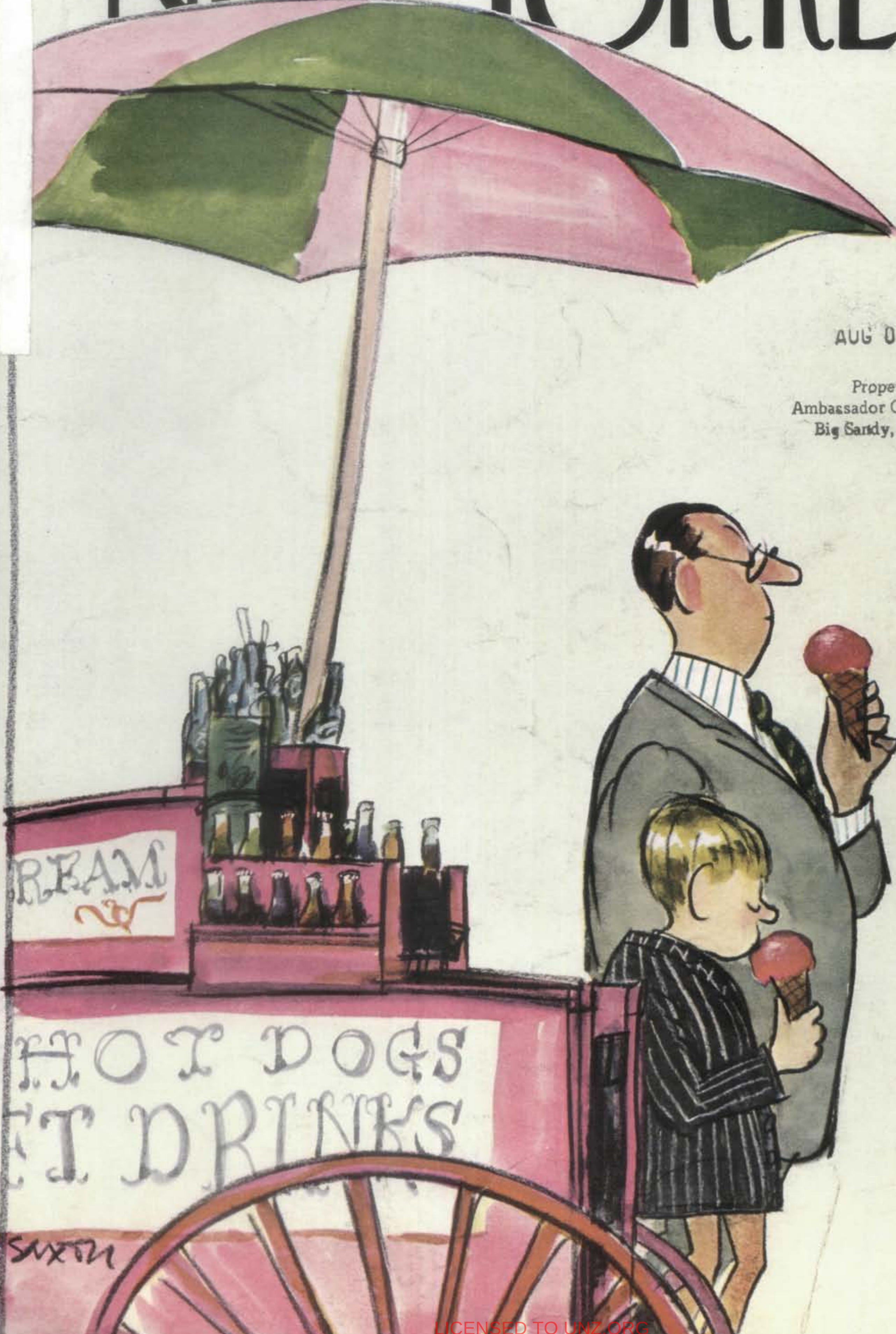
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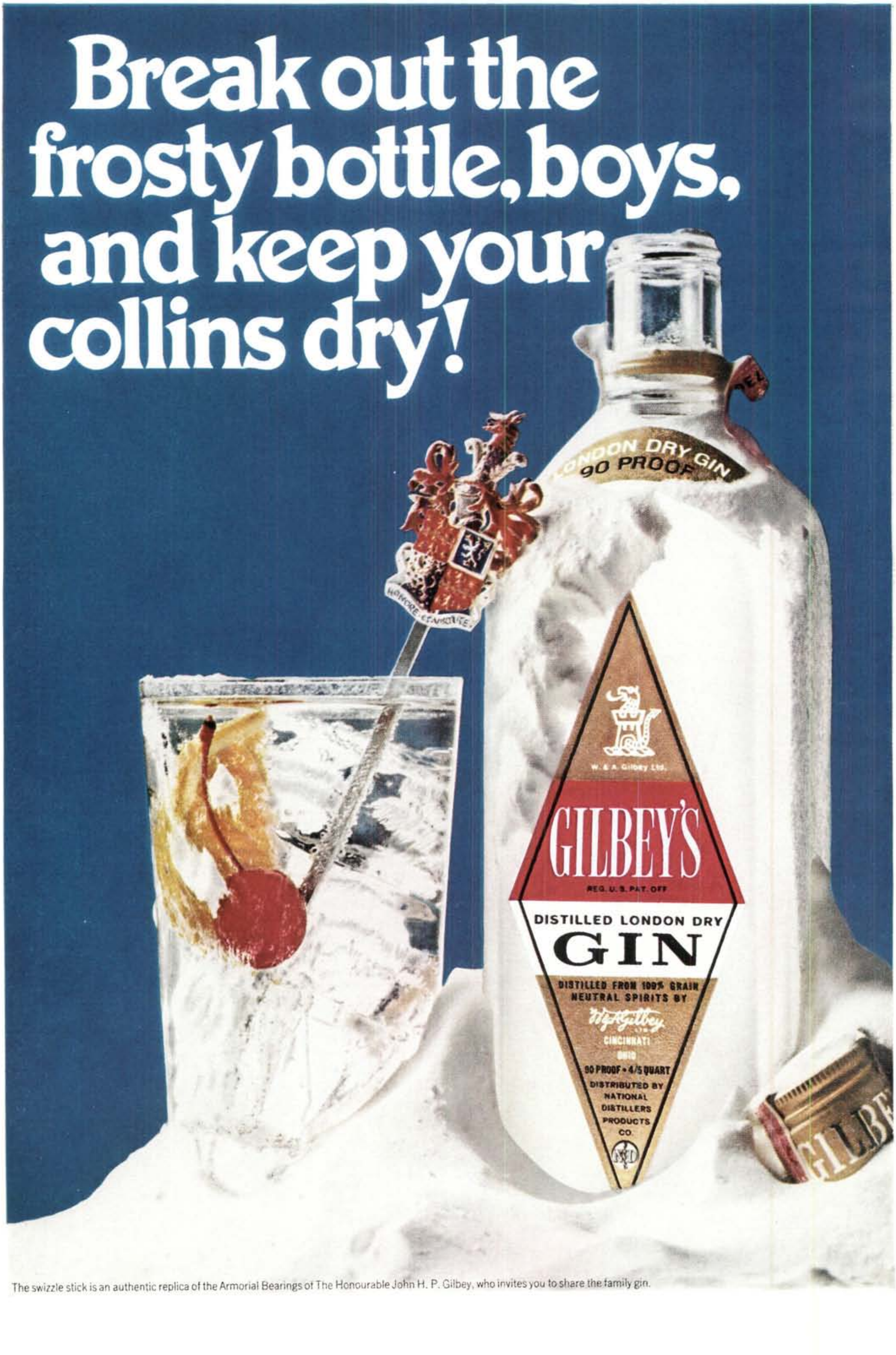
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Adaptation and **Next**—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make the funniest evening imaginable. Gabriel Dell and James Coco are the respective stars. Highly recommended. Starting Thursday, June 19, R. G. Brown will replace Mr. Dell. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ceremonies in Dark Old Men—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast, with Richard Mason. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

De Sade Illustrated—An adaptation of the Marquis's lewd bedroom ruminations. Not dull, but not recommended, either. (Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Forty Carats—Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, Franklin Cover, and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and cleverly directed by Abe Burrows. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Front Page—A Stutz bearcat of a play, driven at breakneck speed by half a dozen fine actors, under the direction of Harold J. Kennedy. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 5.)

Geese—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Great White Hope—A long, loud whoop of a play, wonderfully acted by James Earl Jones. A huge cast is required to tell this sad tale of the betrayal of a good black prizefighter by many white villains. Howard Sackler is the author and Edwin Sherin is the adroit director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hadrian VII—A play by Peter Luke, based largely on the peculiar novel of the same name by Frederick Rolfe. Alec McCowen plays the paranoid hero with great élan. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Little Murders—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Man with the Flower in His Mouth—An agreeable but tame evening of three short plays—one of them sad and two of them merry—by Pirandello. William Murray's translation is fluent and literate, and Michael Simone's direction is good, too. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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My Daughter, Your Son—A gaggy, not very comic bridging of the generation gap, set (or perhaps sunk) in Hollywood. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

No Place to Be Somebody—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon that is owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Ron O'Neal, Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

Philosophy in the Boudoir—An adaptation by Eric Kahane of the de Sade thing. Loathsome. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen playing a sort of young Jewish Lear, or maybe Othello—anyhow, not Romeo. Mr. Allen wrote this confused comedy and has had the sense to fill it with pretty girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—**the miser**, a clumsy, frantic stampede of a production, more Abbott and Costello than Molière. Robert Symonds tears the title role to appropriate tatters. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, June 21.) . . . ¶ At the Forum (362-7618) in the same building—John Ford Noonan's play **the year boston won the pennant.** (Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, June 21.)

Spiro Who?—In this comedy with music, Oliver Clark gives one of the funniest (and most legitimate) performances in town, as a young man on the eve of his college graduation. The play has its ups and downs, but it is worth seeing for the ups. (Gate, Second Ave. at 10th St. 982-3255. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Time for Bed–Take Me to Bed—A brace of plays by Charles Love. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 477-4410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

To Be Young, Gifted and Black—A selection

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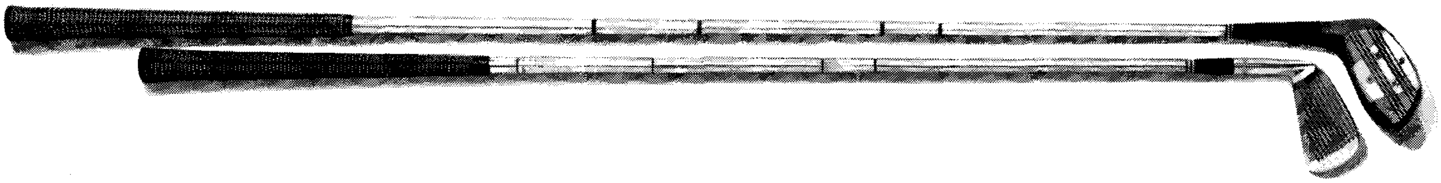

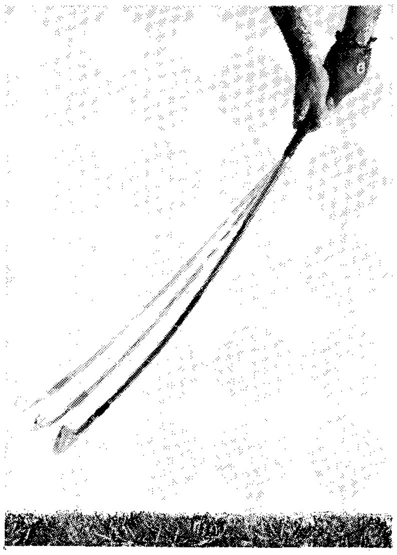

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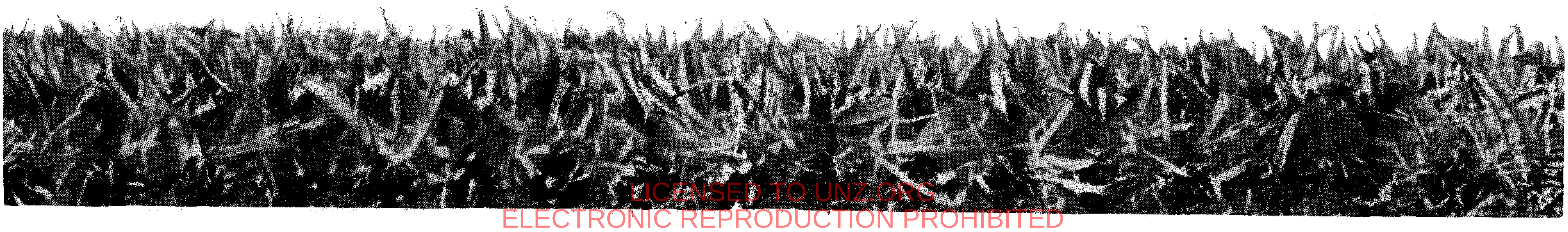

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Tonight in Living Color—A pair of comedies, "The Golden Fleece" and "The David Show," by A. R. Gurney, Jr. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—the boys in the band: A comedy *about a birthday party at which the host and* at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **plaza suite:** Three conjoined one-act comedies by Neil Simon. Maureen Stapleton and Don Porter have the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Dames at Sea—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A revue devised by Kenneth Tynan. Contributors of sketches number twelve; the music and lyrics are by the Open Window. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oklahoma!—A revival by the Music Theatre of Lincoln Center of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, with Bruce Yarnell, Spiro Malas, and Margaret Hamilton. Opens Monday, June 23, and will run through Saturday, Sept. 6. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Peace—Aristophanes' funny satire on war, brought up to date and turned into a musical, with songs by Al Carmines and words by Tim Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds' words are good enough, but it is Mr. Carmines' score that makes the show the delight it is. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Promenade—A musical with book and lyrics by Maria Irene Fornes and a score by Al Carmines. (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Promises, Promises—Jerry Orbach, Jill O'Hara, and many others in a marvellous musical with book by Neil Simon and music and lyrics by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

1776—A simpleminded misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Whores, Wars & Tin Pan Alley—Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein in a program of Kurt Weill songs. (Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. 475-7804. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—An amiable musical starring Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova. "Zorba the Greek" was a popular novel and then a popular movie, so the musical can offer few surprises, but in a musical who needs surprises? The tidy, pleasant music and lyrics are by John Kander and Fred Ebb, respectively, who did "Cabaret." (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Long Runs—jacques brel is alive and well and living in paris: A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **cabaret:** How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Anita Gillette and George Voskovec. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **curley mcdimple:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **the fantasticks:** God, isn't he dreadful? he said frankly. A ponderous Saxon. He thinks you're not a gentleman. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **fiddler on the roof:** Jerry Jarrett in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **hair:** A host of hirsute young folk hell-bent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **hello, dolly!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **mame:** Ann Miller plays Auntie in the musical version of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **man of la mancha:** Bob Wright plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. David Holliday substitutes for Mr. Wright at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **you're a good man, charlie brown:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **your own thing:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

Stuttgart Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, June 18, at 8: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Thursday, June 19, at 8:30: "Eugene Onegin."... ¶ Friday, June 20, at 8:30: "Mozart Concerto," "Presence," and "Nutcracker Divertissements."... ¶ Saturday, June 21, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Sunday, June 22, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Eugene Onegin."... ¶ Tuesday, June 24, at 8:30: "Giselle."... ¶ Wednesday, June 25, at 8:30: "The Taming of the Shrew."... ¶ Thursday, June 26, at 8:30: "Nutcracker Divertissements," "Presence," and "Jeu de Cartes."... ¶ Friday, June 27, at 8:30: "Mozart Concerto," "Opus One," "Holberg Pas de Deux," and "Jeu de Cartes."... ¶ Saturday, June 28, at 2:30: "Eugene Onegin."... ¶ Saturday, June 28, at 8:30: "Giselle."... ¶ Sunday, June 29, at 2:30 and 8:30: "The Taming of the Shrew." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-3880.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and tea and ice cream and so forth. Also folk and rock, part of which is supplied by the slightly baroque New York Rock and Roll Ensemble. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. On Tuesdays, the regulars take the night off, and assorted visitors come bearing instruments.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—A tenebrous and sometimes significant coffeehouse, where some of the most talented young entertainers are apt to be seen and heard. Blues artists of one genre or another occupy the bulk of the evening, with performances at eight-thirty and eleven. Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

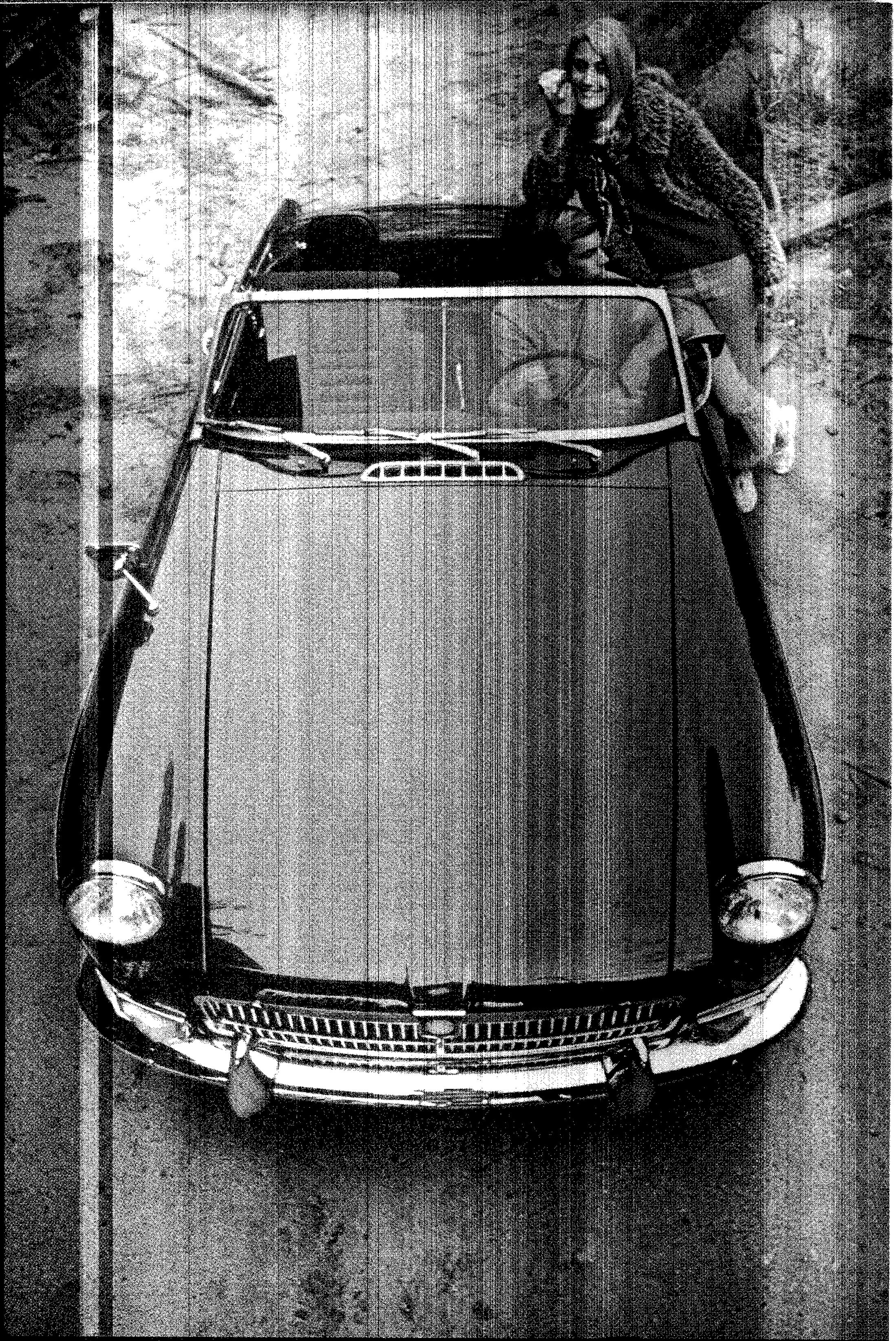
Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Not the standing-room-only club it once was, but still a good place to hear a sturdy kind of jazz, like that produced by the Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet. Fridays through Sundays, singer Anita O'Day is on the stand, too. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Dixieland, shrunk by the attrition of the years, still manages to flourish here. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—played currently by Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bobby Pratt, Freddie Moore, and Marshall Brown—is forthright. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A pair of polar bears (stuffed), an ancient fire engine, and ricky-tick banjo music accompany the drinks, which are mostly fermented. One can buy a boater and put it on one's head, if one enjoys putting on boaters. Tuesdays are referred to as ladies' nights. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters (again), garters, and prefabricated nostalgia. A fine how-do-you-do.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dim, shadowy, and nondescript, and so are its environs. Jazz most nights from nine until closing by the Freddie Hubbard quintet. On Tuesday, June 24, the Chico Hamilton sextet will take over. On Sundays, things start at



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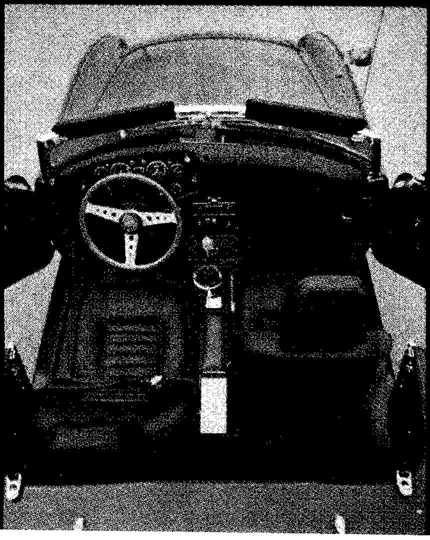

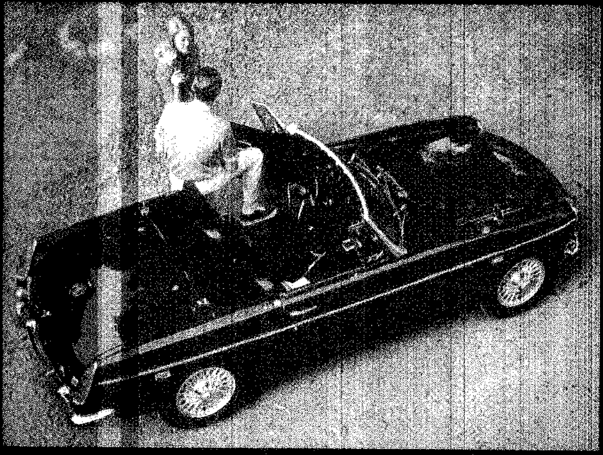

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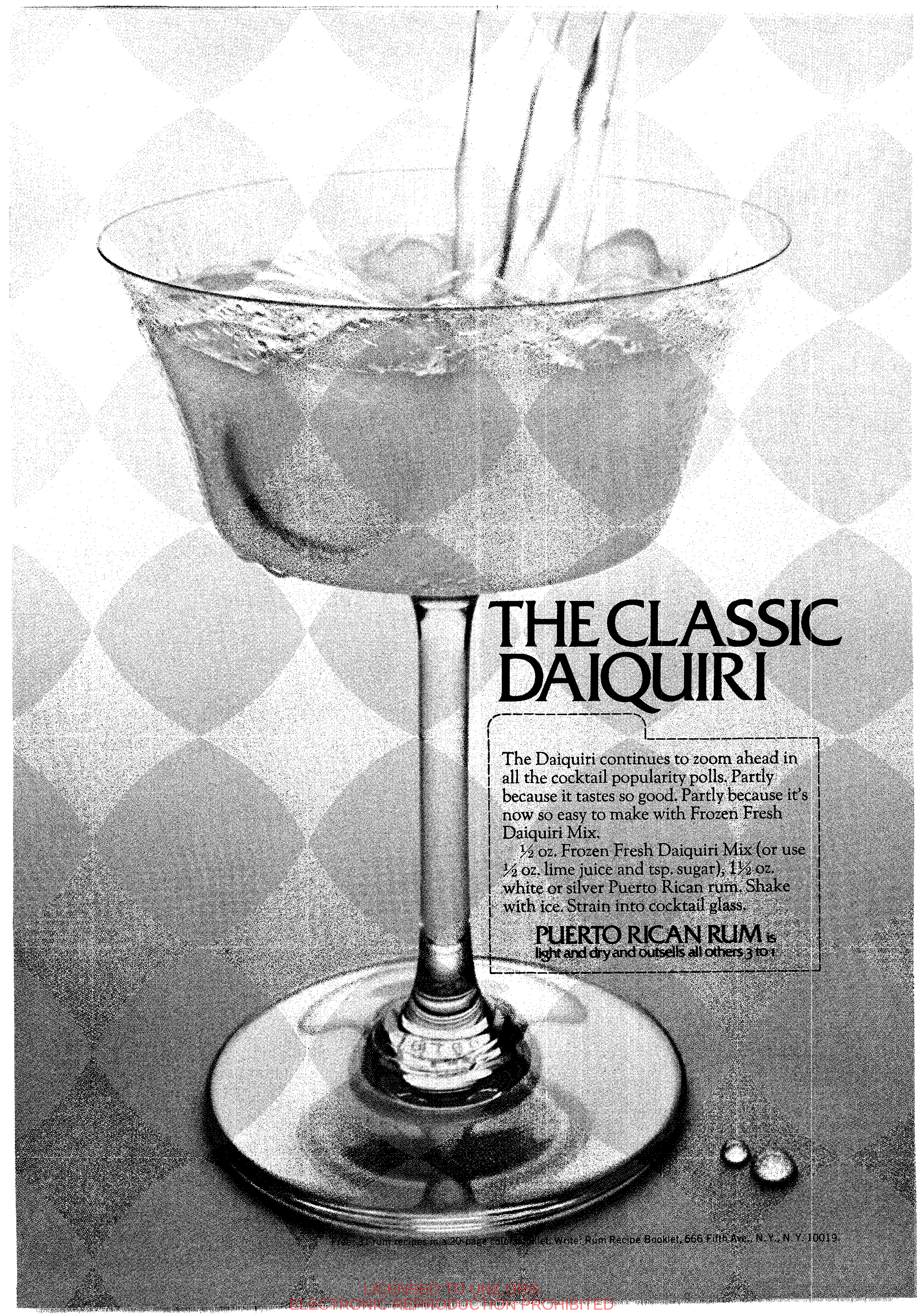

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seven. Each Monday at nine, Sun Ra and his Solar-Nature Orchestra descend on the place.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—The best all-around entertainment spot in the Village. Upstairs, the Gary Burton quartet takes turns with the solo piano of Toshiko, beginning at nine-thirty. Grilled dinners are available. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Blues guitarist B. B. King alternates with a thirteen-man group named the Lighthouse. On Sundays and on Tuesdays through Thursdays, shows are at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. On Fridays, the music begins at ten, and on Saturdays at nine-thirty. On Monday, June 23, at eight, a Dutch group called Golden Earrings, a Canadian outfit named Milkwood, and pianist Paul Harris will do a rock-oriented benefit concert for WBAI-FM.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A wedge-shaped room where jazz has a tendency to thrive. The Charles Mingus quintet plays six nights a week. On Saturday, June 21, from five to nine, Benny Powell's quintet will perform before the evening session, and on Sunday, June 22, from five to nine, Frank Foster's concert ensemble will do the same. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right; it's practically in the North River, in a pretty desolate part of town. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Banjos shake and washboards scrape and the gang whoops it up till the cows come home (i.e., from nine till two or three). On Sundays, a Dixieland band makes music from four-thirty until nine. Then the regular crew takes over and plays till the cows, etc. It's nifty.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—A lot was happening here a few years ago, and innocent night-club hoppers may still turn up hoping to find the glory that was Carnaby Street, the grandeur that was Mod. The loud sound of live groups alternates with loud recorded rock, from nine to three or four. Some food is served. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—An ornate *boîte*. Fake palms cast shadows on upholstered balustrades, and the furnishings, many of which are for sale, provide a kind of Louis XV-Riemenschneider-Chippendale-rococo effect. The records are occasionally arcane, and the clientele looks satisfied. Dancing from ten to three or four, and dining of a delicate sort. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A reasonably successful attempt to summon up the years IV to VIII, when Carnot and his associates were trying to govern France. The décor is on the elegant side, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing, on a tiny dance floor, to an idosyncratic assortment of records, from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Patrons mill and mingle while a mammoth light show flashes, splashes, and dribbles on a wall. Cyrus Erie plays for dancing until Tuesday, June 24, when Travel Agency takes over. Wednesdays are blues nights (mainly listening, with some dancing to records): On June 18, the blues musicians will be Otis Spann and his band and the Chicago Blues All-Stars. On June 25, the performers will include Freddie King, Otis Rush, J. B. Hutto, and First Generation Blues. Dancing starts at eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine on Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays. Closed Mondays. No alcohol.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its

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We're talking about Kodak's finest—the Instamatic M9 movie camera. Now you can own one for less than $200.

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age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Cairo, with its grand old Shepheard's, is the general idea, but nobody is really sure. Beneath, through, and around the extravagant architectural devices, the recorded music swells. Some of it is fast, some is slow, and all of it is controlled by a voluble disc jockey. Between record sets, the Bob Francis quartet plays and sings. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

WEDNESDAY'S, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A pseudo-street where you can patronize a couple of bars, a cheese shop, a fishmonger's, and several other real establishments. You can also dance to records, from six until three Sunday through Friday and from eight until three on Saturday. The music is solid discothèque stuff. On Wednesday, June 18, the doors will not open until eight.

WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Dancing is the main thing here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd knows how to swing, and the records reverb. When the records don't, the Credibility Gap does. On Monday, June 23, the Epitomé will replace the Gap. Closed Sundays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a cool place. The records rarely fall below the tempo of "These Eyes," and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—for whatever they're worth—are suggested on weekends. The drinks are huge. The walls are Paisley.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): History is not repeating itself, for the kings and the captains who made it have departed; nowadays, the repeating is done by the gramophone that plays on while the house band is at leisure. The house band, though, is populated by Lester Lanin's first-stringers. Closed Sundays. . . . **PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Whirl without end, and a social one at that, in the Café Pierre. The impetus is given by the tunes of Phil Wayne's band on Monday and Tuesday, Stanley Worth's the rest of the time. On the Worth evenings, Ellen Harwicke contributes neat song and piano, too. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The old household words, such as "peace" and "comfort," are still spoken in the restaurant, where the household guards are the cheery musicians under the command of Ernie Warren. No music Sundays and Mondays, though. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): It takes all kinds—except, that is, rockers and rollers. The décor and nourishment are elemental; the dance is the thing, and to that end the music is perpetual and live. Seven-thirty until around one during most of the week; Sundays, starting time is three-thirty, and Thursdays it is two. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Nice work, and you can get it Wednesdays through Saturdays from Joan Rivers, who sets forth the premise that man's place (if, indeed, any) is in the home and on the shelf. Ten is the usual starting time, but Fridays and Saturdays begin at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays through Tuesdays.

EL AVRAM, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Backyard chatter (and music, music, music) across the fences—Israeli, Greek, Turkish, Armenian, Yemenite, and the like—of the Mediterranean world. Avram Grobard is the moderator, George Mgrdichian is chief oudist, Yakov Uriel serves as Gabriel's trumpet, Yoel Dan and his trio serve as dance masters, and a solemn female turns the *danse du ventre* into a form of ceremony. The dining is a meeting of East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The small revue called "Free Fall," whose modus operandi was thought up by Ronny Graham, is often in his jocular, jugular, Dracula vein. The players, too, have been touched up. All are excellent, and Patti Deutsch is exceptional. Aside from Sundays, the operation is done twice a night, beginning at nine-thirty.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, Flip Wilson punctuates the dinner and supper hours with his bumptious causeries, and punctures a few popular notions, too. The musicianly Lee Evans band continues taking its special care of the dance tunes. Closed Sundays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The reign in Spain falls mostly to Los Chavales de España, even when, as now, their majesties are on tour—chanting, chaffing, cajoling, and cantering through their festival of song and prance. Twice a night, every night. . . . ¶ In the Flamenco Room, a tiny theatre-in-the-round, fervent demonstrations of the off-beat Spanish handclap and flight-of-the-bumblebee Spanish song (Domingo Alvarado) go on until all hours (ten to four, anyway) and every night. Emilio Prados is the highly necessary guitarist.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The age of miracles (the one conducted by Smokey Robinson and the Miracles, anyway) comes to a clattering close on Wednesday, June 18; humorist Dick Lord finishes up the same night. Next evening's arrivals are Jackie Kahane, out to prove that the Montreal wisecrack is as smart as the New York sort (it is, by the way), and the singer named Steve Alaimo. Every night, and twice or more. . . . ¶ It seems always to be larkiest just before dawn in the street-level lounge, though the daybreak people and the night music (the *foursome known as the Pacesetters*) begin as early as ten.

DOWNBEAT, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—A crack of thunder—the thunder of a fondly remembered old era—is heard at six-thirty and goes on until two every night but Sunday. The major implementation is the welcome horn of Wild Bill Davison, leading his Jazz Giants into the fray. Lighter but nevertheless firm touches are contributed by the threesome of the perpetual Teddy Wilson and by Muriel Roberts' solo piano. No dancing, sorry to say.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—"O Sole Mio" and other selections from an early Italian Hit Parade are the forte as well as the fortissimo of Enzo Stuarti, the earnest showpiece of the Persian Room during dinner and supper. The chiming bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte fill to overflowing the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** Mousie Alexander's triad keeps its lyric power under a certain restraint when it serves up dance music. Among the visitors is the Americana Brass, which is solely for listening. Dinner *si*, supper *no*. Proceedings commence at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room; this is mainly the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the perfect spot to begin the Grand Tour of Europe, for then Gunnar Hansen's violin sets off upon the prescribed route. No action Sundays, and Monday nights belong to Mr. Marcu.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Trini Lopez brings the Empire Room's season to a jolly, jumping close on Saturday, June 21. His chirpings and caperings occur during dinner and supper. Dance tunes in quantity, the best of them by a sort of Carnaby quartet called the Re Vells. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley affords dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to one or one-thirty along with dinner and supper, plus piano on its own from four to eight Mondays through Fridays.

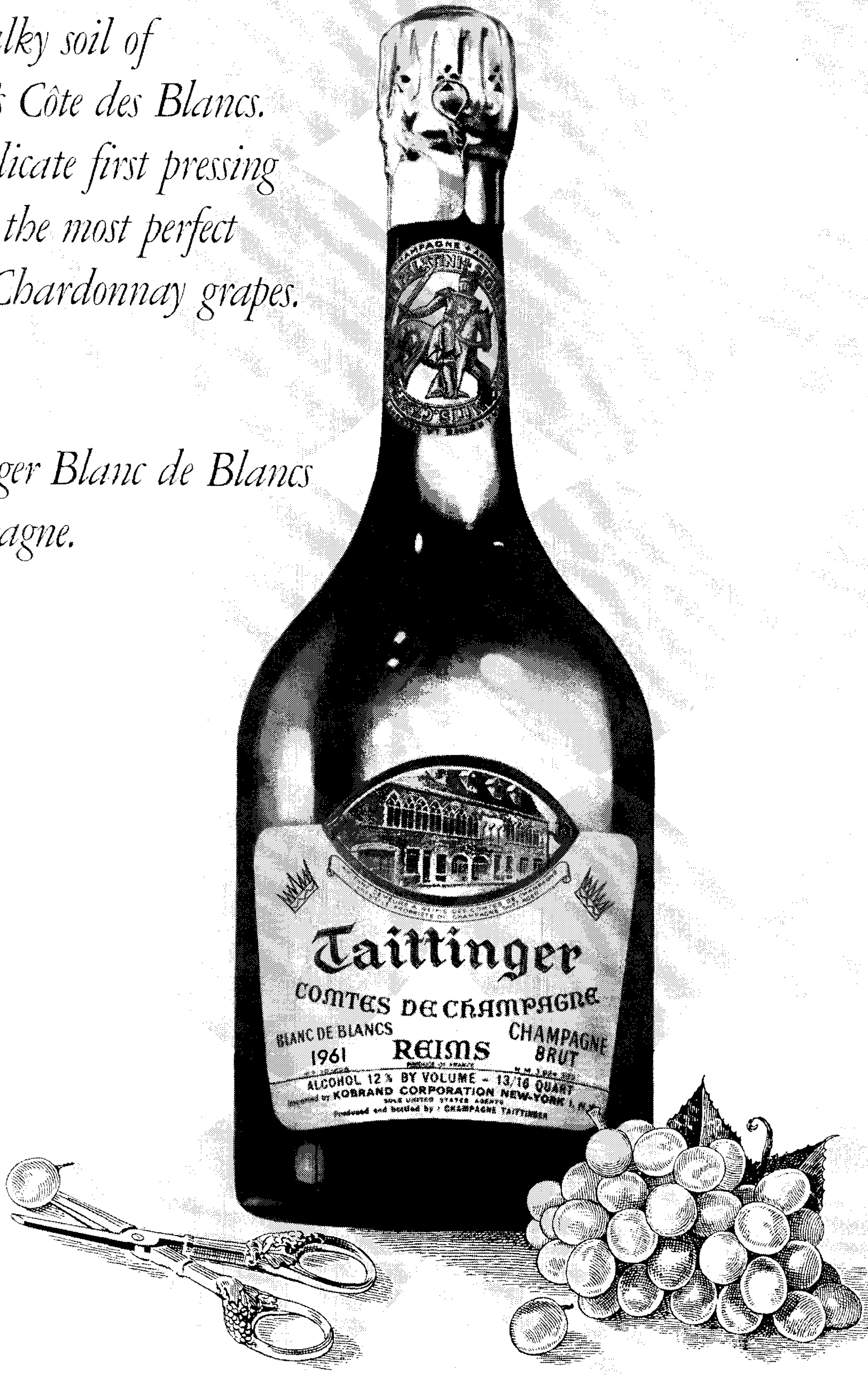
SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): First in the hearts of his country-club men is

The gentle sun,
the chalky soil of
France's Côte des Blancs.
The delicate first pressing
of only the most perfect
white Chardonnay grapes.

This is
Taittinger Blanc de Blancs
Champagne.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Blanc de Blancs
1961
Reims
Champagne
Brut
Alcohol 12% by volume - 13/16 quart
Imported by Kobrand Corporation New-York N.Y.
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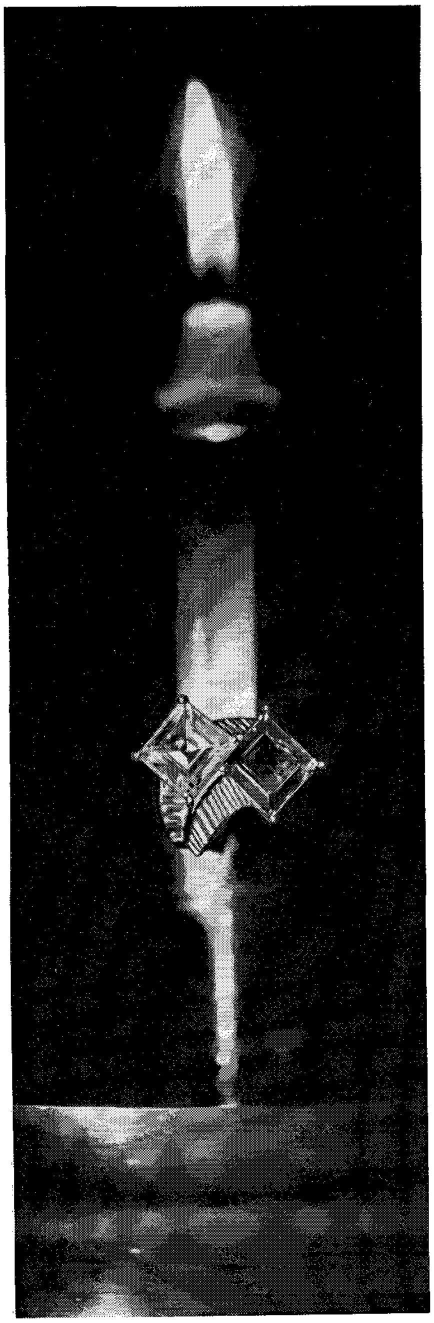
The two extraordinary stones in this remarkable emerald and diamond ring each have four equal sides, as opposed to the usual rectangular "emerald" cut. This square cut does strange, beautiful things: the emerald glows with a pure, otherworldly light, the diamond seems to have captured sparks in flight. With a double diagonal row of baguette diamonds set in platinum on either side, $56,700.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Louis Golson Hawkins, who runs his in-town country club with aplomb, éclat, and single and double piano, his teammate being the redoubtable Wayne Sanders. From eight until early morn is the idea. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A word to the worldly wise is sufficient, especially if it is inserted in one of the lyrics that Bobby Short keeps in stock. He, his piano, and his aides (Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan) begin at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): A fine state of affairs, all of them foreign, or at least West Indian—costumery, cookery, and chantey, the last of these by a brace of calypso men. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Night after night you can see the stagecoach coming through Generation Gap on its way to Young City. Chuck Wayne's threesome greets it at the gateway to the old corral. No music Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Every night but Sunday, Charles De Forest keeps on singing the vinaigrette vignettes of big-town life he does so well. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Not upon a Grecian urn but upon a Steinway sits Rita Dimitri, the Athenian turned Parisian soubrette. Her dinner songs (repeated, Fridays and Saturdays, at midnight) are almost audience-participation, and she is indeed a hostess with the mostest. Polite dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): If two Hungarians meet over a glass of Tokay, they start a gypsy orchestra. Béla Babai's band flavors this scene, and Tibor Rakossy is lord of the manor and lord of the tenors. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): A practically continuous standing ovation—sometimes by the customers as well as the crew—to Italian opera that is well basted with *fettuccine* and Orvieto. Closed Mondays for soundproofing. . . . **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): Parliamentary rules prevail in what does seem like a bit of a well-known sceptred isle, but Lynn Richards, who plies her piano and soprano Tuesday through Saturday every week, is nevertheless whoop-de-do New York. Nine until two is her plan of attack.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castles and kings, bishops and knights, but never a pawn. The principal knight-errant is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of after-dark violinists, who makes his weapon serve the noble cause of Cupid. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Tiber, Tiber, burning bright/ Until very late at night—two, say. Up to that hour, musicians and singers, who begin at seven-thirty, are on the move. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A country house in the Alpi Marittime. Lynn Mullinax has taken over the piano in the bar and added several notes of cheer. He's there from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The upper half of the same enterprise, but worlds apart in every aspect. In one of the alcoves on display there is piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Nothing but the best. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is a piano from five until a bit after midnight, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Alt Wien and Nieuw Amsterdam meet in the piano and commentary of George Feyer, upholder of the *ancien régime* in dinner and supper music. Eight-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the roads that lead to Rome. On and around a wayside bandstand is the crew of musicians headed by Herman Honigsberg, upon whose violin the longbow is never drawn. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Field of the Cloth of Gold is the manner of the establishment, and mild is the manner of the piano (Joe Miles, author) that goes from nine-thirty until one. Closes Saturday, June 21, for the summer. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The piano (Bob Kail's) in the Casino-on-the-Park, that well-kept indoor *plaisance*, will end its evening chores (six-thirty until one) on Saturday, June 21. . . . **UMBERTO,** 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): This tribute, presumably, to Italy's final king is architecturally a Royal Nonesuch, but an entertaining one. A troubadour known as Franco Pagani mingles guitar and tenor from seven until midnight, except Saturdays and Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Martin Chirino—Forged-iron sculptures, some chrome-plated, some painted, and some enamelled; through Friday, June 20. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Dan Christensen—Spray paintings in brilliant metallic colors; through Friday, June 27. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

John Clem Clarke—He copies Copley (John Singleton); through Friday, June 27. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

James Earle Fraser—Bronzes made from plaster models by a leading early-twentieth-century American sculptor; through July 3. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

Mimi Gross Grooms and Red Grooms—Drawings and watercolors of Europe; through Friday, June 20. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Friedrich Hundertwasser—The second half (1959-68) of a retrospective of paintings by a Viennese who has gained notice in international exhibitions but whose first one-man show in New York this is; through Friday, June 27. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kandinsky, Franz Marc, and August Macke—A large showing of watercolors, drawings, and a few sculptures by three members of the German Blue Rider group; through Friday, June 27. (Hutton-Hutschnecker, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Robert Kaupelis—Paintings based on the figure; through Friday, June 27. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

William Klein—Abstract Expressionist landscapes and abstractions; through July 3. (Panoras, 62 W. 56th St. Open Saturdays.)

Howard Kottler—Porcelain plaques with Surrealist images; through Friday, June 20. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St.)

Luciano Minguzzi—Figurative sculptures, including studies for a door of the Cathedral in Milan; through Friday, June 27. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

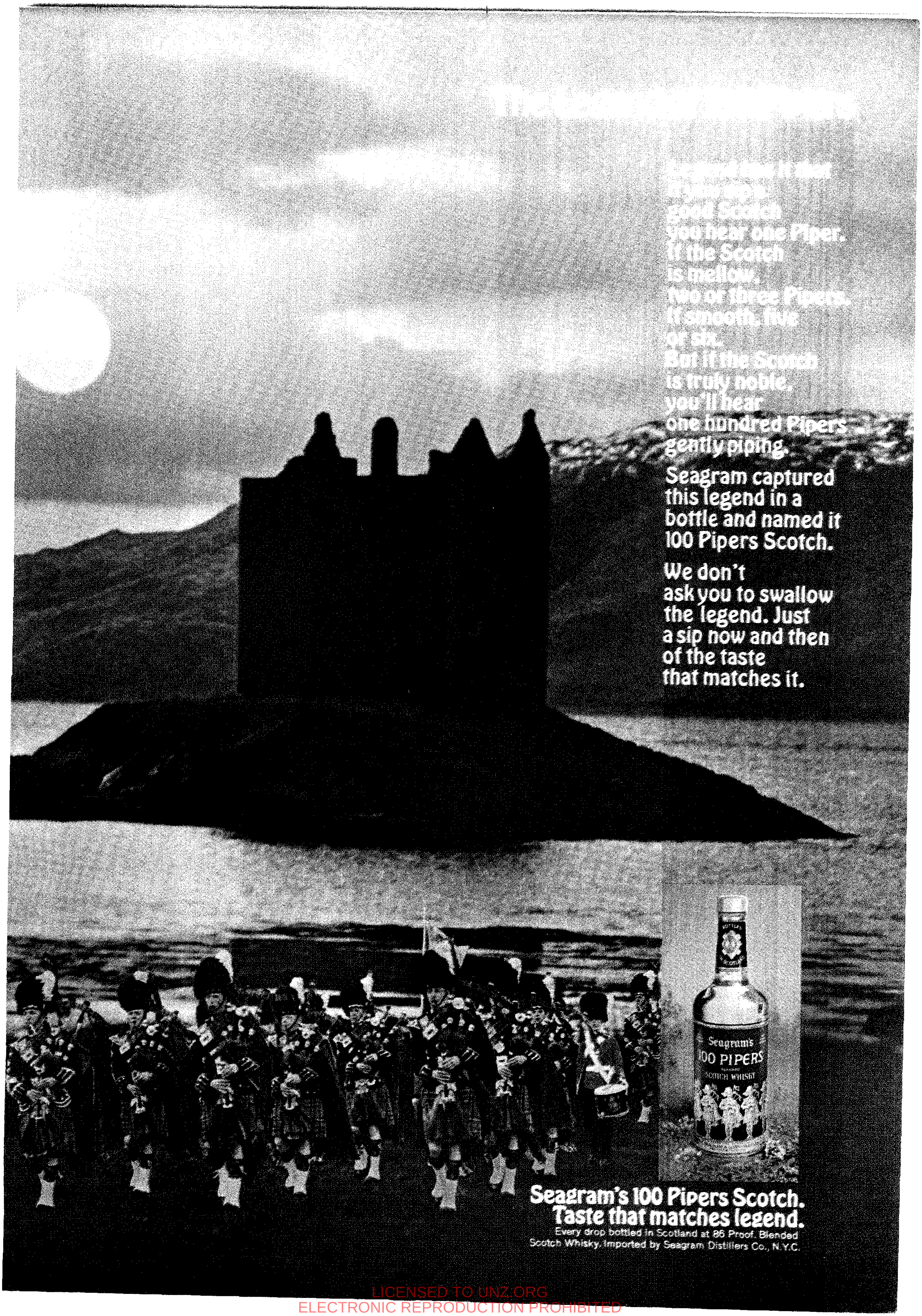
Lowell Nesbitt—Gray paintings, some of them introducing the male nude; through Friday, June 27. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Emil Nolde (1867-1956)—Watercolors; through Friday, June 27. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Paulémile Pissarro—Impressionist paintings by the surviving son of the Impressionist master; through July 3. (Wally F. Galleries, 17 E. 57th St. Open Saturdays.)

Richard Ruben—Drawings with Abstract symbols; through Friday, June 20. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

Group Shows—At the **BANFER,** 23 E. 67th St.: Jared French, Maurice Grosser, and Margo Hoff are some of the gallery artists represented in an exhibition of figures, landscapes, and still-lifes; through July 31. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5.) . . . **COLOMBIAN CENTER,** 140 E. 57th St.: Colonial and modern paintings, carvings, and sculptures from



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BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

The [illegible]

Legend has it that
if you sip a
good Scotch
you hear one Piper.
If the Scotch
is mellow,
two or three Pipers.
If smooth, five
or six.
But if the Scotch
is truly noble,
you'll hear
one hundred Pipers
gently piping.

Seagram captured
this legend in a
bottle and named it
100 Pipers Scotch.

We don't
ask you to swallow
the legend. Just
a sip now and then
of the taste
that matches it.

**Seagram's 100 Pipers Scotch.
Taste that matches legend.**

Every drop bottled in Scotland at 86 Proof. Blended
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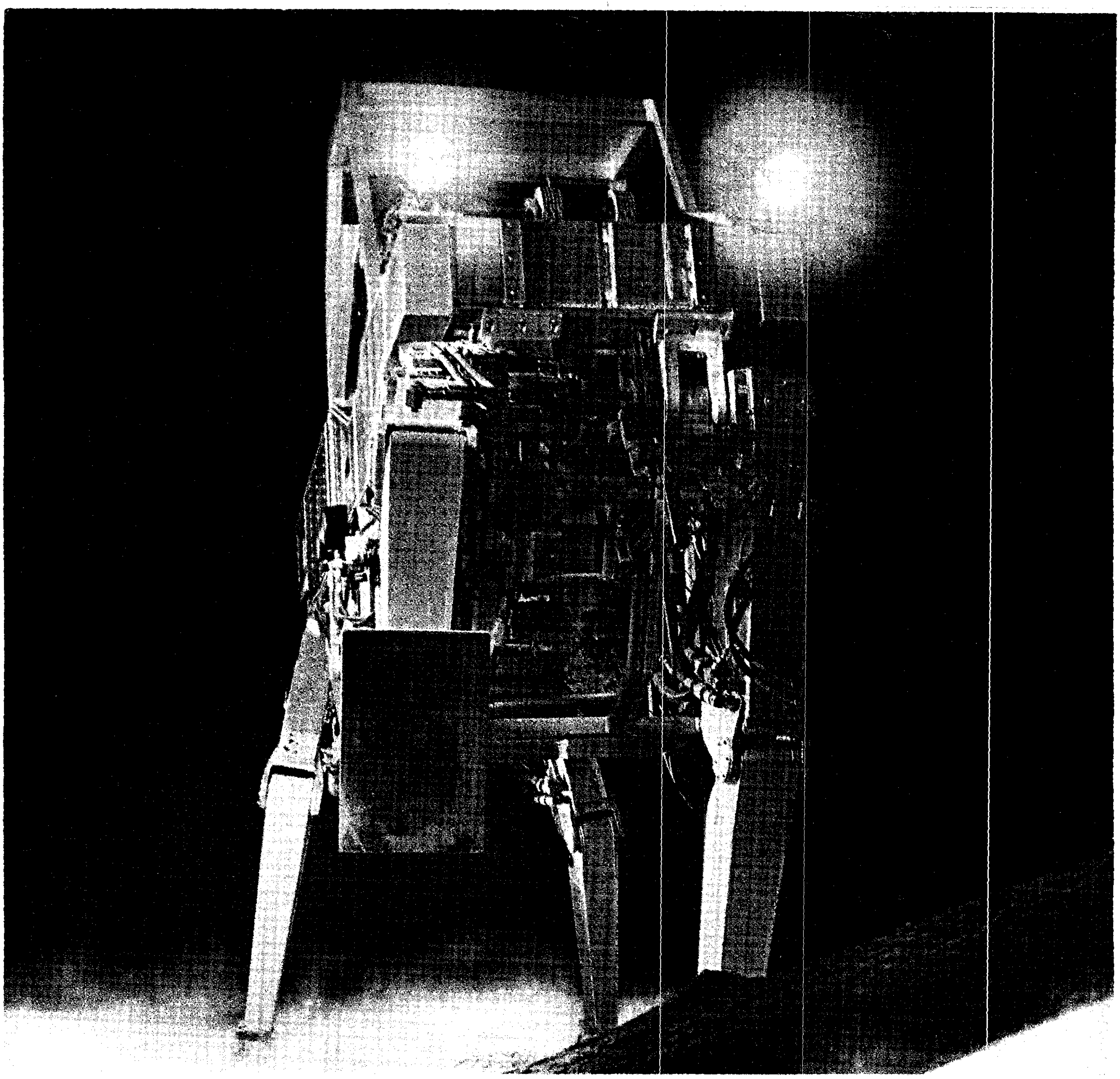

What's 11 feet tall, walks on 4 legs and drinks gasoline?

It's a machine built by General Electric to do things no machine . . . or no man . . . ever did before. It looks like something out of science fiction. But it's something out of science. The science of Cybernetic Anthropomorphous Machine Systems. CAMS, for short. CAMS are machines that copy and magnify man's own movements. The man in this machine can actually "feel" where it's walking. He's able to make it flick aside heavy obstacles...lift hundreds of pounds out of the way without losing its balance. Soon he'll be taking it over fallen trees, across rough terrain. This walking machine is being developed for the U.S. Army by General Electric. GE has already applied CAMS principles to build machines that are at work on production lines. And is planning others to work at construction sites and even in space.

General Electric is easing man's work in many ways. Process computers run steel mills. Industrial x-rays measure ingredients inside packages. Electric motors freeze food, open cans, wash dishes and do dozens of other household chores.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

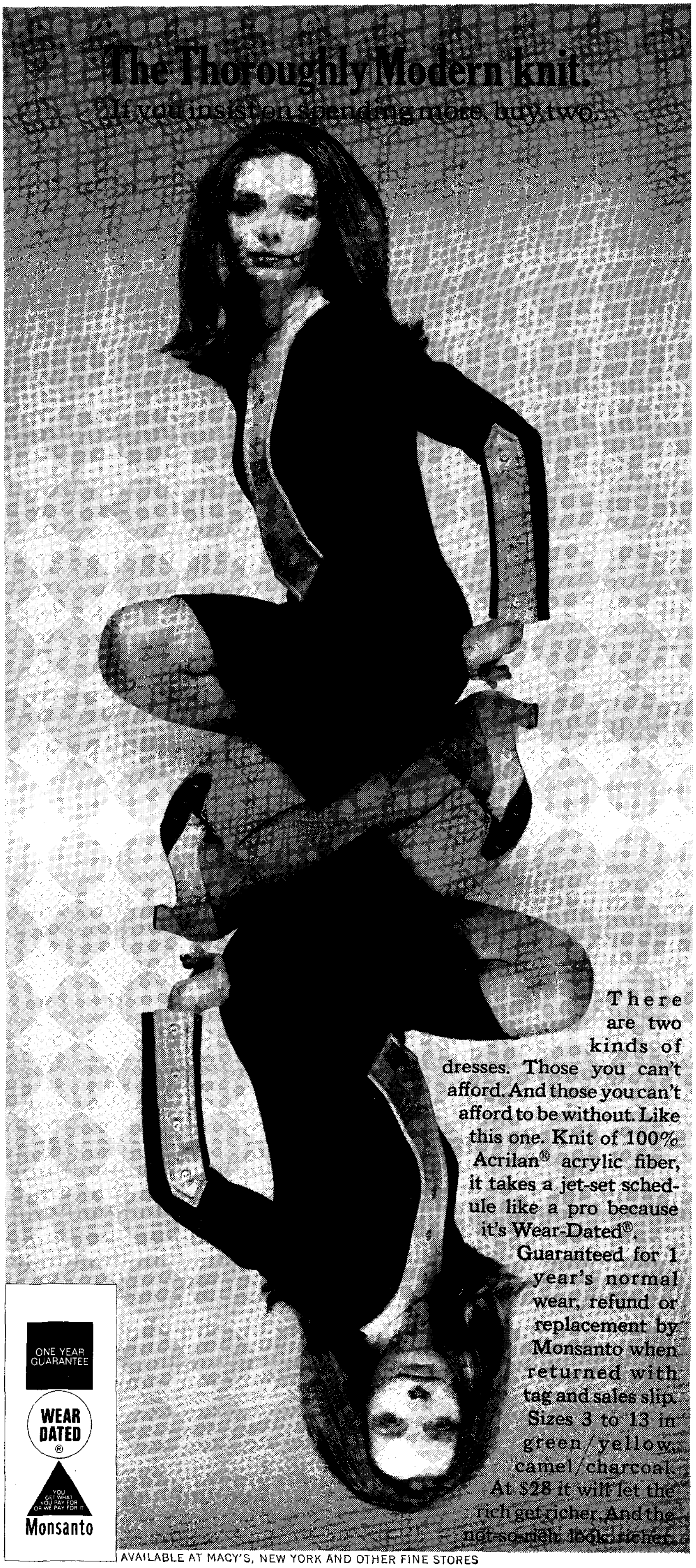
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Colombia; through Sept. 30. . . . **FRUMKIN,** 41 E. 57th St.: Jack Beal, James McGarrell, Philip Pearlstein, and William T. Wiley; through July 31. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **GRAHAM,** third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Boxer, Manning, Martin, Massey, Rabinowitz, and Vivona; through July 25. . . . **IBM GALLERY,** 16 E. 57th St.: A few of the artists in a show of paintings by leading Americans of the first half of this century are Homer, Hopper, Dove, Henri, and Max Weber; through July 25. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **JACKSON,** 32 E. 69th St.: Large paintings by gallery artists; through July 18. (Closed Monday, June 23.) . . . **KENNEDY,** 20 E. 56th St.: Western American art, by Remington, Russell, Catlin, Bierstadt, and others; through July 3. . . . **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57th St.: Two hundred years (1750-1950) of American paintings; through Friday, June 20. . . . **LANDAU-ALAN,** 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings by such gallery artists as Joe Brainard, Carroll Cloar, Jack Squier, and Paul Wonner; through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LEFEBRE,** 47 E. 77th St.: Works by Alechinsky, Bissier, Sugaï, and other gallery artists; through July 11. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LOEB & KRUGIER,** 119 E. 57th St.: Eighty-five paintings and drawings by artists of the Nabi group, including Bonnard, Vuillard, and Gauguin; through Friday, June 27. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **LOEB STUDENT CENTER,** Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Paintings and sculptures by ten artists with studios in downtown Manhattan, among them Methfessel, Kadish, Tulchin, and Baranik; through Thursday, June 26. (Weekdays, 8 A.M. to 11 P.M.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Works selected from items shown in the gallery during the past season by such artists as Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Waldo Peirce, and Doris Rosenthal; through Friday, June 27. . . . **NORDNESS,** 236 E. 75th St.: Ralston Crawford, Rico Lebrun, Walter Meigs, Karl Zerbe, and Milton Hebald are among the artists represented in an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and handicrafts; starting Tuesday, June 24. . . . **PHOENIX,** 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: More than a hundred drawings, prints, and collages by Rosenquist, Grooms, Dine, Albers, Calder, Lichtenstein, and Lester Johnson (to name a few); through Saturday, June 28. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **SACHS,** 29 W. 57th St.: Gallery artists (for example, Cavallon, Brandt, Baber, and Boardman) and a few invited ones; through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1037 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Picasso (including two oils never before shown in the United States), Gris, Masson, Léger, Giacometti, Laurens, and González; through Friday, June 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American landscapes by Bierstadt, Stuart Davis, Walt Kuhn, and others; through July 18. . . . **WISE,** 50 W. 57th St.: Works consisting of reflections in motion, by gallery regulars (including LeParc, Piene, Mack) and newcomers; starting Friday, June 20.

SCULPTURES—Contemporary American pieces designed as water-and-light fountains by, for instance, Milton Hebald, William King, David Porter, and Ronald Stein; through Friday, June 20. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

NOTE—The immense Nelson A. Rockefeller collection is providing the material for three separate current shows. At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: An exhibit spanning three thousand years of aboriginal art from Oceania, Africa, and the Americas, including about seven hundred and fifty bronze, stone, and wood carvings from Africa; textiles and feather hangings and objects of gold, jade, and shell from the Americas; and masks, ceremonial boards, and drums from Oceania. Through Aug. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5. Except on Mondays, admission is $1.) . . . ¶ At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.: About two hundred twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, plus drawings, prints, and illustrated books; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . .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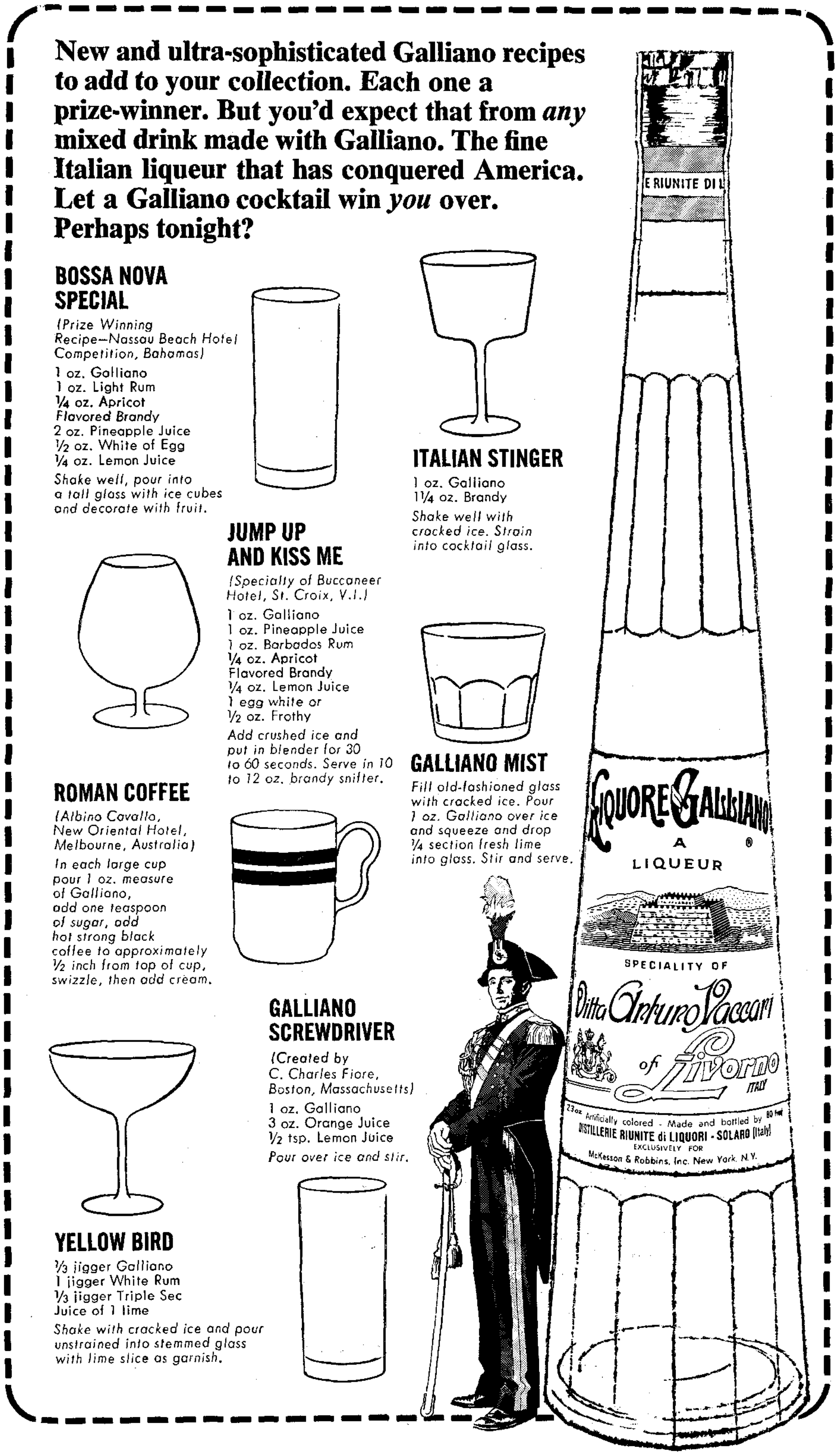

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BOSSA NOVA SPECIAL

(Prize Winning Recipe—Nassau Beach Hotel Competition, Bahamas)

1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. Light Rum
¼ oz. Apricot Flavored Brandy
2 oz. Pineapple Juice
½ oz. White of Egg
¼ oz. Lemon Juice

Shake well, pour into a tall glass with ice cubes and decorate with fruit.

ITALIAN STINGER

1 oz. Galliano
1¼ oz. Brandy

Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

JUMP UP AND KISS ME

(Specialty of Buccaneer Hotel, St. Croix, V.I.)

1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. Pineapple Juice
1 oz. Barbados Rum
¼ oz. Apricot Flavored Brandy
¼ oz. Lemon Juice
1 egg white or ½ oz. Frothy

Add crushed ice and put in blender for 30 to 60 seconds. Serve in 10 to 12 oz. brandy snifter.

GALLIANO MIST

Fill old-fashioned glass with cracked ice. Pour 1 oz. Galliano over ice and squeeze and drop ¼ section fresh lime into glass. Stir and serve.

ROMAN COFFEE

(Albino Cavallo, New Oriental Hotel, Melbourne, Australia)

In each large cup pour 1 oz. measure of Galliano, add one teaspoon of sugar, add hot strong black coffee to approximately ½ inch from top of cup, swizzle, then add cream.

GALLIANO SCREWDRIVER

(Created by C. Charles Fiore, Boston, Massachusetts)

1 oz. Galliano
3 oz. Orange Juice
½ tsp. Lemon Juice

Pour over ice and stir.

YELLOW BIRD

⅓ jigger Galliano
1 jigger White Rum
⅓ jigger Triple Sec
Juice of 1 lime

Shake with cracked ice and pour unstrained into stemmed glass with lime slice as garnish.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ At the **MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART**, 15 W. 54th St.: A selection of Mexican folk art, comprising about three hundred items—ceramics, toys, tinware, glassware, and objects in paper, straw, and papier-mâché—from the nineteenth century to the present; through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—One hundred and twenty painted Greek vases spanning three centuries, from the archaic period to the classical, together with nineteenth- and twentieth-century European drawings, all from the Walter Bareiss collection; through Oct. 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—About a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures by the "first generation" of Abstract Expressionist and Action painters who became prominent in the nineteen-forties and the early nineteen-fifties, selected from the Museum's collection, augmented by recent acquisitions and promised gifts; through Oct. 5. . . . ¶ A comprehensive show of lithographs produced by such artists as Nevelson, Albers, Sam Francis, Hockney, and Krushenick at the Tamarind Lithography Workshop, in Los Angeles, which has pioneered in the revival of this craft in America; through June 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the sculptures and other creations of Jean Arp from the earliest works in 1903 to his death in 1966; through June 29. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty oils, watercolors, egg-tempera miniatures, and prints by Julius Bissier, a German refugee in Switzerland, who died in 1965; through June 29. . . . ¶ Thirty paintings and sculptures by nine young artists in an exhibition intended to reflect "a broad spectrum" of current work in Europe and the United States; through June 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings, sculptures, films, and music, mostly created for an exhibition called "Anti-Illusion: Procedures/Materials," and meant to exist only for the exhibit's duration, by twenty-two artists, among them Carl Andre, William Bollinger, Eva Hesse, Robert Morris, Bruce Nauman, Robert Ryman, and Richard Serra; through July 6. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions, comprising some hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, drawings, collages, and prints by sixty-seven artists, thirty-three of them newcomers to the Whitney's permanent collection; through Sunday, June 22. . . . ¶ Fifty drawings portraying life in Baltimore from 1825 to 1870 by Alfred Jacob Miller; through July 20. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Eighty-nine paintings, drawings, and watercolors by the contemporary Florentine Pietro Annigoni (best known for his portraits of the British royal family), including landscapes, allegories, and non-royal portraits; through Sunday, June 22. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Except on Mondays, admission is fifty cents.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Earth History offers a variety of displays that examine the mysteries of our planet's history and evolution. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred paintings and fifty drawings constituting a retrospective covering all periods of the social realist Philip Evergood; through June 29. . . . ¶ Fifty-four drawings by Italians, from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth; through Aug. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—About two hundred articles, such as books, boxes, and tapestries, designed by a hundred prominent American and European artists, among them Oldenburg, Christo, Arman, Vasarely, Rosenquist, Frank Stella, and Man Ray; through June 29. (Mondays through Thurs-

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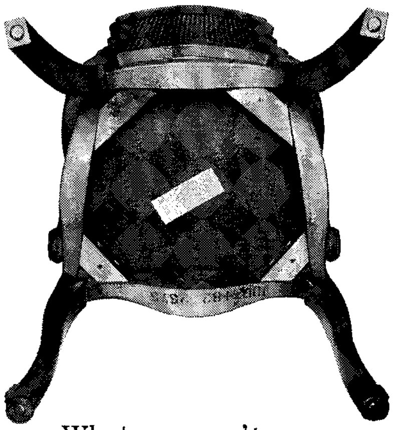

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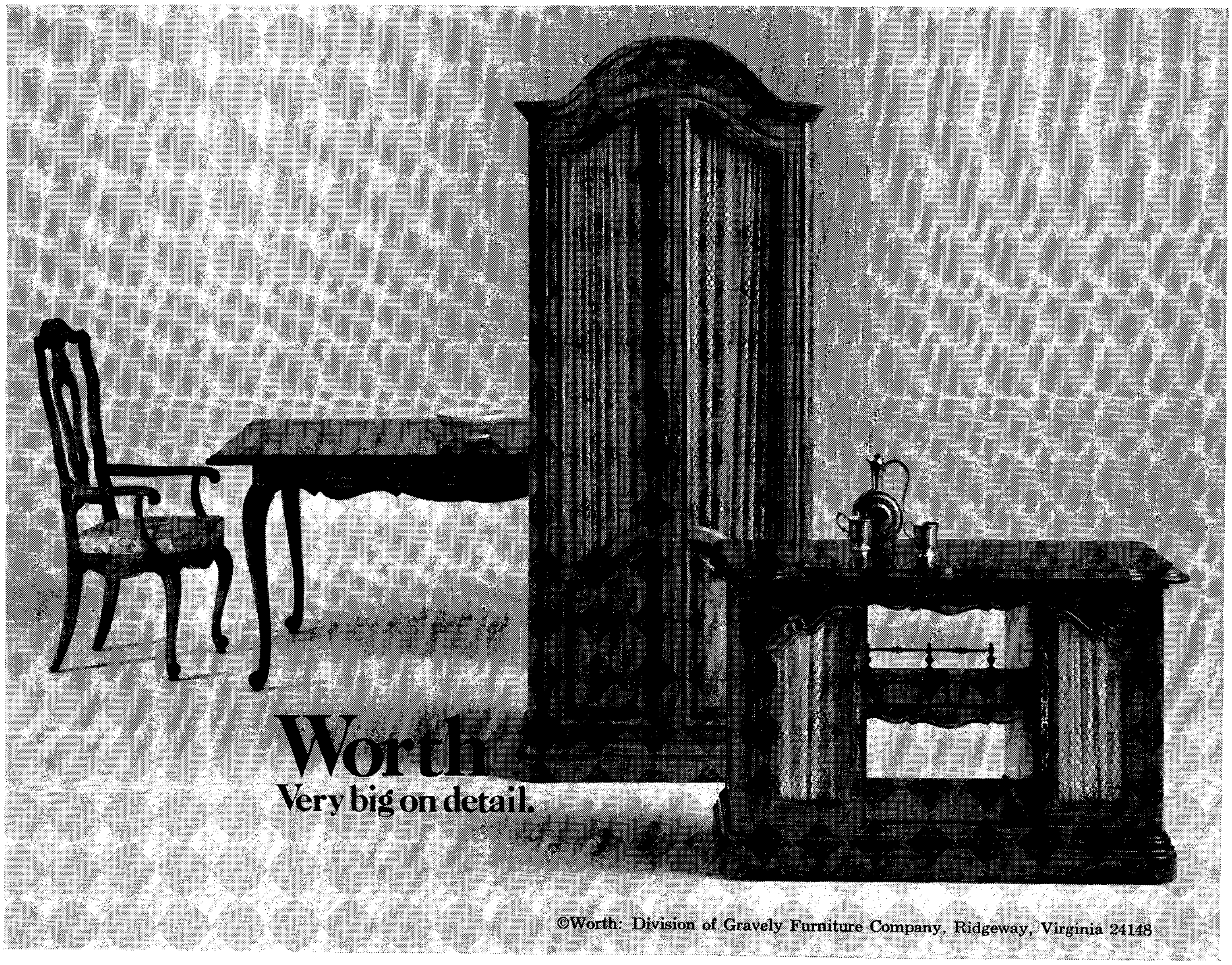

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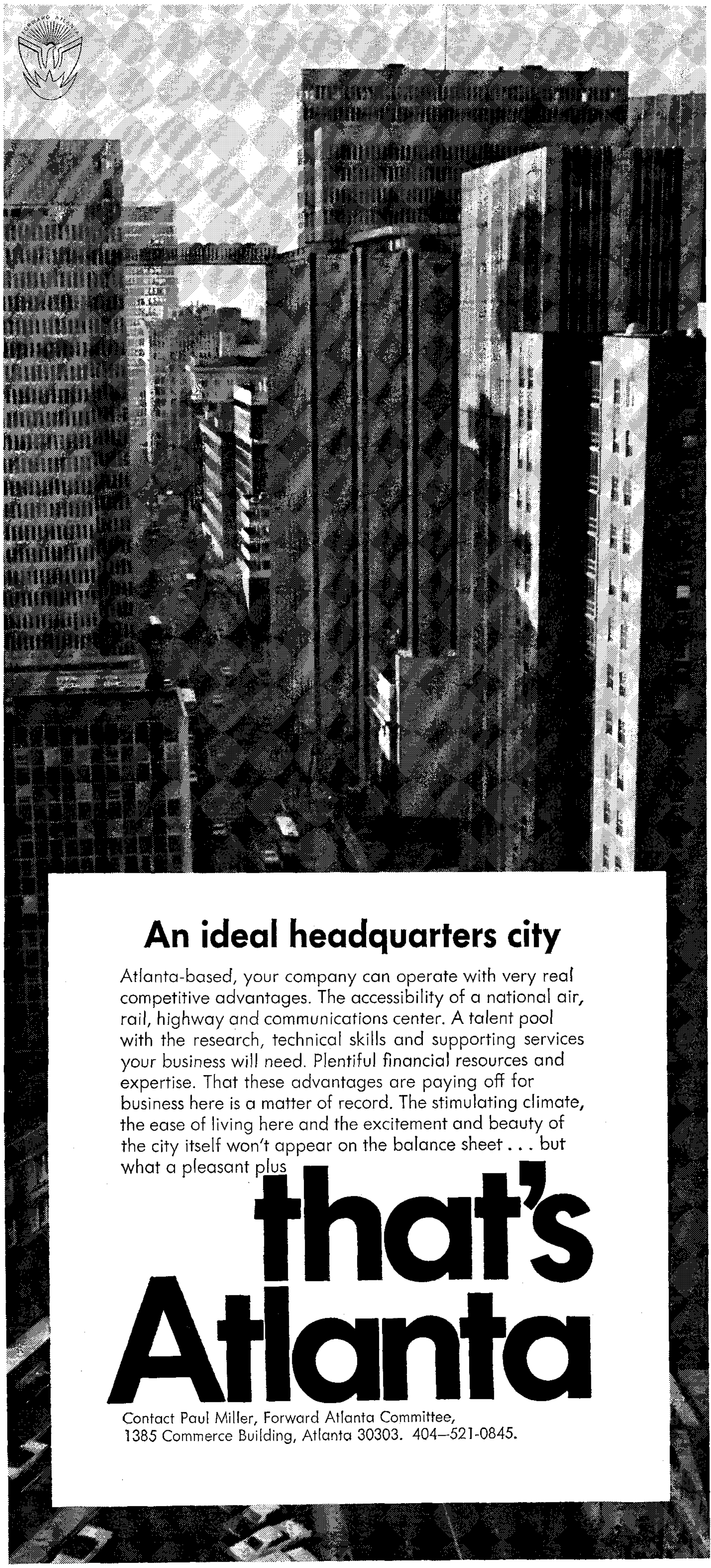

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days, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Selected manuscripts, drawings, letters, printed books, and bookbindings presented to the Library between 1949 and 1968 by the Association of Fellows; through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Several very large works apiece by four artists; through July 13. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

GRATEFUL DEAD, SAVOY BROWN, AND BUDDY MILES EXPRESS—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, June 20-21, at 8 and 11:30.

PAZANT BROTHERS AND BETTY BARNEY—Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. Thursday, June 26, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.

PROCOL HARUM, THE BYRDS, AND RAVEN—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, June 27-28, at 8 and 11:30.

MUSIC OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather, call 755-4100 for news.)

METROPOLITAN OPERA, CONCERT PRODUCTIONS—Final performances—CLOVE LAKES PARK, Staten Island: Wednesday, June 18, at 8:30 (rain date, June 19), "Aida," with Gabriella Tucci, Irene Dalis, Sándor Kónya, Frank Guarrera, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Friday, June 20, at 8:30 (rain date, June 22), "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and William Walker. . . . CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW: Saturday, June 21, at 8:30 (rain date, June 22), "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Joann Grillo, Richard Tucker, and Cornell MacNeil. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 24, at 8:30 (rain date, June 26), "Aida," with Lucine Amara, Irene Dalis, Sándor Kónya, Frank Guarrera, and Raymond Michalski. . . . CROCHERON PARK, Bayside: Wednesday, June 25, at 8:30 (rain date, June 26), "Rigoletto," with Colette Boky, Shirley Love, Richard Tucker, and Cornell MacNeil. . . . PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn: Friday, June 27, at 8:30 (rain date, June 29), "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, George Shirley, and Sherrill Milnes. . . . BOTANICAL GARDEN'S DAFFODIL HILL, Bronx: Saturday, June 28, at 8:30 (rain date, June 29), "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Joann Grillo, Richard Tucker, and Cornell MacNeil.

RIVERSIDE PARK—Frederique Petrides conducting the Festival Symphony Orchestra in the second in a series of three concerts, this one with Harold Jones, flute. (Wednesday, June 25, at 8:15. In the event of rain, the concert will be given at the McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in the first concert in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 17. (Wednesday, June 25, at 8:30—in the event of rain, next evening.)

WOLLMAN RINK—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval, running through Saturday, Aug. 23. Thursday, June 26, at 7 and 9:30: Benny Goodman and Lionel Hampton. . . . ¶ Friday, June 27, at 8 and 10:30: Tiny Tim. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 28, at 8 and 10:30: The Crazy World of Arthur Brown and Rhinoceros. (For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

IN THE COUNTRY

WATERLOO VILLAGE MUSIC FESTIVAL—Pablo Casals and Alexander Schneider conducting the Casals Chamber Orchestra, with Stephen Kates, cello. The opening concert in a series that will run through Saturday, Aug. 30. (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N. J. Saturday, June 21, at 8.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—The season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will open with a two-week engagement by the Boston Ballet, with a different program each

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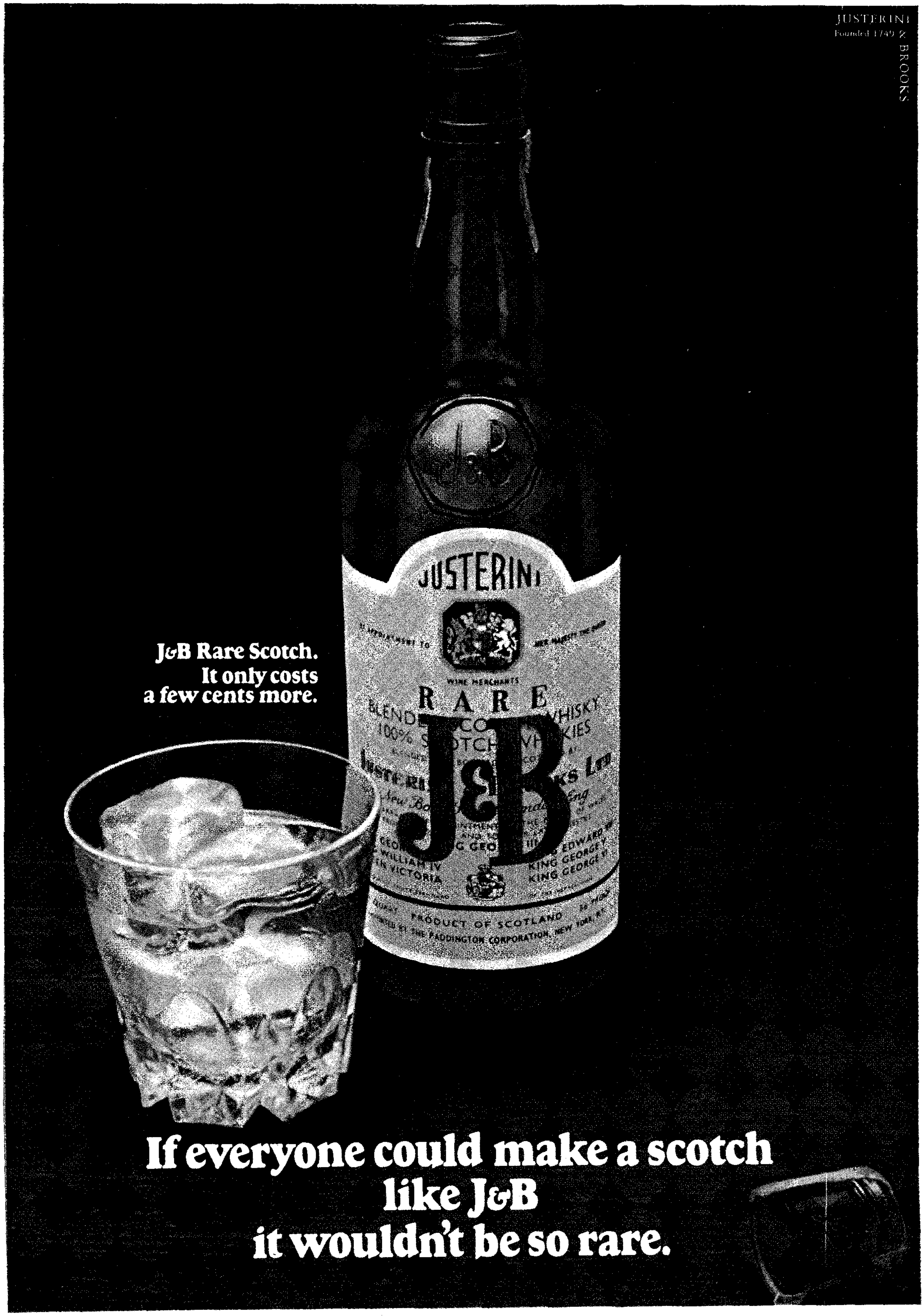
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day. (Lee, Mass. Thursday, June 26, at 3; Friday, June 27, at 8:40; and Saturday, June 28, at 3 and 8:40.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Detroit, Wednesday, June 18, at 8, and Thursday, June 19, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader). . . . SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. St. Louis, Friday, June 20, at 8:05; Saturday, June 21, at 2:15; and Sunday, June 22, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Mets vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, June 24, at 5:05 (twi-night doubleheader); Wednesday, June 25, at 8:05; and Thursday, June 26, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, June 27, at 8:05, and Saturday, June 28, at about 8:15 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities, with a couple of innings or so involving members of the Cooperstown Hall of Fame, will start at 7).

BOXING—Joe Frazier vs. Jerry Quarry, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday, June 23. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

GOLF—Hochster Memorial Tournament. (Quaker Ridge Golf Club, Scarsdale. Tuesday, June 24.)

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L. I.: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 28. The National Stallion (for colts and geldings), Wednesday, June 18; the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 21; the Vagrancy Handicap, Monday, June 23; the National Stallion (for fillies), Wednesday, June 25; and the Saranac Handicap, Saturday, June 28. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:45.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Thursday, Aug. 7. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, June 28. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.) . . . WOODBINE, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 21.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton: Saturday, June 21, at 2:45, and Sunday, June 22, at 2.

TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, July 24. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

YACHTING—Start of the Newport-to-Cork, Ireland, race, Sunday, June 22.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Seven programs in a series called "A Tribute to Anita Loos": June 19 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "The Americano" (1916); June 20 at 2 and 5:30, "American Aristocracy" (1916); June 21 at 3 and 5:30, "In Again, Out Again" (1917); June 22 at 2 and 5:30, "Down to Earth" (1917); June 23 at 2 and 5:30, "Wild and Woolly" (1917); June 24 at 2 and 5:30, "Reaching for the Moon" (1917); June 26 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "The Struggle" (1931). . . . ¶ June 18 at 2 and 5:30: "A Kiss for Cinderella" (1925), with Betty Bronson. . . . ¶ June 21 at 11:30: "The Southerner" (1945), directed by Jean Renoir, with Betty Field and Zachary Scott. . . . ¶ June 25 at 2 and 5:30: "Kiss of Death" (1947), with Victor Mature and Brian Donlevy. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

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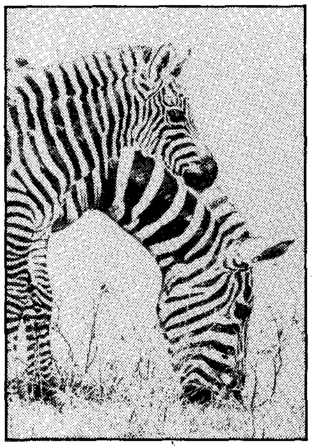

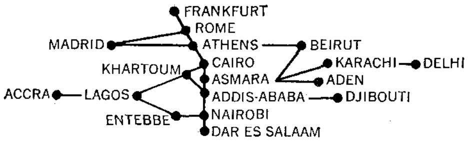

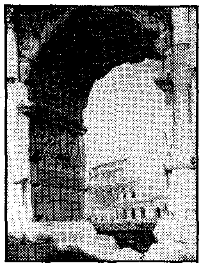

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26		

Alphaville (1965)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Eddie Constantine and Anna Karina. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 26.)

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through June 23.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An account, in documentary terms, of how Algeria won its independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed. In French and Arabic. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; June 18.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 19-25.)

Cartouche (1963)—A takeoff on romantic costume films. Jean-Paul Belmondo plays the leader of a band of thieves in eighteenth-century Paris. Directed by Philippe de Broca. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 23.)

Contempt (1964)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Brigitte Bardot and Jack Palance. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 25.)

The Cousins (1959)—Directed by Claude Chabrol, with Jean-Claude Brialy and Gérard Blain. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 24.)

Le Départ (1967)—A Polish film made in French by Jerzy Skolimowski, about a hairdresser's assistant who wants to be a racing driver. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 18.)

Fahrenheit 451 (1966)—Directed by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 26.)

Father (1966)—A story of the relationship between a lonely little boy and his dead father. Written and directed by István Szabó. In Hungarian. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting June 25.)

Finian's Rainbow—This pastiche isn't totally bad, and, granted the material and the overly familiar score, that's something of a triumph. Petula Clark and Al Freeman, Jr., are some of its redeeming features. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through June 24.)

Funny Girl—Audiences in movie musicals always cheer; at this one, the audience in the theatre cheers, too. It's been a long time since the movies have had a big new star like Barbra Streisand. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday, June 18, and Saturday through Thursday, June 21-26, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Gates of Paris (1958)—Written and directed by René Clair, with Pierre Brasseur. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Goodbye, Columbus—Philip Roth's novella updated into a film by Larry Peerce and made distinguished and pungent by its observation of a young man—Richard Benjamin—intelligently trying to ward off the complex ploys of Jewish guilt-games. The film is funny, and the caricaturing seems deliberate. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Greetings—One of the least fastidious films ever to achieve theatrical distribution, this little comedy is part skin-flick and part college revue, and generally funny. Directed by Brian De Palma. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; through June 24.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Yves Montand in a sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

A Guide for the Married Man (1967)—A comedy about the pleasures and perils of infidelity, with Walter Matthau, Robert Morse, and nearly every other comedian you can name. Directed by Gene Kelly. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 24.)

Hard Contract—A political killer of the extreme middle, played by James Coburn, goes on a three-victim mission in Europe. S. Lee Pogostin, who directed and wrote the film, has an interesting mind and a special sense of humor; the picture comes out a bit long-winded but pretty absorbing, with spiky ensemble acting by Lilli Palmer, Patrick Magee, Burgess Meredith, Lee Remick. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663; through June 22.)

How I Won the War (1967)—A pitch-black comedy about the horror of war. Directed by Richard Lester, with Michael Crawford as the star. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 18.)

If . . .—An odd epic on guerrilla warfare in an English boarding school, combining a cold and queasy view of youth with a romantic view of violence. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through June 24.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!—This careless, lightweight comedy about the square-hippie conflict in a Los Angeles lawyer (Peter Sellers) can be a pleasant surprise if one doesn't go expecting a good movie. With Joyce Van Patten, and some sharp lines by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. Directed by Hy Averback. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through June 24.)

The Immortal Story—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's "The Immortal Story," about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 18.)

The Lion in Winter—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own play. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesday, June 18, and Saturday through Thursday, June 21-26, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Loves of Isadora—Isadora Duncan played by Vanessa Redgrave, dancing and acting with dazzling romantic range and a witty dash of bile. Karel Reisz's film is one of the very few movie biographies that possess intelligence about an innovator's great talent, and a structure that is ruled by character-sense instead of clodhopping chronology. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; June 19-25.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Love between a beautiful widow and a handsome widower who drives racing cars. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting June 24.)

The Married Woman (1965)—How to be married, have an affair, be miserable, and be happy, as recounted by writer-director Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 20.)

Midnight Cowboy—A condescending version of the James Leo Herlihy novel, with Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman under the heavy thumb of director John Schlesinger. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Mr. Arkadin (1955)—Directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles and Michael Redgrave. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 19-25.)

The Moment of Truth (1965)—A picture about a Spanish matador by the Italian director Francesco Rosi. In Italian. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting June 24.)

Monterey Pop—Donn Pennebaker's direct-cinema film about a gathering of fifty thousand kids in Monterey, California. A buoyant witness to the freewheeling and communalistic best of the taunted generation, running with a short about cops on holiday in Honolulu, which is the other half of the story. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Lola Montès—Max Ophuls made this wonderful film in 1955. It was hacked down to three-fourths of its length by the backers, destroying its structure and gaiety, and he died (in 1957) without ever witnessing a public run of the film he had actually made. This is the first New York release in its true form. The story is set in a circus, but the movie is about more than that. Peter Ustinov plays the ringmaster, Anton Walbrook a deaf Bavarian king, Martine Carol a famous courtesan declined into a trapeze artist. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

The Night They Raided Minsky's—The parodies of the old burlesque routines are so affectionate and so funny that one can forgive the general disorganization. With Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Britt Ekland, Elliott Gould, and, memorably, Joseph Wiseman in a classic comedy performance. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

The Odd Couple (1968)—A film adaptation by Gene Saks of Neil Simon's Broadway comedy. With Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 25.)

Oliver!—What might have been just another big musical is transformed by love and skill. Carol Reed, his set designer (John Box) and cinematographer (Oswald Morris), and a fine cast of singing actors give a superb demonstration of intelligent craftsmanship. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Poor Cow (1968)—Carol White beds down among thieves in Kenneth Loach's version of Nell Dunn's novel. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through June 24.)

Popi—Alan Arkin, who is worth close attention whatever he does, here plays a Puerto Rican father with three jobs and two sons, whom he tries his best to rescue from the slums of East Harlem by passing them off as orphaned Cuban refugees. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; and 86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Maggie Smith's Miss Brodie, Celia Johnson's magnificent Miss Mackay, and an excellently selected cast more than compensate for Ronald Neame's rather stodgy direction of the Muriel Spark material. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Producers (1968)—Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Dick Shawn in a farce about Broadway. Written and directed by Mel Brooks. (Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th, 688-1717; through June 24.)

Repulsion (1965)—Directed by Roman Polanski, with Catherine Deneuve and Ian Hendry. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 25.)

Romeo and Juliet—Franco Zeffirelli's version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passions. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013. . . . ¶ Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting June 25.)

Rosemary's Baby (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a Gothic-gynecological horror film. Directed by Roman Polanski. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 25.)

Simon of the Desert—Luis Buñuel's little comedy (forty-five minutes long) about a desert anchorite takes place at the point when saintliness turns into foolishness. Claudio Brook is Simon, and Silvia Pinal provides the temptations. In Spanish. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; June 18.)

The Thin Man (1934)—William Powell and Myrna Loy in the Dashiell Hammett mystery. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; June 19-25.)

Three in the Attic—The college humor in this youth-oriented sex-exploitation film is crude and frequently funny. With Christopher Jones—a latter-day James Dean without the hangups. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through June 24.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting June 20.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting June 26.)

Warrendale (1967)—A progressive home for mentally disturbed children in Canada, observed and recorded by Allan King. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

Winning—The private life of a driver in the Indianapolis "500," with Paul Newman as the driver, and Joanne Woodward as his wife. Two fine actors, a thin script, and a very good presentation of the race itself. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100; through June 25.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
IF . . .

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
WARRENDALE; and "Titicut Follies" (1967), a documentary film made at a state prison for the criminally insane.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through June 24: **POOR COW**; and "Changes," Kent Lane.
From June 25: **FATHER** (in Hungarian); and "The Killing of Sister George," Beryl Reid, Susannah York.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 24: **FINIAN'S RAINBOW.**
From June 25: "A Fistful of Dollars" (1967) and "For a Few Dollars More" (1967), both with Clint Eastwood.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
MONTEREY POP.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through June 24: **IF . . .**
From June 25: "The Lost Man," Sidney Poitier, Joanna Shimkus.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
POPI.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE LOVES OF ISADORA.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through June 24: "The Libertine" (in Italian), Catherine Spaak, Jean-Louis Trintignant.
From June 25: "The Wild Bunch," William Holden, Ernest Borgnine.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"You Only Love Once" (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"That Cold Day in the Park," Sandy Dennis.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through June 22: **HARD CONTRACT.**
From June 23: "The Boys of Paul Street," Anthony Kemp.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The April Fools," Jack Lemmon, Catherine Deneuve.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through June 24: **THE PRODUCERS.**
From June 25: "The Lost Man," Sidney Poitier, Joanna Shimkus.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Last Summer," Barbara Hershey.

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22	23	24	25	26		

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Alexander" (in French), Philippe Noiret.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Maltese Bippy," Dan Rowan, Dick Martin.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Ring of Bright Water," Bill Travers, Virginia McKenna.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
GOODBYE, COLUMBUS.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S; and "Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell," Gina Lollobrigida.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through June 24: **IF . . .**
From June 25: "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," Dick Van Dyke, Sally Ann Howes.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Mackenna's Gold," Gregory Peck, Omar Sharif.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through June 24: "Che!," Omar Sharif, Jack Palance.
From June 25: "The Chairman," Gregory Peck, Anne Heywood.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
POPI.

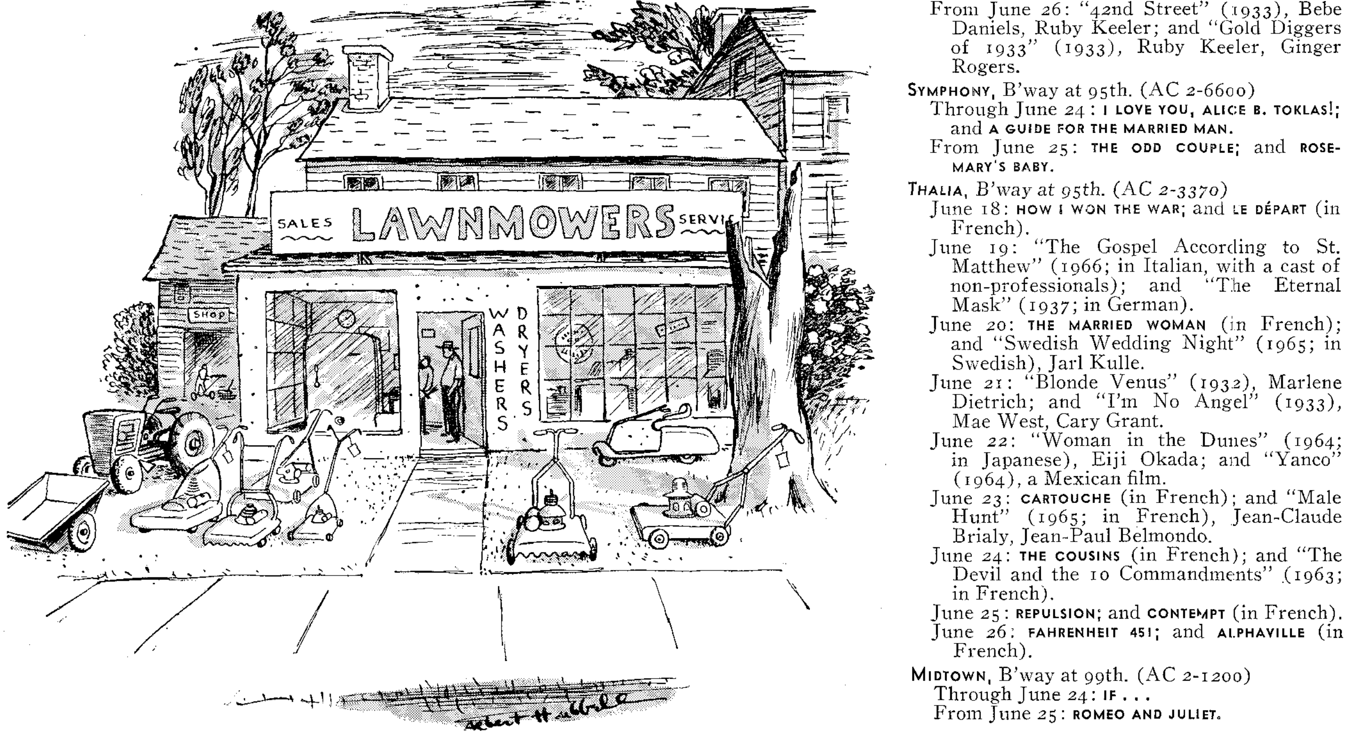
WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
June 18: **THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS** (in French and Arabic); and "Come Back, Africa" (1960), a semidocumentary film.
June 19-25: **THE MALTESE FALCON**; and **THE THIN MAN.**
From June 26: **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French); and "The Lovers of Teruel" (1962; in French), Ludmila Tcherina.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 24: **THREE IN THE ATTIC**; and "Wild in the Streets" (1968), Shelley Winters, Christopher Jones.
From June 25: "The Killing of Sister George," Beryl Reid, Susannah York.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
LOLA MONTÈS (in French).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE and **GATES OF PARIS** (both in French).



Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through June 24: **GREETINGS**; and "Support Your Local Sheriff," James Garner, Joan Hackett.
From June 25: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through June 23: **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS**; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" (1954), Jane Powell, Howard Keel.
From June 24: **A MAN AND A WOMAN** (in French); and **THE MOMENT OF TRUTH** (in Italian).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
FINIAN'S RAINBOW.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

State I, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Sweet Charity," Shirley MacLaine. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday, June 18, and Monday through Thursday, June 23-26, at 2:30, and Saturday and Sunday, June 21-22, at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through June 19: "The Sound of Music" (1965), Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer.
From June 20: **2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.**

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through June 25: **WINNING.**
From June 26: To be announced.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Listen, Let's Make Love" (in Italian).

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Fool Killer," Anthony Perkins.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
Through June 24: "If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium," Suzanne Pleshette, Ian McShane.
From June 25: "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," Dick Van Dyke, Sally Ann Howes.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"2" (in Danish).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
June 18: **SIMON OF THE DESERT** (in Spanish); and **THE IMMORTAL STORY.**
June 19-25: **BEAT THE DEVIL**; and **MR. ARKADIN.**
From June 26: "42nd Street" (1933), Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler; and "Gold Diggers of 1933" (1933), Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 24: **I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!**; and **A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN.**
From June 25: **THE ODD COUPLE**; and **ROSEMARY'S BABY.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 18: **HOW I WON THE WAR**; and **LE DÉPART** (in French).
June 19: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1966; in Italian, with a cast of non-professionals); and "The Eternal Mask" (1937; in German).
June 20: **THE MARRIED WOMAN** (in French); and "Swedish Wedding Night" (1965; in Swedish), Jarl Kulle.
June 21: "Blonde Venus" (1932), Marlene Dietrich; and "I'm No Angel" (1933), Mae West, Cary Grant.
June 22: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; in Japanese), Eiji Okada; and "Yanco" (1964), a Mexican film.
June 23: **CARTOUCHE** (in French); and "Male Hunt" (1965; in French), Jean-Claude Brialy, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
June 24: **THE COUSINS** (in French); and "The Devil and the 10 Commandments" (1963; in French).
June 25: **REPULSION**; and **CONTEMPT** (in French).
June 26: **FAHRENHEIT 451**; and **ALPHAVILLE** (in French).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through June 24: **IF . . .**
From June 25: **ROMEO AND JULIET.**

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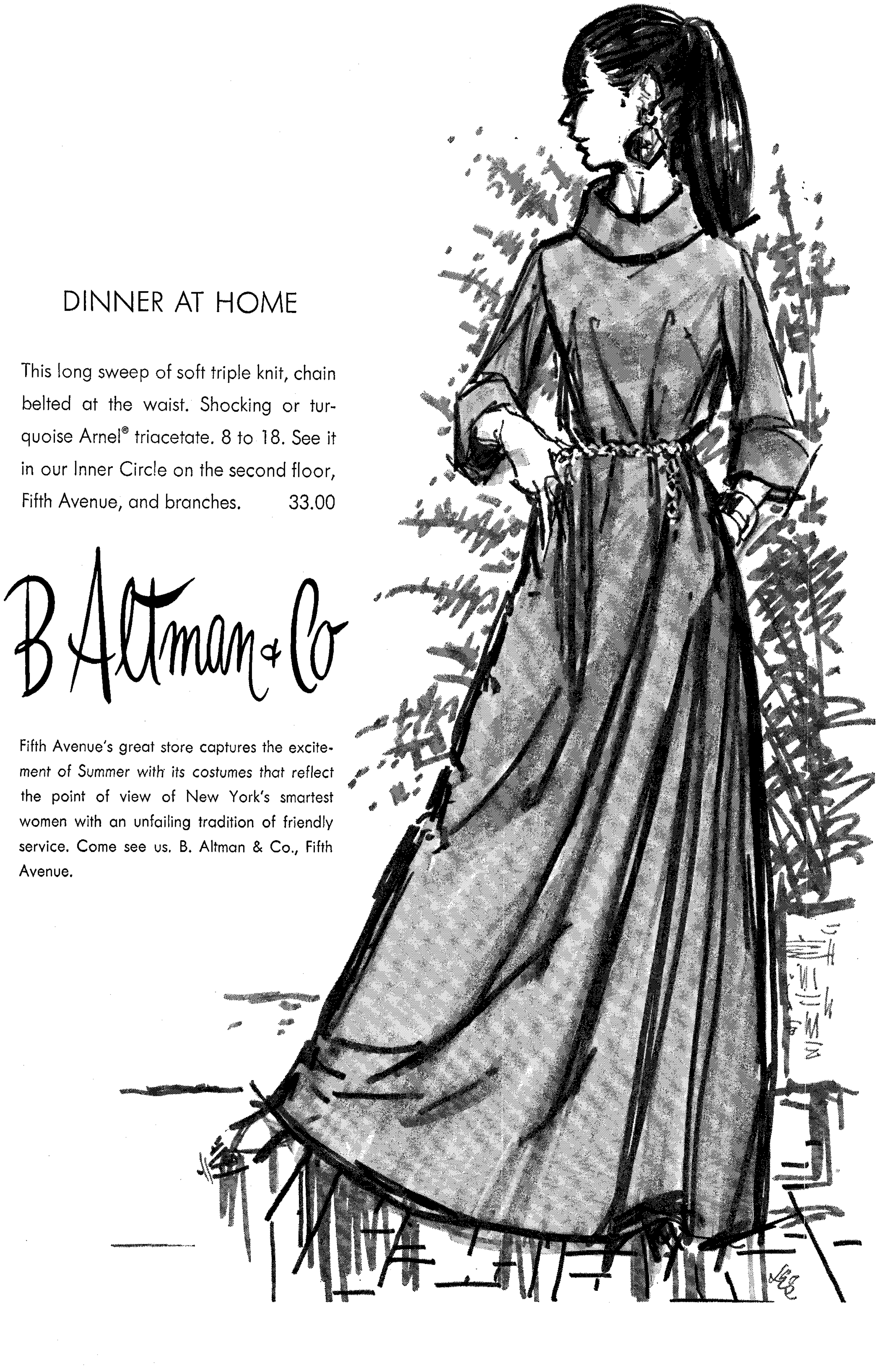

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

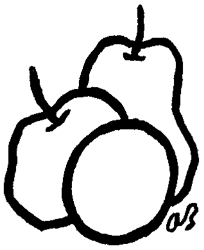
Notes and Comment

AN investment banker of our acquaintance who spends most of his weekends in the country has sent us the following note: "I am, as you know, a factual man, so I shall confine myself to the facts. They are these. The heavy rains last fall produced a little pond in a fold of a big potato field not far from my house. It was a pretty pond, nicely shaped and almost an acre in size, and on our walks my wife and I often strolled around it. Twice in October and once in November, we flushed a killdeer from the rye grass along the shore, and early in December three ducks (I think they were pintails) rested there for a couple of days. The pond froze just before Christmas, and several times during the holidays we had the pleasure of watching children skate there. We closed the house, as we always do, for the bad months, and only reopened it last week. Sunday was a lovely day, and after breakfast we walked down to see how the pond had come through the winter. It was still there—if anything, the snows had left it even bigger than before. But the shore where we had seen the killdeer was strewn with empty beer cans and bottles, and at one end of the pond, where the ducks had rested and the children skated, lay, half submerged, an old automobile tire."

Cranko

ONE of the delights of the summer season is the recent arrival of the Stuttgart Ballet, a handsome, high-spirited company that is directed by an old friend of ours, the ebullient and witty South African choreographer John Cranko. We first met Mr. Cranko in 1956, when he had just produced a musical review called "Cranks" on Broadway and was dashing back to London (where he was resident choreographer at Sadler's Wells) for the première of his first full-length ballet. Time passes, and the Stuttgart company—a group that Mr. Cranko has built, practically from scratch, over the past eight and a half years—is currently presenting what amounts to a Cranko festival during its three-week stay at the Metropolitan Opera House. The repertoire consists of four full-length ballets ("Eugene Onegin," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Giselle"), plus two programs of short modern works. All but the traditional "Giselle" are by Cranko, who has developed into one of the most prolific and original of modern choreographers. We dropped by the Metropolitan on the day the Stuttgart company moved into the house and found Mr. Cranko—lithe, blue-eyed, and ruddy-faced—inspecting several forty-foot hanging drops that were being set up for the first act of "Eugene Onegin," the ballet with which the company would make its American début.

As we walked back through the auditorium, Mr. Cranko wheeled and surveyed the five tiers of white-and-gold boxes shining through the gloom. "They look like giant molars just about to gnash," he observed. "If they don't like the performance, I'm sure they go *snap*." He collapsed into a seat at the back of the house and peered intently at a delicate country scene that had materialized onstage.



"How do you feel about this, John?" the lighting director called from a seat, with a lighted desk, in the tenth row.

"Warm and cheery," Mr. Cranko replied, and he lit a cigarette. "But I think we could have more color on the trees. And why does that sky stay stubbornly pink? It should be blue."

While the lights were adjusted, he told us that the entire set had been painted on transparent gauze to produce a dreamlike quality. "A ballet set should be real but not realistic," he said. "Just as a ballet theme for a full evening should be universal and self-explicit. As Balanchine put it, 'You can't come onstage and say, "I'm your mother-in-law." ' Everything must be explainable in terms of movement."

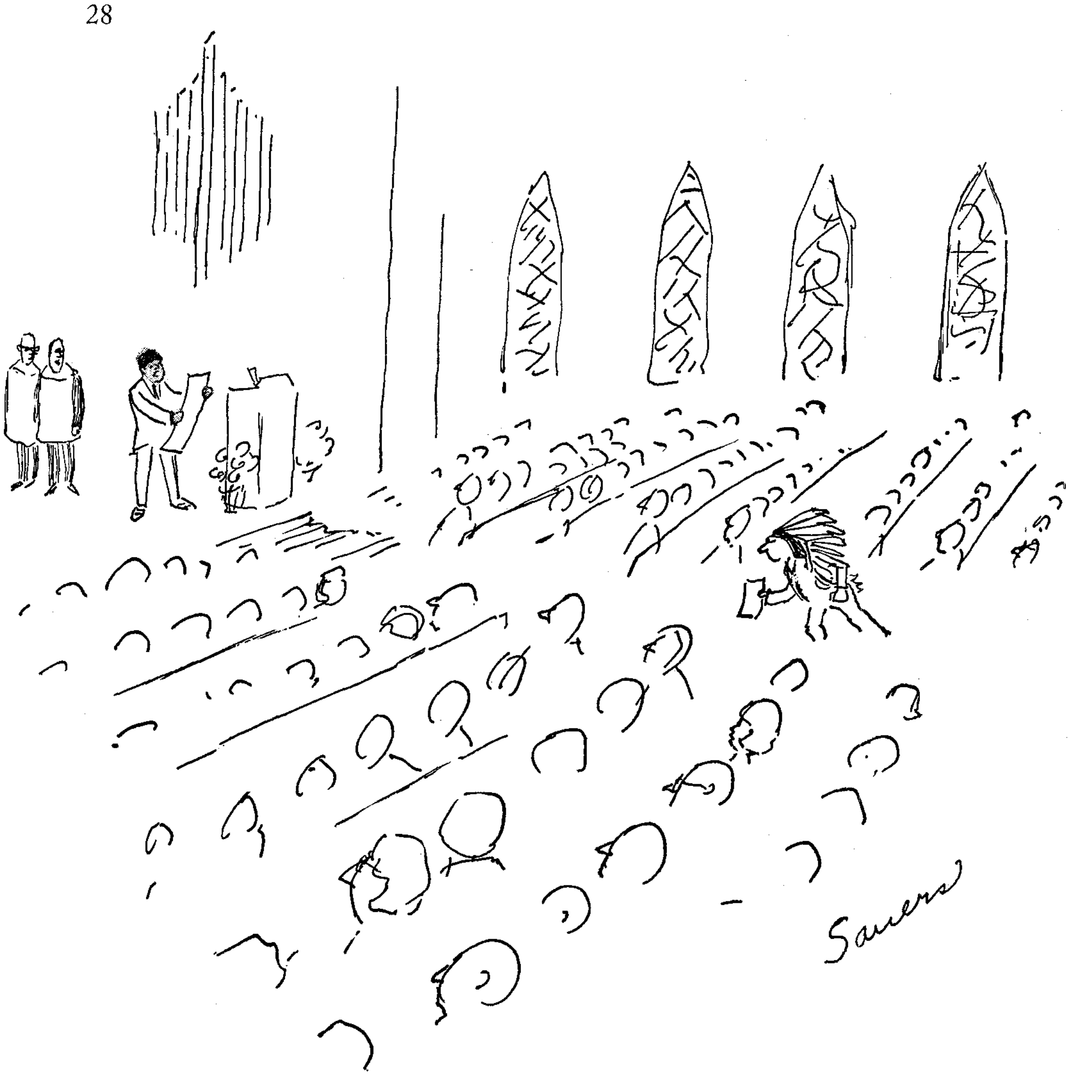
We asked him how these theories applied to his own work.

"I see 'Onegin' as a myth, in the same way that Charlie Chaplin is a myth," Mr. Cranko said. "Myths always have double meanings, and in this sense Chaplin is both funny and terrifying. Onegin is a young man who has everything—good looks, money, charm—and yet he adds up to nothing. Which makes *him* terrifying. His problem is a very contemporary one—lack of recognition. Then, of course, the plot of the Pushkin poem is balletic—explainable in three different dance styles. The first act is a youthful peasant dance, the second is a bourgeois party, the third is an elegant St. Petersburg ball. And like a thread going through the labyrinth you have your soloists, with their problems, their stories."

Mr. Cranko paused to approve a new combination of lights, and added that when he choreographed a ballet he tried to create visual images that speak for themselves. "A diamond has no color, but it takes light, and when you look at it you see red, blue, green, and yellow," he said. "A ballet image should be like a diamond. No meaning. No color. But hard, not sloppy. I have a specific feeling which maybe I can only shape for myself. So the ultimate definition of the images comes from the eyes of the public, not from my eyes. I hope, for instance, that somebody schooled on Balanchine, who doesn't like story ballets, can see 'Shrew' and get an equal pleasure from the movement."

"How did you get from 'Cranks' to Stuttgart?" we asked, shifting the conversation back thirteen years.

"I always thought of myself as completely Royal Ballet, but they just didn't give me enough work," Mr. Cranko



replied. "I did a new ballet only every eighteen months, and when one did come along I got so tense and nervous wanting it to be a masterpiece that it *wasn't* a masterpiece. Then I started to fritter. I did 'Cranks,' which worked, and 'More Cranks,' which didn't. I did opera productions and a show called 'Keep Your Hair On.' That was the worst. After a while, I realized that what I really wanted to be was a choreographer, so when, in 1960, Professor Dr. Walter Erich Schäfer, the general administrator, asked me to take over the Stuttgart company, I knew it was the right thing to do at the right time. In the early years, I was terribly busy—building up the school, teaching the company, finding dancers, doing choreography—and I found that the life agreed with me. If one has the luxury to wait until one has a marvellous idea for a masterpiece, one will never do anything. But with constant deadlines—my contract calls for six new ballets a year—you produce. And then if maybe three out of the six are O.K. and one turns out to be a masterpiece, you feel very lucky."

"Which of your ballets give you the most pleasure?" we asked.

Mr. Cranko looked at us blankly for a moment. "I hate them all," he said. "I have a positive repugnance for my own work once it's finished. Sometimes it comes over me in such waves that I can't even watch a performance. But I do get enormous pleasure from watching the kids—not the choreography. People are always asking me to define the Stuttgart style, and I say that it's essentially the sum of the people who are active in the company. It's myself, of course, but it's also Anne and Alan, who teach, and Marcia, Richard, Egon, and Susanne, our principal dancers. We don't hire soloists; we let dancers work their way up from the corps de ballet. Which helps to develop a sort of family relationship."

Mr. Cranko lit another cigarette and explained that his fifty-three dancers come from all over the world. "We're a national company, in the sense that we have our own school and a duty to Germany—our hosts and the people who foot the bills," he said. "But we're also supranational, because it's the dancing that counts, not the citizenship. Several of our leading soloists were trained at the Royal Ballet School but couldn't join the Royal Ballet because they weren't English. The unions refused to take them in. My unions will let me hire anybody, so Stuttgart profits from British shortsightedness. They always ring me up from London when somebody good is graduating."

We asked Mr. Cranko about his plans for the future and discovered that he will spend the next year commuting between Munich (where he recently took charge of the Opera Ballet) and his home base, at Stuttgart. "It's like being a bigamist," he said. "I have two families now, which are developing quite differently."

Several hours and a pack of cigarettes later, the lighting cues were temporarily put aside when the Stuttgart dancers, in costume and makeup, drifted onstage to take up positions for their first, and only, rehearsal. "*Ah, das ist besser!*" Mr. Cranko said as a transparent curtain bearing a triple portrait of Onegin suddenly descended at the front of the stage. "If this were a dress rehearsal in Germany, I'd be hysterical. But they tell me everything will come out all right, and I believe them. Now the magic is beginning to happen."

The lights went out, the orchestra tuned up, and a voice from the front of the auditorium said, "How do you feel now, John?"

"Numb," Mr. Cranko said, and lit a cigarette with a shaky hand. "Absolutely numb."

Jai Baba!

THE death of Avatar Meher Baba, born Merwan Sheriar Irani in Poona, India, in 1894, who called himself the Ancient One, the Avatar of the Age, the Highest of the High, and who is believed by his followers to have been God manifest on earth, the incarnation of Zoroaster, Rama, Krishna, Buddha, Jesus, and Muhammad, was reported in the *Daily Californian*, a Berkeley campus newspaper, on March 7th of this year, as follows:

> Fifteen minutes after noon, January 31, Avatar Meher Baba passed away near Ahmednagar, just before his 75th birthday. On February 7, his body was buried. For that week preceding the burial, thousands of Eastern devotees travelled from all parts of India and a handful of Western lovers flew there to

> get a final glimpse of the body of their Master.... Meher Baba's body was placed in a tomb which had been built under his orders many years ago. It was garlanded with roses and placed in an uncovered crypt, open to the view of thousands who came to Meherabad. The variety of devotees was astounding: Hindus, Muslims, Zoroastrians, Christians; illiterate, poverty-stricken peasants to Members of Parliament; those who came in silence to others who sat throughout the day and night outside the tomb singing with deep-welled devotion....

The article, signed Hamadar Ust—a nom de plume chosen by its authors, two Berkeley professors, Allan Cohen and Rick Chapman, which derives from a Sufi term meaning, roughly, "Everything is in Him"—describes the last months of the life of Meher Baba:

> Meher Baba's physical health had been failing for some time, although the general trend was interrupted by occasional periods of unexplainable recovery. He had spent the last three years in tight seclusion, doing intense "inner" work. Baba explained little about the nature of this work on the inner planes of consciousness. However, to those close to him, he implied that the work involved preparing the world for the Manifestation of God on earth....

The Master, who had not spoken to anyone since 1925, was able to convey these and other exact feelings to his intimate followers, or *mandali*, by means of hand gestures. This method of communication was employed by him to make a momentous and eagerly hoped for announcement. On October 13, 1968, according to the *Daily Californian*, Meher Baba broke his seclusion and promised to receive his followers at a *darshan* (an occasion for them to enjoy his presence), which has been an important feature for centuries of Indian spiritual and political life. This *darshan* would take place from April 10 to June 10, 1969. The news was greeted with some dismay by the *mandali*, who feared the consequences of too great a physical strain upon the Avatar, but to this he replied that he would give *darshan* while reclining—a prophetic utterance, as it turned out, for on the day after he was buried his Eastern disciples cabled to those in the West and, in the words of the *Daily Californian*, told them that "they could still come to India to honor his invitation for *darshan* and visit his tomb. By then, these close ones had begun to realize what Baba meant when he said that he would give *darshan* while reclining." In the last two months, thousands of the Master's followers from all over the world have made the journey to India, going on pilgrimage to the tomb at Meherabad and experiencing *darshan* at Guruprasad, a large bungalow in a many-acred garden on the outskirts of Poona given to Meher Baba by the Maharani of Baroda. Among these pilgrims there have been a number of Americans, most of them of college age.

Meher Baba has many devotees in the United States, and he made several visits to this country, coming here for the first time in 1931. There are a number of centers of information that dispense literature and operate as headquarters for local followers of the Master. The best known of these is the Meher Spiritual Center, at Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, where he held a *darshan* in 1958, on the occasion of his last trip here. But there are other centers as well: in New York City; in Schenectady; in San Francisco; in Manhattan Beach, California; in Washington, D.C.; and in several Florida cities. These centers are in touch with each other and with one at Meherazad, outside Ahmednagar, where the Master's work is being carried on by his Indian disciples. When word was received here that the long-planned and eagerly awaited *darshan* would take place, as scheduled, during April, May, and June, despite the death of Baba, those who were able to make the trip to India formed charter-flight groups. More than five hundred such American followers went to India before the *darshan* officially ended last week.

A few weeks ago, we went to Kennedy International Airport in order to meet some of Meher Baba's American devotees, or, as they call themselves, Baba Lovers. They were waiting for the departure of an Air-India charter flight that would take a hundred-and-fifty-member group to Bombay. The flight had been delayed, and the airline had made overnight arrangements for the party at the Statler Hilton Inn, near Kennedy, so we joined them there. The lobby was full of Baba Lovers, nearly all of them young, who vociferously greeted each other, shouting "*Jai Baba!*" ("Hail Baba!"), and embraced. We joined Darwin Shaw, of Schenectady, who had taken on the responsibility of acting as spokesman for the Baba Lovers, with whom he would be travelling to India. Mr. Shaw, a middle-aged man with a calm, youthful face and the kindliest of calm blue eyes, greeted us warmly and asked us to sit down with him on one of the sofas in the lobby. By now, most of the group either had gone to their rooms or were at dinner, and the noise was dying down. Mr. Shaw, who works in Schenectady's Traffic Department, told us that this was his third trip to India and that he had been a follower of Meher Baba since 1932.

We asked him to describe the Master, whom he had seen on several occasions.

"He radiated divine love continuously," Mr. Shaw said. "He simply wore out the word 'incredible.' You saw in him a being such as Jesus. You may think I'm exaggerating, but if you can imagine what it was like to be in the presence of Jesus, of Buddha, of Krishna—that is what it was like to be in the presence of Meher Baba."

Mr. Shaw then called over a tall, blond, very Southern young man named Charles Haines and asked him to round up a few other Baba Lovers for us to meet. The first person Mr. Haines brought us was Bruce Hoffman, a professor of English at Fairleigh Dickinson University. Mr. Haines then left us to find some others. Mr. Hoffman, who looks much younger than his age, which is thirty-one, was dressed informally in slacks, a tweed jacket, and a yellow button-down shirt, and wore rimless glasses.

We asked him how he had found Baba.

"I first heard of him at the Easter Be-In in Central Park two years ago, when some Baba Lovers were giving out pamphlets there— Oh, *jai Baba!*" He leaped up, calling out to an acquaintance who was passing by. They clapped each other on the back, and his friend told Mr. Hoffman that he was going back home. Mr. Hoffman looked at him with concern. "You're not going on this flight?" he asked incredulously.

"Yeah," the friend said, laughing. "Back home to *India*."

"Oh, right," Mr. Hoffman said, beaming relief and happiness. After his friend had left and Mr. Hoffman had sat down again, we asked him what he expected to find in India.

"I have no idea," he said. "I haven't the ability to see what Baba has planned for us." Mr. Hoffman smiled and then declared, "I feel a tremendous love for Baba. It's very intense. I'm going because my heart is leading me there. But, intellectually, I don't know what the Master has planned. There is a beautiful quotation which you might not have heard: 'God is dead to the language of the mind, and keen only to hear the language of the heart.' "

Mr. Haines returned, bringing some

other Baba Lovers, who sat down on the floor next to us.

We asked Mr. Haines, who is nineteen, and has a square, serious face, how *he* had first found Meher Baba.

Mr. Haines told us that he is a theology major at Emory University, in Atlanta, and that he met Baba at the Myrtle Beach *darshan* in 1958, when he was eight years old. "When I met him, I didn't know who I was going to meet before I went in—my mother is *very* Presbyterian," he said. "But when I saw Baba, there was a familiarity. You might say he was an old friend. I've considered him my master and father ever since."

We had noticed earlier that the Baba Lovers were often very affectionate, constantly holding hands and leaning fondly and unself-consciously against each other. We asked Mr. Haines if he could explain this, since, although most of the members of the group had met for the first time that day, they now responded so physically to each other, almost as if they were members of the same family.

"You see, we *are* a family," he said, leaning forward and speaking very slowly. "As soon as you meet Baba, you know we all are *one*. Love is his only message. Love is what he released to the world. It's what draws us together."

We turned to Didi Mavris, a slim, pretty, dark-haired girl who was sitting alongside us, and asked her where she was from and what her occupation was.

Miss Mavris, who was wearing round steel-rimmed spectacles, jeans, and a loose white jacket over a striped jersey, told us that she taught late-medieval and early-Renaissance Italian art at the University of Illinois, that she was twenty-two, that she came from Fort Lauderdale, and that she had first heard of Meher Baba in 1962, through a sister who had a college friend who was a devotee of Baba's. Their whole family had become interested at once, their mother going as soon as she could to Myrtle Beach to experience the presence of the Master, which was still suffusing the Center four years after his last visit there. "My sister and I went through this hassle because Baba had said, 'Only go to my *darshan* if you love me—and if you love me, you love everybody,' " Miss Mavris explained. "We figured we weren't good enough to go. But my mother wasn't interested in these intellectual games, so she went right on."

We asked her what she thought she would find when she got to India, and her reply was almost the same as Mr. Hoffman's. "I really don't expect anything, and that's the truth," she said. "I don't *want* to expect anything. Baba said in his last birthday message, 'Those who love me for what they expect to get'—this is a paraphrase—'aren't loving me at all.' " She frowned and hunched over and stared at the floor. "I really don't expect Baba to come zipping out of the tomb or anything like that," she said.

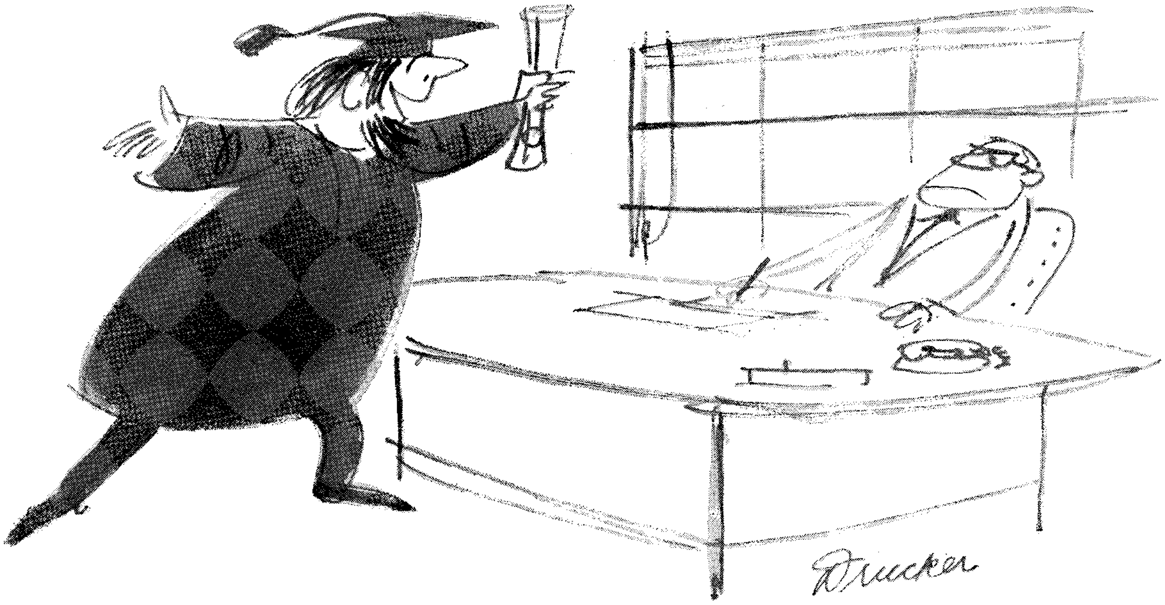
For some time, a thin, very gentle-looking boy with huge, dreamy eyes, had been sitting at our feet listening to what everybody said. He crouched with his hands clasped over one upraised knee and his chin resting on his interlaced fingers. This was Bill Williams, a sixteen-year-old student at Myrtle Beach High School. When we spoke to him to ask him what he was looking forward to in India, he at first seemed not to hear us, but then, gathering himself, he said very quietly that what he looked forward to was the feeling of unity that would be brought about among the followers. "Baba will be there," he said, becoming excited. "It will be like electricity pouring in from everywhere." He formed his hands to suggest a globe. "After Baba brings on the new consciousness, that's the way it will be all over the world."

The group left early the next morning for the holy places they were so familiar with through their reading of the various texts and books written about the Master, and through the reminiscences of older disciples, like Darwin Shaw, who had already been there. They were to return to New York in ten days. They would fly to Bombay and then take a train to Poona, a hundred and ten miles away, where the *darshan* was being held in the gardens of Guruprasad. From Poona they would set out by bus for Meherabad, going to Baba's tomb, and most of them would also visit Meherazad, where his work is being carried on by the *mandali*. The group would be going to India at a time when the heat is becoming most frightful, when the atmosphere of Bombay seems most noxious. Their journeys inland, to and from the main centers of pilgrimage, would often be undertaken in a terrible noon glare, through bleached-out, oppressive landscapes and meagre, rubbishy, out-of-the-way towns—not at all the India of the color-saturated advertisements promoting Asian tourism in American magazines. It would be a journey that some of them might well look upon as one of those tests of submission to vex the ego that the Master, in his relationships with even the most fervent and obedient of his devotees, sometimes set in the path leading to their spiritual fulfillment.

Ten days later, when the Baba Lovers returned, we were on hand to greet them at Kennedy, where we waited at the Air-India counter on the ground floor of the International Arrivals Building. The plane, like all others coming from overseas that afternoon, was very late. The charter flight had left Bombay nearly twenty-two hours before. We knew we would have to be quick if we wanted to catch any of the returning Baba Lovers, most of whom would be

BEWARE
OF
DOG
AND THE
MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL
COMPLEX
D. Fradon

transferring to domestic flights.



"Here I am, Daddy-o! Teach me how to lie, cheat, and steal."

The first person out of customs was Bill Williams. We asked him what it had been like at the *darshan.*

"I experienced Heaven," he said, and his eyes glittered. "We had four days of *darshan*, and I felt Baba very much there. Many people said that he was there much *more.* I went to greet Baba—his chair, I mean, where he used to sit—and I felt tremendous vibrations from the chair. That was the first day. The second day, I *saw* Baba. I was sitting all scrunched up in the front. Baba said, 'Relax, relax.' I spread my feet out. There was a broad smile on Baba's face. It was a manifestation." He hesitated, and then went on. "The third day was quite exhausting. They had a picture of Baba on the chair, and it seemed to come to life. I looked at him—he seemed to glow. You felt your heart pounding the whole time you were there. The fourth day was heartbreaking—leaving Baba. I really have no words to explain how I felt. I suddenly realized how much I wanted to live there all my life."

We asked what it had been like generally, apart from the atmosphere at the *darshan.*

"Intense heat. You felt faint all the time," he said. "I heard many people say, 'Baba gives the sweet with the sour.' Many people got sick. But we forgot all that. We were one family. We were so *happy!*"

Bill Williams began gathering his things together. By now, quite a few of the others had come through customs. Many of them were wearing Indian clothing—mostly *pajama kurta*, the loose shirt and pants seen all over India except in the South. Despite the late hour—it was now nearly 11 P.M.—and the long journey, almost everyone seemed in as fine a mood as when we had seen him last. Bruce Hoffman came up to us, and we didn't have to ask him what happened; he was ready for us. "I found God—alive and well!" he told us. "He really *is* Christ. It's incredible! I felt literally drenched in his love. All in all, it was a typical Baba experience—not all pleasant, not all spiritually beautiful, because Baba brings up all our doubts and fears while he works on our egos. But in the end he tied the whole thing together somehow. I know it will take me a lifetime to begin to understand what my heart *really* felt."

We saw Didi Mavris. She came over and plopped her belongings on the floor. She was wearing a white *kurta* made of *khadi*, or Indian homespun, and she had bought an odd little rectangular harp, packed in a painted red case, which she showed us. We asked her to tell us about her trip.

She paused a very long time to think. Finally, she said, "The tomb didn't do very much for me. I saw it. I felt, O.K., how historical! The thing that really zapped me was the *darshan.* You're in the presence all the time of *God.*" She broke off her account and sat silent, shaking her head slightly.

A friend of hers, Ann Giles, who had come up to say goodbye, said, "When the heart is full, the mouth is shut. I've got to catch my plane. *Jai Baba!*"

We had been hoping to meet Darwin Shaw again. Now, followed by Mrs. Shaw, he came up and sat down next to us on a bench. He looked tired, but he was eager to talk about the pilgrimage. After praising the arrangements that had been made for the group's stay by the Indian Baba volunteers, he went on to describe the *darshan* at Guruprasad. "We kept our appointment with Baba, and he kept his appointment with us," Mr. Shaw said. "We were there in the gross body, and he was there in the spirit. His presence was very much permeating everyone, filling us with love, and lifting us up so that we were brought consciously into tune with the Divine Beloved." Mr. Shaw spoke very slowly, very deliberately, in a soft voice, and Mrs. Shaw sometimes nodded in agreement. "Between the Indian Baba disciples and our group there was a heart-to-heart exchange of pure love reminiscent of the love feasts of the early Christians," he continued. "Everyone felt that the barriers had been broken down. There was a sense of newly experienced oneness. Again, the atmosphere and scenes at the tomb reminded us of the time of Jesus, and of the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, where Jesus' body was laid to rest. In addition to the Westerners, there were constant comings and goings of the Indian followers. A feeling of sweetness, which was also poignant, due to the loss of the Beloved's body, seemed to radiate from that tomb." Mr. Shaw broke off his account to say goodbye to some Baba Lovers who were going to Manhattan, and then, turning back to us, went on in the same calm, deliberate manner. "Throughout our stay, there was the quality of a timeless experience, which became intensified as each day passed," he said. "We feel that that will remain with us, even when we are back in the Western world and we return to our everyday lives. And we also feel that Baba's work will now expand very greatly, because he is no longer encumbered by the gross body but can operate from the level of the spirit as infinite consciousness, which he has always said he really was. And *is.* 'He restoreth my soul'—this is what everyone feels."

CITY LIFE II

1.

LAUGHING aristocrats moved up and down the corridors of the city.

Elsa, Jacques, Charles, and Ramona drove out to the combined race track and art gallery. Ramona had a Heineken and everyone else had one too. The tables were crowded with laughing aristocrats. More laughing aristocrats arrived in their carriages drawn by dancing matched pairs. Some drifted in from Flushing and São Paulo. Management of the funded indebtedness was discussed; the Queen's behavior was discussed. All of the horses ran very well, and the pictures ran well too. The laughing aristocrats sucked on the heads of their gold-headed canes some more.

—But Cardin is not so masculine as Bill Wish, one of them said. This is a Bill Wish waistcoat I have on: see the snakeskin!

Jacques adjusted the red armbands on his right and left arms. Then he showed us his degrees from the New Yorker Theatre, where he had been buried in the classics, when he was twelve.

—I remember the glorious debris underneath the seats, he said, and I remember that I hated then, as I do now, laughing aristocrats.

The laughing aristocrats heard Jacques talking. They all raised their canes in the air, in rage. A hundred canes shattered in the sun, like a load of antihistamines falling out of an airplane. More laughing aristocrats arrived in phaetons and tumbrels.

As a result of absenting himself from Cleveland for eight months, Charles had lost his position there. He was thinking about all the things he could be in his new career:

Credit analyst
Critic
Crossword-puzzle maker
Cupola repairman
Currency sorter
Dado operator
Dairyman
Dancer
Etc.

—It is true that I am part of the laughing-aristocrat structure, Charles said. I don't mean I am one of them. I mean I work for them. They hold me in thrall. I am their creature.

Laughing aristocrats who invented the cost-plus contract . . .

Laughing aristocrats who invented the real-estate broker . . .

Laughing aristocrats who invented Formica . . .

Laughing aristocrats wiping their surfaces clean with a damp cloth . . .

Charles poured himself another brilliant green Heineken.

—To the struggle!

2.

RAMONA was lolling in a public place. She was full of unhealthy mental excitement.

—I sleep twelve hours a day. Emotional withdrawal. Why are some units successful in life whereas other units . . . Some units go out and embrace life, and then their life is filled with health. They have relationships, gallant rope bridges thrown across the chasms between unit and unit. They actually walk on those bridges. I tried. I reached out for Charles. He was desirable when I reached out for him, but now that he has escaped me, he doesn't seem so desirable. He's drinking more too. Little red broken veins are appearing in his sultry cheeks. He is usually a damp mass on the floor by eight o'clock in the evening. That's early. I did well not to hitch my wagon to that falling star. Now he hangs around Elsa as adjunct lover. Not a very satisfying position for a Charles. He has part of Elsa (I hope the hindquarters, they're so big!) and he lives in our house as a guest. He is, in three or four ways, a ruin. He is like a jeep in the motor pool that has been red-lined, but if you rush into the motor pool with your trip ticket in your hand and there is no other vehicle available, you will take it. Some units have all the fun whereas other units were, presumably, behind the door when the fun was passed out. Why did I have to be one of the latter?

Thom McAn was standing on the Porter Street sidewalk looking up at Ramona's and Elsa's building.

—I would like to tear that building down. And put something else up in its place. It's ridiculous that this small outmoded building at least forty years old be allowed to remain there and enjoy its space when a splendid new building could be planted on this site with only a few variances grantable to me by my friends at the Department of Variances. Why, I bet that not more than a hundred and fifty variances would be necessary in the first place! And by joining this space to the space backing up to it on Lavender Street, which I happen to own, we could—

Thom McAn sat down on the curb, opened his attaché case, and began counting his money.

3.

AT the Ingres Gardens the great singer Moonbelly stood, full of rage.

—This city! If it weren't for the fact that I am a famous musical artist, that I scream and write, that I *need* this city to torture me into that state of rage which, alone among the psychic states, produces a—

Moonbelly sang a song he had written about a relationship.

This is an unhealthy relationship
This is an unhealthy relationship
This is an unhealthy relationship
This is an unhealthy relationship
This is an unhealthy relationship
This is an unhealthy relationship
This is an unhealthy relationship
This is an unhealthy relationship
This is an unhealthy relationship
This is an unhealthy relationship
This is an unhealthy relationship
This is an unhealthy relationship
This is an unhealthy relationship
This is an unhealthy relationship

—Roughly based on the sonnet form, he explained. Did you notice that it had fourteen lines?

—Such sweet thunder, murmured the girl folksinger who was hugging his monstrous knees.

Moonbelly decided to marry Ramona, whom he had met at a get-together.

Elsa spoke to her husband, Jacques.

—Ramona has frightened me.

—How?

—She said one couldn't sleep with someone more than four hundred times without being bored.

—How does she know?

—She saw it in a book.

—Well, Elsa, Jacques said, I've seen a number of these books, marriage manuals, adjustment manuals, and so forth, and in every case what is stressed is rather the deepening, broadening enrichment with time of the—

—That's what she said. She said they protested too much.

4.

MOONBELLY sat in the Porter Street living room, his great belly covered with plants and animals.

—That Elsa there, she is already married, right?

—Yes, Ramona said.

—Do you want to go to bed now?

—No.

—Why?

—It's too early.

—Early?

—In our relationship.

Elsa received the following letter from Moonbelly:

Dear Elsa—

Hello! I am writing you a letter! The letter is to say that I think there is something mighty bad going on in your house! It is not normal, what is happening there! I mean that girl Ramona. Didn't they teach her, at the University of Montana, to respect and revere the music of the folk? I am not used to this cold treatment. I am the best. I have wore out nine drummers in my young life, and known many young ladies too. I have ways of achieving my plans. Remember I'm part Indian and that means trickster. Well you have to understand that I was raised in Dime Box, Texas. And that is a little town. (Although it is split into Dime Box and Old Dime Box.) My grandfather came from Hungary, he was in the Army there. Well, he got tired of it. He deserted, emigrated, changed his name, shaved his beard, and become a Baptist. He ended up in Dime Box, Texas, raising sheep. He married a Dime Box girl that was half Indian. Her tribe was Coushatta. Well I don't want to give you a lot of racket about Indians here but my grandmother was something else. I have to tell you this: she was a gold mine of dirty stories, trickster-stories. She had a terrible mouth on her, my grandmother, but she was entertaining. Well this is not very interesting but it is my background. I left Texas after a while. A fellow learned me the guitar (I know how to say that right but I always say "learned me" so as to stay within the tradition) and now I am a full-sized legendary figure. I have wandered a bit in this letter but I wanted you, as a married woman, to know who I am and that I am not dangerous if you find me drinking your whiskey in your house. I will be the big heavy fellow with the hair all over him.

With all regards,
Moonbelly

P.S.: A word of persuasion to that girl Ramona would not be unappreciated.

Elsa showed the letter to Ramona.

—What do you think of him?

Ramona thought for a moment.

—He's colorful.

—I feel they are tiring of me, Elsa said. Jacques and Charles.

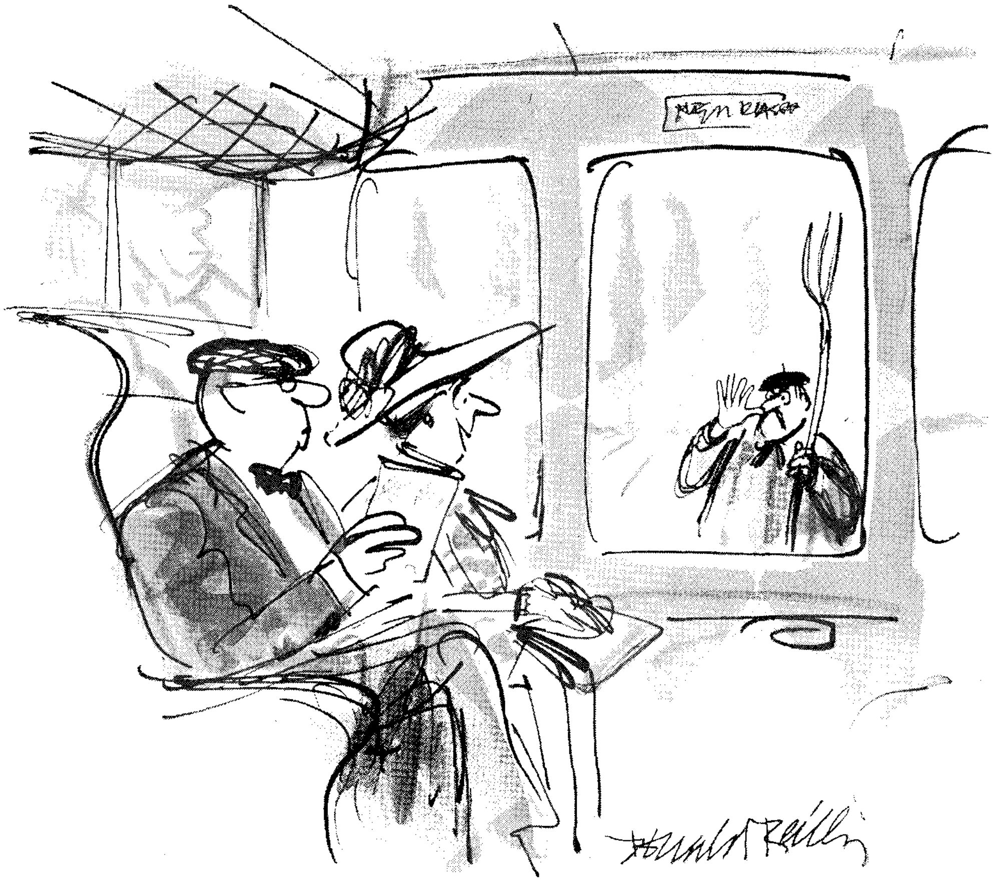
—What makes you feel that?

—They keep smoking a lot of cigarettes and talking to each other, Elsa said. About the struggle.

—Make yourself new, Ramona said. Men like the new.

5.

VERCINGETORIX, leader of the firemen, was looking at a few fires. The fires were marked on a map: Fourteenth Street, Thirty-first Street, 119th Street. Vercingetorix moved his equipment into position. He knew how to do it. He had been Lord of the Fires for a long time. Keep the super-pumper in reserve. That was hard. More than anything, one wants to use one's super-pumper. But prudence dictated that the super-pumper be kept in reserve, be kept for the greatest of all fires, the Final Fire. But who knows? Vercingetorix reflected. The Fourteenth Street and Thirty-first Street blazes might link up, given a forty-mile-an-hour wind. Then, with only one additional fire, say at Fifty-fifth and Ninth Avenue . . .



"How French!"

• •

Vercingetorix thought about the Policemen's Ball.

—That dark-haired girl who asked me to dance . . .

He reached for his red telephone.

—Hello, is this Ramona?

—No, Ramona's not home. This is Elsa.

—Will you tell her that the leader of all the firemen called?

—Yes, I will.

Ramona went out of town for a weekend with Vercingetorix. They went to his farm, about eighty miles away. In the kitchen of the farm, bats attacked them. Vercingetorix could not find his broom.

—Put a paper bag over them. Where is a paper bag?

—The groceries, Vercingetorix said.

Ramona dumped the groceries on the floor. The bats were zooming around the room uttering audible squeaks. With the large paper bag in his hands Vercingetorix made weak capturing gestures toward the bats.

—God, if one gets in my hair, Ramona said.

—They don't want to fly into the bag, Vercingetorix said.

—Give me the bag, if one gets in my hair I'll croak right here in front of you.

Ramona put the paper bag over her head just as a bat banged into her.

—What was that?

—A bat, Vercingetorix said, but it didn't get into your hair.

—Damn you, Ramona said, inside the bag, why can't you stay in the city like other men?

6.

THE Puerto Rican painters have come, as they do every three years, to paint the apartment!

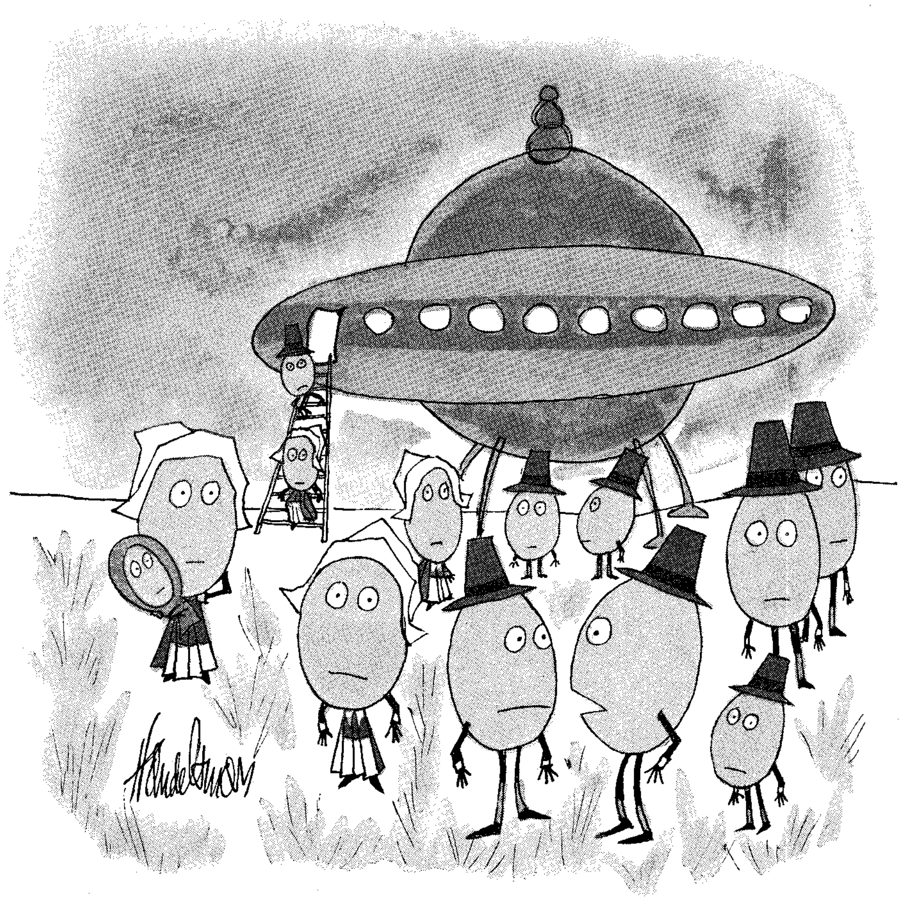
The painters, Emmanuel and Curtis, heaved their buckets, rollers, ladders, and drop cloths up the stairs into the apartment.

—What shade of white do you want this apartment painted?

A consultation.

—How about plain white?

—Fine, Emmanuel said. That's a



"Say! Wasn't someone supposed to come along and show us how to plant corn?"

• •

mighty good-looking Motorola television set you have there. Would you turn it to Channel 47, *por favor*? There's a film we'd like to see. We can paint and watch at the same time.

—What's the film?

—"Victimas de Pecado," with Pedro Vargas and Ninon Sevilla.

A large iron ball crashed into the north wall of the house.

Broken pieces of brick.

Plaster dust.

Damage to furnishings.

Tears and screaming.

Ramona and Elsa looked through the hole in the wall out into the street. Thom McAn was standing there with his crew.

—That's against the law! Elsa shouted.

—I apologize, Thom McAn said. I think we've got the wrong house. I mean, we're a little premature. It was just that I had this house in my mind—

—Get that iron ball out of our television set!

7.

Jacques persuaded Moonbelly to appear at a benefit for the signers of the Declaration of Rye, who were having a little legal trouble. Three hundred younger people sat in the church. Paper plates were passed up and down the rows. A number of quarters were collected.

Moonbelly sang a new song called "The System Cannot Withstand Close Scrutiny."

The system cannot withstand close scrutiny
The system cannot withstand close scrutiny
The system cannot withstand close scrutiny
The system cannot withstand close scrutiny
Etc.

Jacques spoke briefly and well. A few more quarters showered down on the stage.

At the party after the benefit Ramona spoke to Jacques, because he was handsome and flushed with triumph.

—Tell me something.

—All right Ramona what do you want to know?

—Do you promise to tell me the truth?

—Of course. Sure.

—Can one be impregnated by a song?

—I think not. I would say no.

—While one is asleep, possibly?

—It's not very likely.

—What sort of people have hysterical pregnancies?

—Well, you know. Sort of nervous girls.

—If a hysterical pregnancy results in a birth, is it still considered hysterical?

—No.

—Rats!

8.

Charles and Jacques were trying to move a parked Volkswagen. When a Volkswagen is parked with its parking brake set you need three people to move it, usually.

A third person was sighted moving down the street.

—Say, buddy, could you give us a hand for a minute?

—Sure, the third person said.

Charles, Jacques, and the third person grasped the VW firmly in their hands and heaved. It moved forward opening up a new parking space where only half a space had been before.

—Thanks, Jacques said. Now would you mind helping us unload this panel truck here? It contains printed materials pertaining to the worldwide struggle for liberation from outmoded ways of thought that hold us in thrall.

—I don't mind.

Charles, Jacques, and Hector carried the bundles of printed material up the stairs into the Porter Street apartment.

—What does this printed material say, Jacques?

—It says that the government has promised to give us some of our money back if it loses the war.

—Is that true?

—No. And now, how about a drink?

Drinking their drinks they regarded the black trombone case which rested under Hector's coat.

—Is that a trombone case?

Hector's eyes glazed.

—I believe so.

—Are you a trombone player?

—Yes.

There was a moment of silence.

—No one told me that a trombone player was a bad thing to be, Hector said. When I was a child, I showed an aptitude for the instrument. I increased my ability by hard study and application. Finding the right positions with the slide is as you know a difficult . . . whereas with the valve trombone . . . but I could never bring myself to play the valve trombone . . . although it has its place, I don't deny that. First I had a silver trombone, carried in a green canvas sack, then I had a gold trombone, carried in a brown leather case. Or leatherette. "Tone" was at that time the *summum bonum* and my tone was, forgive me, extraordinary. My influences were Harris, Johnson, and Winding, but I was also able to find employment in legitimate music, as it is called, because of my not inconsiderable reading ability. I was at various times second chair with the Cleveland, second chair with the Minneapolis, and second chair with the Boston; I also did a great amount of studio work on the West Coast. I also performed with a comedy group, manipulating the slide with my socked foot. This produced lively applause. My career has been varied and interesting, within its limits. One day, an ordinary day, I woke up in the ordinary way. The first thing I saw, on the chair beside my bed, was the trombone case. I had a clear intuition that inside the trombone case lay a gold trombone. I realized that I was . . . *a trombone player*.

9.

RAMONA'S child was born on Wednesday. It was a boy.

—But Ramona! Who is responsible? Charles? Jacques? Moonbelly? Vercingetorix?

—It was a virgin birth, unfortunately, Ramona said.

—But what does this imply about the child?

—Nothing, Ramona said. It was just an ordinary virgin birth. Don't bother your pretty head about it, Elsa dear.

However much Ramona tried to soft-pedal the virgin birth, people persisted in getting excited about it. A few cardinals from the Sacred Rota dropped by.

—What is this you're claiming here, foolish girl?

—I claim nothing, Your Eminence. I merely report.

—Give us the name of the man who has compromised you.

—It was a virgin birth, sir. If you prefer to believe that I'm lying, and that the conception was maculate, go ahead. I can't stop you. But the facts are otherwise.

Cardinal Maranto frowned in several directions.

—There can't be another Virgin Birth!

Ramona modestly lowered her eyes. The child, Sam, was wrapped in a blanket with his feet sticking out.

—Better cover those feet.

—Thank you, Cardinal. I will.

10.

MOONBELLY came over and spoke to Ramona about the child.

—How are you going to raise him?

—You mean how financially or how morally?

—The former.

—We'll get along. I have a small annual amount from my family.

—Well if you need any help—

—Thank you but we'll make out all right.

Moonbelly reached into his blouse and pulled out a large wad of extremely dirty paper money.

—Well take this and get him something. A velocipede or something.

—This is two hundred dollars!

—Probably your rent will be raised, or something, Moonbelly said.

Ramona went to class at the Law School carrying Sam on her hip in a sling.

—What's that?

—My child.

—I didn't know you were married.

—I'm not.

—That's against the law! I think.

—What law is it against?

The entire class regarded the teacher.

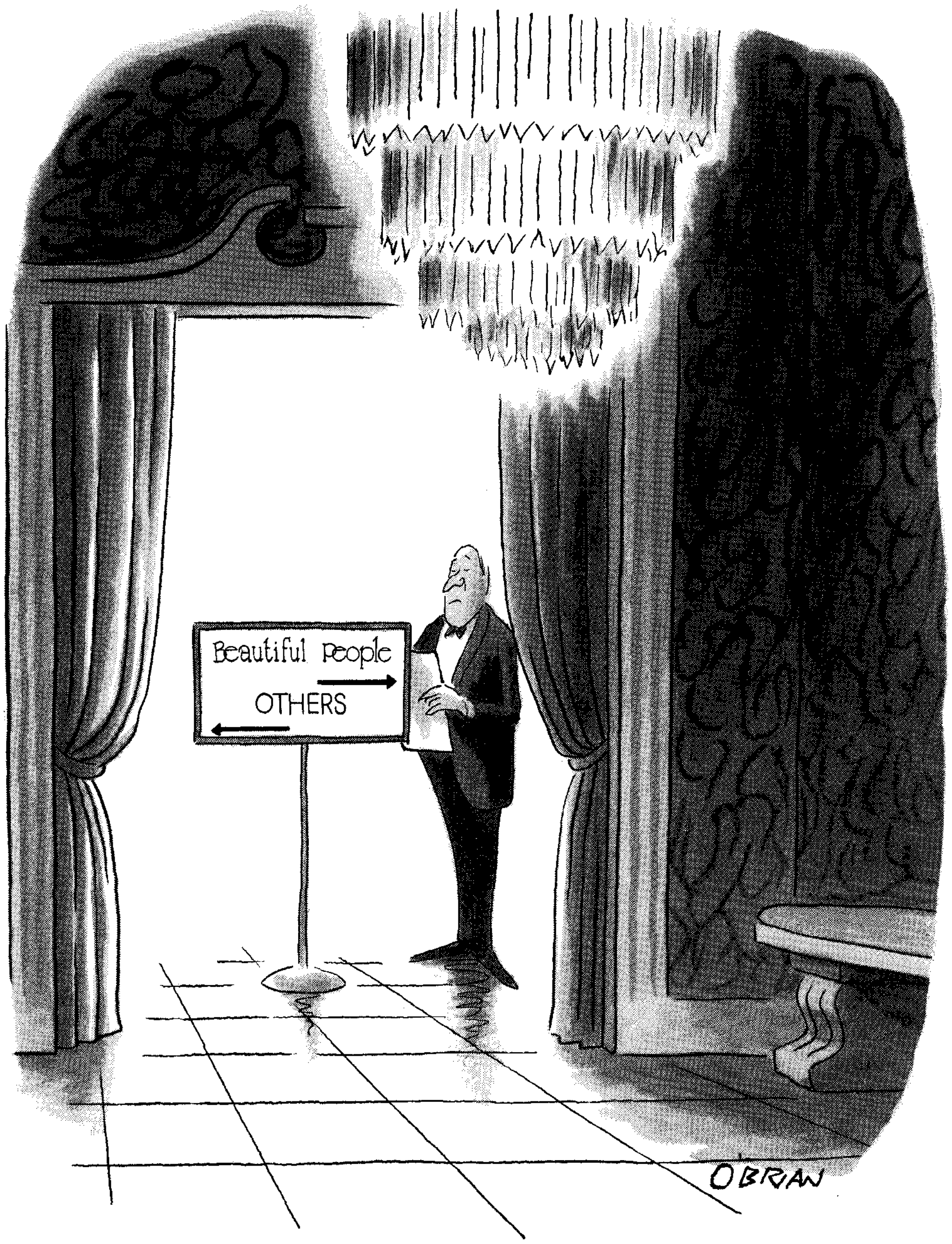
—Well there is a law against fornication on the books, but of course it's not enforced very often ha ha. It's sort of difficult to enforce ha ha.

—I have to tell you, Ramona said, that this child is not of human man conceived. It was a virgin birth. Unfortunately.

A few waves of smickers washed across the classroom.

A law student named Harold leaped to his feet.

—Stop this smickering! What are we thinking of? To make mock of this fine girl! Rot me if I will permit it! Are we gentlemen? Is this lady our colleague? Or are we rather beasts of the field? This Ramona, this trull . . . No, that's not what I mean. I mean that we should think not upon her peculations but on our own peculations. For, as Augustine tells us, if for some error or sin of our own, sadness



IN MEMORY OF H. G. GRAND (5–10¢ TO $1.00)

I

Fixing to sell out,
I command my sundry notions
to disobey me. For I have stored in this store
the counting and the righteous
counting on. I am accustomed to these
wooden people, I am the customer
who figures, I am the soulful floorwalker,
I am the walk up to it
the proprietor owns
I have taken.

II

I am the "fancy goods" in the Bazaar,
the trinket missing in the inventory.

In treeless towns in the Depression,
I lived off a small variety:
the lures, strings, and staples
were souvenirs of my aggravation.
But of nickels and dimes
I raised fives and tens,
a foundation called "Loose Change,"
which America could spare.

III

And I overcame for you who failed,
for Woolworth's and Kresge's and Grant's,
for you for whom carry-out
and markup were the limits of lives,
for you who could not reach overhead
nor cover the toy-like counters,
for you whom the mortgage outlasted,
for whom the registers would not work.

For you I learned the language,
for you I figured to go on.

IV

Ladies and gentlemen,
I announce the retirement of Father,
who, bolting his body,
turned over his goodwill:
in the signs of shops in Mattituck,
Selden, Bridgehampton, Port Jefferson,
Mastic and Center Moriches,
that stock name which stood
long for telling and retelling,
and later for letting and re-letting.

V

Finally, I am clearing out
by marking down.
And I am for hire,
who cannot keep Father's
glass front firm,
nor disobey him longer,
who faced the facts of business
and the business of facts,
who ordered his children from the hospital
in the name of his closing company.

—Marvin Bell

• •

seizes us, let us not only bear in mind that *an afflicted spirit is a sacrifice to God* but also the words: *for as water quencheth a flaming fire, so almsgiving quencheth* sin; and *for I desire*, He says, *mercy rather than sacrifice*. As, therefore, if we were in danger from fire, we should, of course, run for water with which to extinguish it, and should be thankful if someone showed us water nearby, so if some flame of sin has arisen from the hay of our passions, we should take delight in this, that the ground for a work of great mercy is given to us. Therefore—

Harold collapsed, from the heat of his imagination.

A student in a neighboring seat looked deeply into Sam's eyes.

—They're brown.

11.

Vercingetorix spoke to Ramona about the problem.

—Well, what is this, Ramona? I am but a simple fireman, but I know that—

—Don't say any more.

—O.K. I won't say any more. I just want to say one thing: Do you need any help? I can let you have a couple of hundred if you—

—Thanks, Vercingetorix. As a matter of fact, a lot of new needs have overwhelmed me.

—Take this money in this brown bag.

Ramona began to cry. It was the simplicity of the green money being in the brown bag that burst her last restraints.

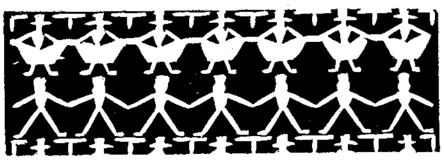
—I didn't want this. I don't even know how it happened, ridiculous as that may sound.

—I believe you.

Ramona looked at Vercingetorix in astonishment.

—You believe me?

—I believe you. It is contrary to all the knowledge I have, the rough knowledge of the streets, of one who has come up through the ranks. But I have reached an age where I am ready to indulge myself in the luxury of not understanding everything. Of not having to understand every last bloody nuance.



Ramona knelt down at Vercingetorix's feet.

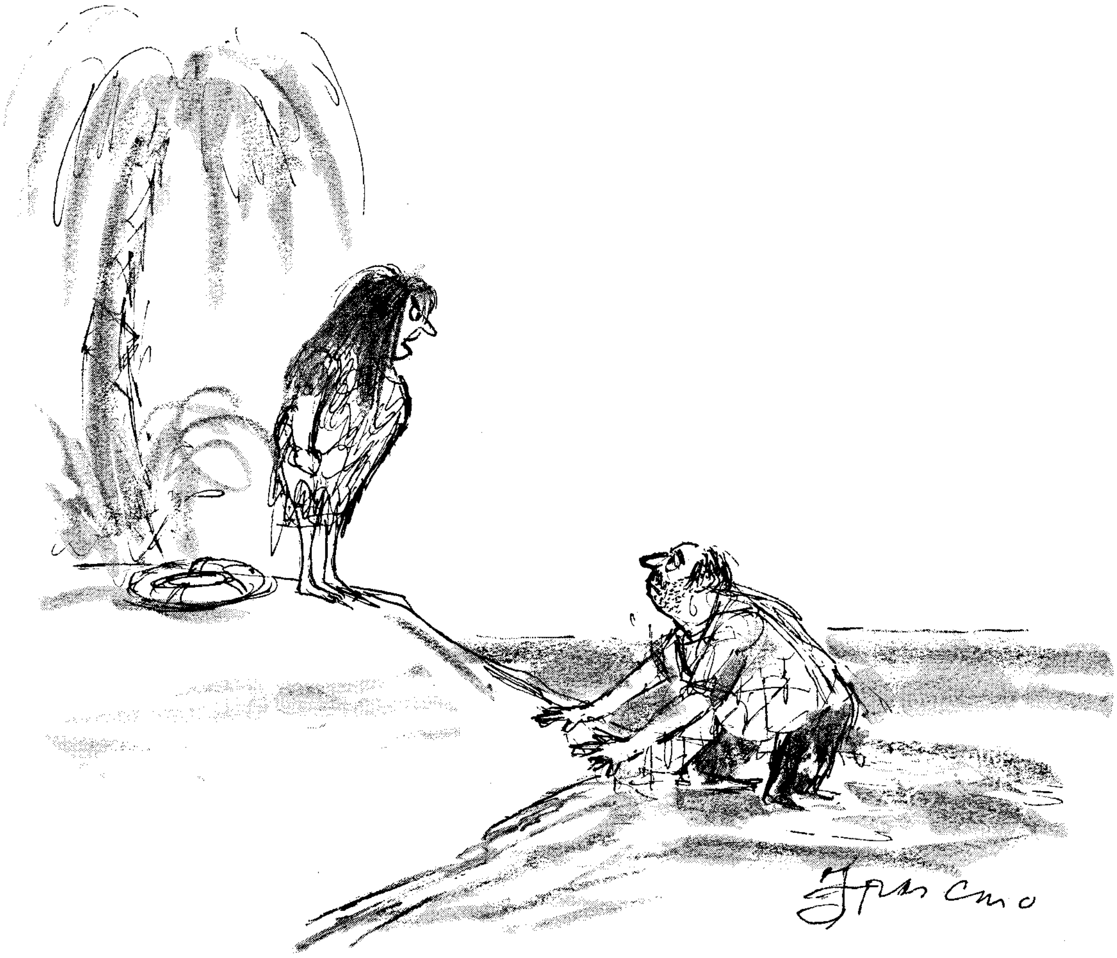
—You are an extremely unusual man. Can I get you a hot toddy, or something?

12.

Charles and Jacques were still talking to Hector Guimard, the former trombone player.

—Yours is not a modern problem, Jacques said. The problem today is not angst but lack of angst.

—Wait a minute, Jacques. Although I myself believe that there is nothing wrong with being a trombone player, I can understand Hector's feeling. I know a painter who feels the same way about being a painter. Every morning, he gets up, brushes his teeth, and stands before the empty canvas. A terrible feeling of being *de trop* comes over him. So he goes to the corner and buys the *Times*, at the corner newsstand. He comes back home and reads the *Times*. During the period in which he's coupled with the *Times* he is all right. But soon the *Times* is exhausted. The empty canvas remains. So (usually) he makes a mark on it, some kind of mark that is not what he means. That is, any old mark, just to have something on the canvas. Then he is profoundly depressed because what is there is not what he meant. And it's time for lunch. He goes out and buys a pastrami sandwich at the deli. He comes back and eats the sandwich meanwhile regarding the canvas with the wrong mark on it out of the corner of his eye. During the afternoon, he paints out the mark of the morning. This affords him a measure of satisfaction. The balance of the afternoon is spent in deciding whether or not to venture another mark. The new mark, if one is ventured, will also, inevitably, be misconceived. He ventures it. It is misconceived. It is, in fact, the worst kind of vulgarity. He paints out the second mark. Anxiety accumulates. However, the canvas is now, in and of itself, because of the wrong moves and the painting out, becoming rather interesting-looking. He goes to the A. & P. and buys a TV Mexican dinner and many bottles of Carta Blanca. He comes back to his loft and eats the Mexican dinner and drinks a couple of Carta Blancas, sitting in front of his canvas. The canvas is, for one thing, no longer empty. Friends drop in and congratulate him on having a not empty canvas. He begins feeling groovy. A something has been wrested from the nothing. The quality of the something is still at issue—he is by no means home free. And of course all of painting—the whole art—has moved on somewhere else, it's not where his head is, and he knows that, but nevertheless he—



"Where have you been? The boat sank two days ago!"

—How does this apply to trombone playing? Hector asked.

—I had the connection in my mind when I began, Charles said.

—As Goethe said, theory is gray, but the golden tree of life is green.

13.

EVERYBODY in the city was watching a movie about an Indian village that was menaced by a tiger. Only Wendell Corey stood between the village and the tiger. Furthermore Wendell Corey had dropped his rifle—or rather the tiger had knocked it out of his hands—and was left with only his knife. In addition, the tiger had Wendell Corey's left arm in his mouth up to the shoulder.

Ramona thought about the city.

—I have to admit we are locked in the most exquisite mysterious muck. This muck heaves and palpitates. It is multi-directional and has a mayor. To describe it takes many hundreds of thousands of words. Our muck is only a part of a much greater muck—the nation-state—which is itself the creation of that muck of mucks, human consciousness. Of course all these things also have a touch of sublimity—as when Moonbelly sings, for example, or all the lights go out. What a happy time that was, when all the electricity went away! If only we could re-create that paradise! By, for instance, all forgetting to pay our electric bills at the same time. All nine million of us. Then we'd all get those little notices that say unless we remit within five days the lights will go out. We all stand up from our chairs with the notice in our hands. The same thought drifts across the furrowed surface of nine million minds. We wink at each other, through the walls.

At the Electric Company, a nervousness appeared as Ramona's thought launched itself into parapsychological space.

Ramona arranged names in various patterns.

Vercingetorix
Moonbelly
Charles

Moonbelly
Charles
Vercingetorix

Charles
Vercingetorix
Moonbelly

—Upon me, their glance has fallen. The engendering force was, perhaps, the fused glance of all of them. From the millions of units crawling about on the surface of the city, their wavering desirous eye selected me. The pupil enlarged to admit more light: more me. They began dancing little dances of suggestion and fear. These dances constitute an invitation of unmistakable import—an invitation which, if accepted, leads one down many muddy roads. I accepted. What was the alternative?

—DONALD BARTHELME

SISTERS

ON a Thursday morning, soon after Mrs. Mason returned from shopping—in fact, she had not yet taken off her hat—a neat young man wearing a dark suit and spectacles, half gold, half mock-tortoiseshell, and carrying a rolled umbrella, called at the house, and brought her to the edge of ruin. He gave a name, which meant nothing to her, and she invited him in, thinking he was about insurance, or someone from her solicitor. He stood in the sitting room, looking keenly about him, until she asked him to sit down and tell her his business.

"Your sister," he began. "Your sister Marian," and Mrs. Mason's hand flew up to her cheek. She gazed at him in alarmed astonishment, then closed her eyes.

IN this town, where she had lived all her married life, Mrs. Mason was respected, even mildly loved. No one had a word to say against her, so it followed there were no strong feelings either way. She seemed to have been made for widowhood, and had her own little set, for bridge and coffee mornings, and her committee meetings for the better known charities—such as the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Her husband had been a successful dentist, and when he died she moved from the house where he had had his practice into a smaller one in a quiet road nearby. She had no money worries, no worries of any kind. Childless and serene, she lived from day to day. They were almost able to set their clocks by her, her neighbors said, seeing her leaving the house in the mornings, for shopping and coffee at the Oak Beams Tea Room, pushing a shopping basket on wheels—stalking, rather—on high-heeled shoes, blue-rinsed, rouged. Her front went down in a straight line from her heavy bust, giving her a stately look, the weight throwing her back a little. She took all of life at the same pace—a sign of aging. She had settled to it a long time ago, and all of her years seemed the same now, although days had slightly varying patterns. Hers was mostly a daytime life, for it was chiefly a woman's world she had her place in. After tea, her friends' husbands came home, and then Mrs. Mason pottered in her garden, played patience in the winter, or read historical romances from the library. "Something light," she would tell the assistant, as if seeking suggestions from a waiter. She could never remember the names of authors or their works, and it was quite a little disappointment when she discovered that she had read a novel before. She had few other disappointments—nothing much more than an unexpected shower of rain, or a tough cutlet, or the girl at the hairdresser's getting her rinse wrong.

Mrs. Mason had always done, and still did, everything expected of women in her position—which was a phrase she often used. She baked beautiful Victoria sponges for Bring & Buy Sales, arranged flowers, made gros-point covers for her chairs, gave tea parties, even sometimes, daringly, sherry parties with one or two husbands there, much against their will (but this was kept from her). She was occasionally included in other women's evening gatherings, for she made no difference when there was a crowd, and it was an easy kindness. She mingled, and chatted about other people's holidays and families and jobs. She never drank more than two glasses of sherry, and was a good guest, always exclaiming appreciatively at the sight of a plate of canapés, "My goodness, *someone's* been busy!"

Easefully, the time had gone by.

THIS Thursday morning, the young man, having mentioned her sister and seen her distress, glanced at one of the needlework cushions and rose for a moment to examine it. Having ascertained that it was her work (a brief, distracted nod), he praised it and sat down again. Then, thinking the pause long enough, he said, "I am writing a book about your sister, and I did so hope for some help from you."

"How did you know?" she managed to ask with her numbed lips. "That she was, I mean."

He smiled modestly. "It was a matter of literary detection—my great hobby. My life's work, I might say."

He had small, even teeth, she noticed, glancing at him quickly. They glinted, like his spectacles, the buttons on his jacket, and the signet ring on his hand. He was a hideously glinty young man, she decided, looking away again.

"I have nothing to say of any interest."

"But anything you say will interest us."

"Us?"

"Her admirers. The reading public. Well, the world at large." He shrugged.

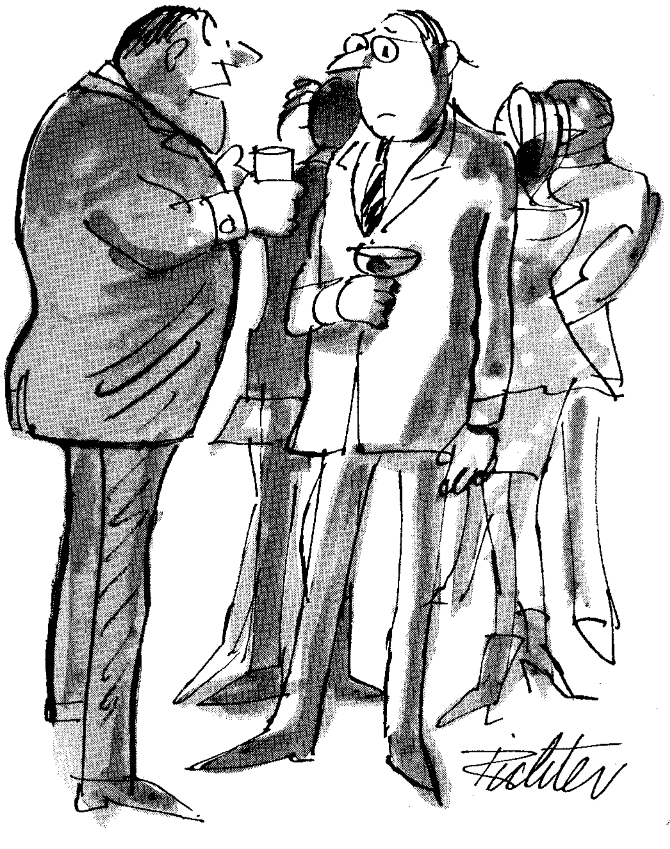
"The world at large" was menacing, for it included this town where Mrs. Mason lived. It included the Oak Beams Tea Room, and the Societies of Prevention.

"I have nothing to say." She moved, as if she would rise.

"Come! You had your childhoods together. We know about those only from the stories. The beautiful stories. That wonderful house by the sea."

He looked at a few shelves of books beside him and seemed disappointed. They were her late husband's books about military history.

"It wasn't so wonderful," she said, for she disliked all exaggeration. "It was a quite ordinary, shabby house."

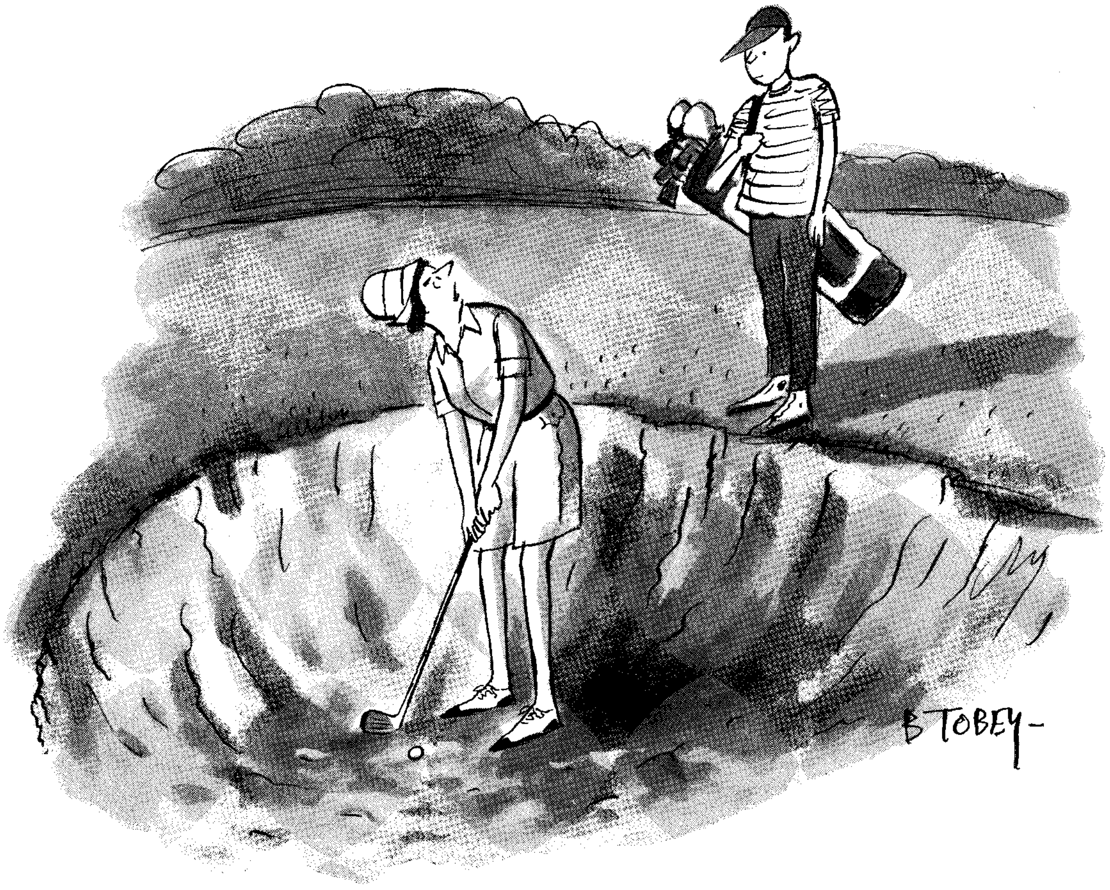


"Look, I'm living in the same transitional period as you are, and it's not bugging me*."*

"Yes?" he said softly, settling back in his chair and clasping his ladylike hands.

THE shabby, ordinary house—the Rectory—had a path between barley-fields to the sea. On either side of it now were caravan sites. Her husband, Gerald, had taken her back there once when they were on holiday in Cornwall. He, of course, had been in the know. She had been upset about the caravans, and he had comforted her. She wished that he were here this morning to deal with this terrifying young man.

Of her childhood, she remembered—as one does—mostly the still, hot afternoons, the cornflowers and thistles and scarlet pimpernels, the scratchy grass against their bare legs as they went down to the beach. Less clearly, she recalled evenings, with shadows growing longer and far-off-sounding voices cutting across the garden. She could see the picture of the house with windows open, and towels and bathing costumes drying on upstairs sills, and canvas shoes newly whitened, drying, too, in readiness for the next day's tennis. It had all been so familiar and comforting; but her sister, Marian, had complained of dullness, had ungratefully chafed and rowed and rebelled—although using it all (twisting it) in later years to make a name for herself. It had never, never been as she had written of it. And she, Mrs. Mason, the little Cassie of those books, had never been at all that kind of child. These more than forty years after, she still shied away from that description of her squatting and peeing into a rock pool, in front of some little boys Marian had made up. "Cassie! Cassie!" her sisters had cried, apparently in consternation. But it was Marian herself who had done that, more like. There were a few stories she could have told about Marian, if she had been the one to expose them all to shame, she thought grimly. The rock-pool episode was nothing, really, compared with some of the other inventions—"experiments with sex," as reviewers had described them at the time. It was as if her sister had been compelled to set her sick fancies against a background that she knew.



"Stop *watching* me!"

• •

WATCHING Mrs. Mason's face slowly flushing all over to blend with her rouged cheekbones, the young man, leaning back easily, felt he had bided his time long enough. Something was obviously being stirred up. He said gently—so that his words seemed to come to her like her own thoughts—"A few stories now, please. Was it a happy childhood?"

"Yes. No. It was just an ordinary childhood."

"With such a genius amongst you? How *awfully* interesting!"

"She was no different from any of the rest of us." But she *had* been, and so unpleasantly, as it turned out.

"Really *extraordinarily* interesting." He allowed himself to lean forward a little, and then, wondering if the slightest show of eagerness might silence her, he glanced about the room again. There were only two photographs—one of a long-ago bride and bridegroom, the other of a pompous-looking man with some sort of chain of office hanging on his breast.

It was proving very hard going, this visit; but all the more of a challenge for that.

Mrs. Mason, in her silvery-grey wool dress, suddenly seemed to him to resemble an enormous salmon. She even had a salmon shape—thick from the shoulders down and tapering away to surprisingly tiny, out-turned feet. He imagined trying to land her. She was demanding all the skill and tenacity he had. This was very pleasurable. Having let him in, and sat him down, her good manners could find no way of getting rid of him. He was sure of that. Her good manners were the only encouraging thing so far.

"You know, you are really not at all what I expected," he said boldly, admiringly. "Not in the very least like your sister, are you?"

What he had expected was an older version of the famous photograph in the Collected Edition—that waiflike creature with the flyaway fringe and great dark eyes.

Mrs. Mason now carefully lifted off her hat, as if it were a coronet. Then she touched her hair, pushing it up a little. "I was the pretty one," she did not say; but, feeling some explanation was asked for, told him what all the world knew. "My sister had poor health," she said. "Asthma and migraines, and so on. Lots of what we now call allergies. I never had more than a couple of days' illness in my life." She remembered Marian always being fussed over—wheezing and puking and whining, or stamping her feet in temper and frustration, causing scenes, a general rumpus at any given moment.

He longed to get inside her mind; for interesting things were going on there, he guessed. Patience, he thought, regarding her. She was wearing opaque grey stockings; to hide varicose veins, he thought. He knew everything about women, and mentally unclothed her. In a leisurely fashion—since he would not hurry anything—he stripped off her peach-colored slip and matching knickers, tugged her out of her sturdy corselette, whose straps had bitten deep into her plump shoulders, leaving a permanent indentation. He did not even jib at the massive, mottled flesh beneath, creased, as it must be, from its rigid confinement, or the suspender imprints at the top of her tapering legs. Her navel would be full of talcum powder.

"It was all so long ago, I don't want to be reminded," she said simply.

"Have you any photographs—holiday snapshots, for instance? I adore looking at old photographs."

There was a boxful upstairs, faded sepia scenes of them all paddling—dresses tucked into bloomers—or picnicking, with sandwiches in hand, and feet out of focus. Her father, the Rector, had developed and printed the photographs himself, and they had not lasted well. "I don't care to live in the past" was all she said in reply.

"Were you and Marian close to one another?"

"We were sisters," she said primly.

"And you kept in touch? I should think that you enjoyed basking in the reflected glory." He knew that she had not kept in touch, and was sure by now that she had done no basking.

"She went to live in Paris, as no doubt you know."

Thank heavens, Mrs. Mason had always thought, that she *had* gone to live in Paris, and that she herself had married and been able to change her name. Still quite young, and before the war, Marian had died. It was during Mr. Mason's year as mayor. They had told no one.

"Did you ever meet Godwin? Or any of that set?"

"Of course not. My husband wouldn't have had them in the house."

The young man nodded.

Oh, that dreadful clique. She was ashamed to have it mentioned to her by someone of the opposite sex, a complete stranger. She had been embarrassed to speak of it to her own husband, who had been so extraordinarily kind and forgiving about everything connected with Marian. But that raffish life in Paris in the thirties! Her sister living with the man Godwin or, turn and turn about, with others of her set. They had all switched from one partner to the other; sometimes—she clasped her hands together so tightly that her rings hurt her fingers—to others of the same sex. She knew about it; the world knew; no doubt her friends knew, although it was not the sort of thing they would have discussed. Books had been written about that Paris lot, as Mrs. Mason thought of them, and their correspondence published: Godwin, and Miranda Braun, the painter, and Grant Opie, the American who wrote obscene books, and many of the others. They were all notorious: that was Mrs. Mason's word for them.

"I think she killed my father," she said in a low voice, almost as if she were talking to herself. "He fell ill, and did not seem to want to go on living. He would never have her name mentioned, or any of her books in the house. She sent him a copy of the first one—she had left home by then, and was living in London. He read some of it, then took it out to the incinerator in the garden and burned it. I remember it now; his face was as white as a sheet."

"But *you* have read the books, surely?" he asked, playing her in gently.

She nodded, looking ashamed. "Yes. Later, I did." A terrified curiosity had proved too strong to resist. And, reading, she had discovered a childhood she could hardly recognize, although it was all there: all the pieces were there, but shifted round as in a kaleidoscope. Worse came after the first book—the stories of their girlhood and growing up and falling in love. She, the Cassie of the books, had become a well-known character, with all her secrets laid bare; though they were really the secrets of Marian herself and not those of the youngest sister. The candor had caused a stir in those far-off days. During all those years of public interest, Mrs. Mason had kept her silence, and lately had been able to bask indeed—in the neglect which had fallen upon her sister, as it falls upon most great writers at some period after their death. It was done with and laid to rest, she had thought—until this morning.

"And you didn't think much of them, I infer," the young man said.

She started, and looked confused. "Of what?" she asked, drawing back, tightening his line.

"Your sister's stories."

"They weren't true. We were well-brought-up girls."

"Your other sister died, too."

CONNAIS-TU LE PAYS?

I have discovered a country
where the pages of books are all
margins and the calendar is frozen
in a wall of ice. Its mirrors are kept
in cages and covered at night.

I cross its border by way
of the labyrinth in the radiator.
The doors close behind me.

The guards at the gate of the principal
city are dangerous. Also
the porter who hangs on the wall
like a silver knife. As for the troll
who once lured me under the bridge,
I blame him for everything.

There is no map of the city
but I know my way.
When I get to my room,
the others are waiting: the child
with tiny blue fish in her hair,
the ghost with a flashlight,
the prince who died of a bloody
nose and the angel who guards him,
the white nun dragging
her long black shadow.

I show them the sand I have
smuggled in my shoes, and my letters
written on dry grass.
I bring them a yellow wax
flower in a green pot.
We celebrate the silence.

At night, when it rains, we paint
a small fire on the wall
and sit before it, drinking
from cups made of buttons.
We drink to the present which is
eternal. We drink to the delicate
shells which grow in the garden,
to salt rising up
from the earth like smoke,
to another safe journey.

Outside, the water is moving
past in search of some
low place to lie down.

—RICHARD SHELTON

He *had* been rooting about, she thought in dismay. "She died before all the scandal," Mrs. Mason said grimly. "She was spared."

The telephone rang in the hall, and she murmured politely and got up. He heard her, in a different, chatty voice, making arrangements and kind inquiries, actually laughing.

She rang off presently, and then stood for a moment steadying herself. She peered into a glass and touched her hair again. Full of strength and resolution, she went back to the sitting room and just caught him clipping a pen back into the inside pocket of his jacket.

"I'm afraid I shall have to get on with some jobs now," she said clearly, and remained standing.

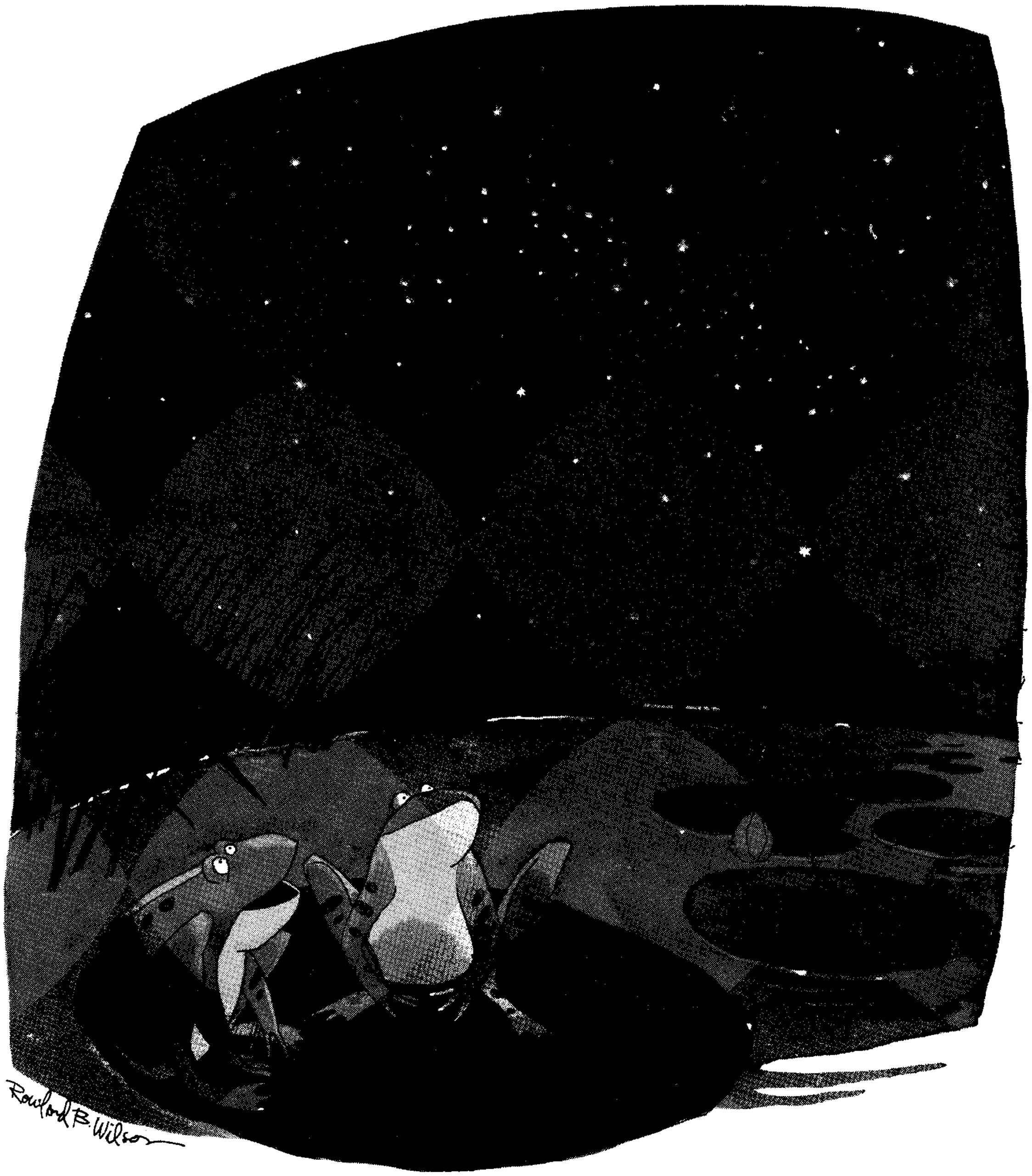
He rose—had to—cursing the telephone for ringing, just when he was bringing her in so beautifully. "And you are sure you haven't even one little photograph to lend me?" he asked. "I would take such enormous care of it."

"Yes, I am quite sure." She was like another woman now. She had been in touch with her own world, and had gained strength from it.

"Then may I come to see you again when you are not so busy?"

"Oh, no, I don't think so." She put out an arm and held the door handle. "I really don't think there would be any point."

He really felt himself that there would not be. Still looking greedily about him, he went out into the hall toward the front door. He had the idea of leaving his umbrella behind, so that he would have to return for it, but she firmly handed it to him. Even going down the path to the gate, he seemed to be glancing from side to side, as if memorizing the names of flowers.



"Do you suppose there's any amphibious life up there?"

• •

"I SAID nothing. I said nothing," Mrs. Mason kept telling herself on her way that afternoon to play bridge. "I merely conveyed my disapproval." But she had a flustered feeling that her husband would not have agreed that she had done only that. And she guessed that the young man would easily make something of nothing. "She killed my father." She had said that. It would be in print, with her name attached to it. He had been clever to ferret her out, the menacing young man, and now he had something new to offer to the world—herself. What else had she said, for heaven's sake? She was walking uphill, and panted a little. She could not for the life of her remember if she had said any more. But, ah yes! How her father had put that book into the incinerator. Just like Hitler, some people would think. And her name and Marian's would be linked together. Ex-mayoress and that rackety and lustful set. Some of her friends would be openly cool, others too kind, all of them shocked. They would discuss the matter behind her back. There were even those who would say they were "intrigued" and ask questions.

Mrs. Oldfellow, Mrs. Fitch, and Miss Christy all thought she played badly that afternoon, especially Mrs. Oldfellow, who was her partner. She did not stay for sherry when the bridge was over, but excused herself, saying that she felt a cold coming on. Mrs. Fitch's offer to run her back in the car she refused, hoping that the fresh air might clear her head.

She walked home in her usual sedate way, but she could not rid herself of the horrible idea that they were talking about her already.

—ELIZABETH TAYLOR

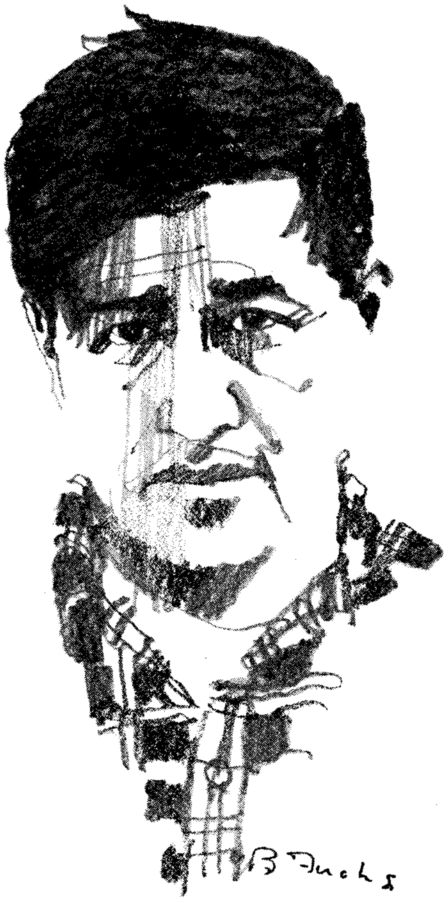
PROFILES

ORGANIZER—I

ONE Sunday morning last summer, I knocked on the door of a small frame house on Kensington Street, in Delano, California, that is rented by the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee for the family of its director, Cesar Estrada Chavez. It was just before seven, and no one came to the door, so I sat down on the stoop to wait. The stoop was shaded by squat trees, which distinguish Kensington Street from the other straight lines of one-story bungalows that make up residential Delano, but at seven the air was already hot and still, as it is almost every day of summer there in the San Joaquin Valley. On Kensington Street, a quiet stronghold of the middle class, the Chavez house drew attention to itself by worn yellow-brown paint, a patch of lawn between stoop and sidewalk that had been turned to mud by a leaky hose trailing away into the weeds, and a car, lacking an engine, which appeared not so much parked as abandoned in the driveway. Signs that said "Don't Buy California Grapes" were plastered on the car, and "Kennedy" stickers, fading now, were still stuck to posts on the stoop. The signs suggested that the dwelling was utilitarian, not domestic, and that the Chavez family's commitment was somewhere else.

In the time it must have taken Chavez to put on the clothes that are his invariable costume—a plaid shirt and work pants—and to splash water on his face, the back door creaked and he appeared around the corner of the house. "Good morning," he said, raising his eyebrows, as if surprised to see me there. "How are you?" Though he shook my hand, he did not stop moving; we walked south on Kensington Street and turned west at the corner.

Chavez has an Indian's bow nose and lank black hair, with sad eyes and an open smile that is both shy and friendly. He is five feet six inches tall, and since a twenty-five-day fast in the winter of 1968 he has weighed no more than a hundred and fifty pounds. Yet the word "slight" does not properly describe him. There is an effect of being centered in himself so that no energy is wasted, and at the same time he walks lightly.



Cesar Chavez

In the central part of Delano (pronounced De-*lay*-no), the north-south streets have been named alphabetically, from Albany Street, on the far west side, to Xenia, on the east; the cross streets are called avenues and are numbered. On Eleventh Avenue, between Kensington and Jefferson, a police car moved out of an empty lot and settled heavily on its springs across the sidewalk. There it idled while its occupant enjoyed the view. Having feasted his eyes on the public library and the National Bank of Agriculture, the policeman permitted his gaze to come to rest on the only two citizens in sight. His cap, shading his eyes from the early sun, was much too small for him, and in the middle of his mouth, pointed straight at us, was a dead cigar. He looked me over long enough to let me know he had his eye on me, then eased his wheels into gear again and humped on his soft springs onto the street. Chavez raised his eyebrows in a characteristic expression of mock wonderment. Then he waved at the back of a building that fronted on Jefferson Street. "That's our station house," he said, in the manner of a man who is pointing out, with pardonable pride, the main sights of his city. As we walked on, he talked about how he had come to be a labor organizer.

UNTIL Chavez appeared, union leaders had considered it impossible to organize seasonal farm labor, which is in large part illiterate and indigent, rarely remains in one place long enough to form an effective unit, and is composed mostly of minority groups that invite hostility from local communities. In consequence, strikes, protests, and unions had been broken with monotonous efficiency—a task made easier by the specific exclusion of farm workers from the protection of the National Labor Relations Act, which authorizes and regulates collective bargaining between management and labor. In a state where cheap labor, since Indian days, has been taken for granted, like the sun, reprisals were swift and sometimes fatal, and the struggles of Mexican-American farm workers for better conditions have met with defeat after defeat.

In 1947, when Chavez was twenty, he himself picketed the cotton fields of Corcoran, a few miles north of Delano, for the National Farm Labor Union, and watched the union fail. As a migrant laborer who had not been able to afford enough time from the fields to get past the seventh grade, he often discussed the frustrations of the poor with his wife, Helen, and his brother Richard, but he saw no way to put his feelings into action until 1952. That year, when he and Richard were living across the street from each other in San Jose and working together in the apricot groves, a new venture called the Community Service Organization, which had been set up in Los Angeles to do something about the frustrations of the Mexican-American poor in California, was preparing to open a chapter in San Jose. The C.S.O. was a project of the Industrial Areas Foundation, based in Chicago and headed by Saul Alinsky, who describes himself as a "social activist." When the man Alinsky had assigned to organize the C.S.O. asked a parish priest in San Jose for a list of likely recruits, he was given the name of Cesar Chavez. "I came home from work and they told me this gringo wanted to see me," Chavez said. "In those days, when a gringo wanted to see you it was something special—we never heard anything from whites unless it was the police. So, anyway, Helen says, 'Oh, no, it must be something good for Mexicans—money and a better job and things!'" Chavez's expression conveyed what he thought then about promises of something good for Mexicans. "You see, Stanford had people nosing around, writing all kinds of screwy reports about how Mexicans eat and sleep—you know—and a lot of dirty kind of stuff, and Berkeley had its guys down there, and San Jose State. All the private colleges. They were interested in the worst barrio, the toughest slum, and they all picked Sal Si Puedes."

"What?" I said.

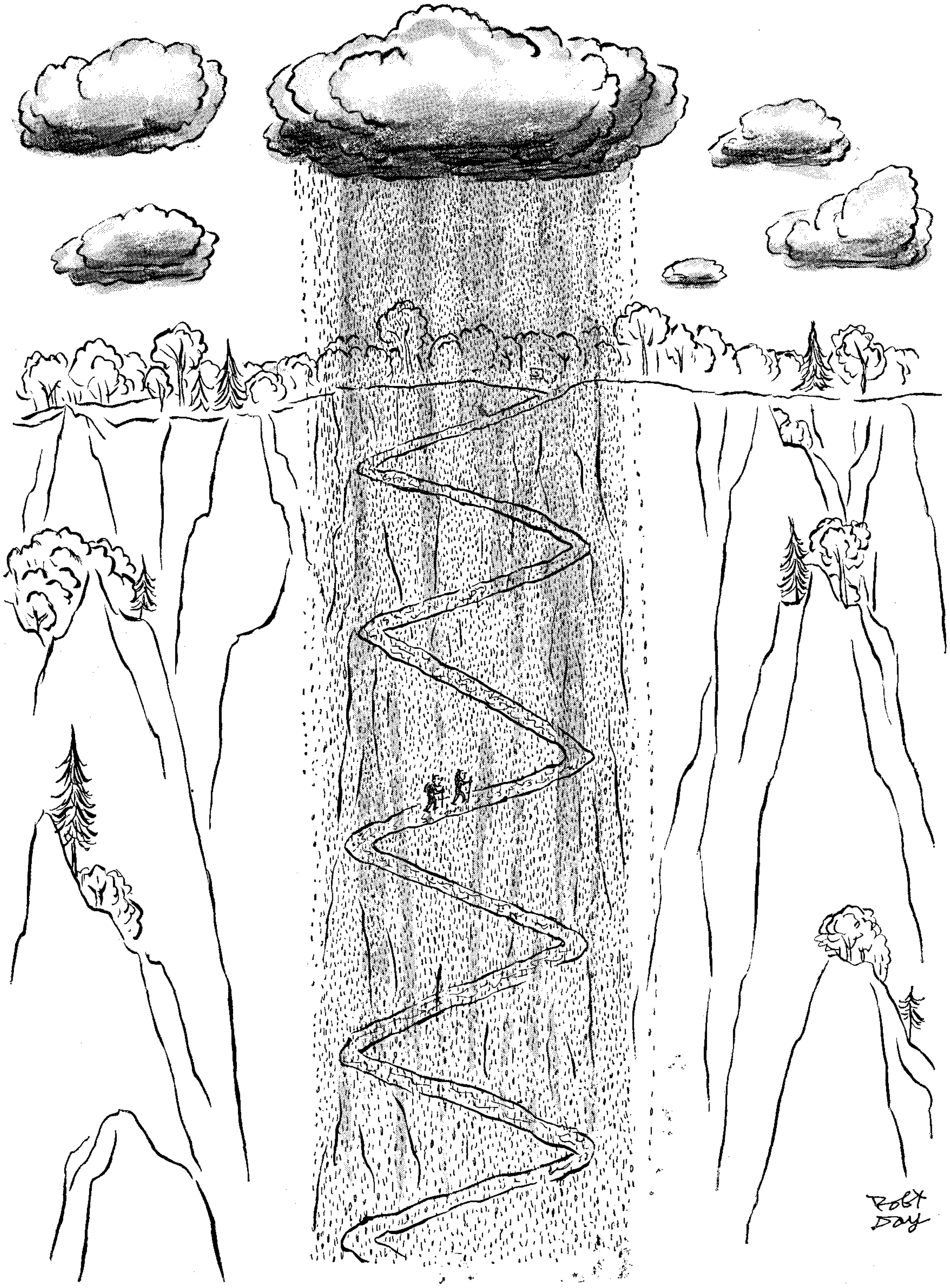
"Sal—"

"Escape If You Can?"

"Yah. That's what our barrio was called, because it was every man for himself, and not too many could get out of it, except to prison. Anyway, we were just sick and tired of these people coming around asking stupid questions. I said to hell with him. Well, he came the next day again and said he would come back in the evening, so when I got home I went across the street to Richard's house, and in a little while this old car pulled up and this gringo knocked on my door, and Helen told him I was working late or something. As soon as he left, I came back and said, 'What happened?' and she said, 'He's coming tomorrow,' and I said, 'Well, I'm not going to be here tomorrow.' So I came home from work and just dumped my lunch pail and my sweater and went over to Richard's house, and the same thing happened again. Helen said he was coming back tomorrow, and I said I wouldn't see him, and she said, 'Well, this time you tell him that, because I'm not going to lie to him anymore.' So he came and talked to me. His name was Fred Ross. I was very closed. I didn't say a thing. I just let him talk. I'd say, 'Yes,' and nod my head, but half the time I was plotting how to get him. Still, there were certain things that struck me. One of them was how much I didn't like him even though he was sincere. I couldn't admit how sincere he was, and I was bothered by not being able to look at it. And the other thing was he wore kind of rumpled clothes, and his car was very poor. Well, he wanted a meeting as soon as possible to talk about what the C.S.O. could do, and I said, 'How many people do you want?' and he said, 'Oh, four or five,' and I said, 'How about twenty?' 'Gee, that'd be great!' I had my little plan, you see. So I invited some of the rough guys in the barrio, and I bought some beer and told them how to handle it—when I switched my cigarette from my left hand to my right, they could start getting nasty."

The memory of his own behavior made Chavez frown. "These damn people used to talk about fifty-year patterns, and how did we eat our beans and tortillas, and whether we'd like to live in a two-bedroom house instead of a slum room—things like that. They try to make us real different, you know, because it serves their studies when they do that. I thought this guy meant to snoop like all the rest. We didn't have anything else in our experience to go by. We were being pushed around by all these studies. So we were going to be nasty, and then he'd leave, and we'd be even. But I knew all the time that this gringo had really impressed me and that I was being dishonest. So we had a meeting, and he came in and sat down and began to talk about the Mexican-Americans—no, not about them but about farm workers. And then he took on the police and the politicians—not rabble-rousing, either, but saying the truth. He knew the problems as well as we did—he wasn't confused about the problems, like so many people who want to help the poor. He talked about the C.S.O. and then the famous Bloody Christmas case, a few years before, when some drunken cops beat up some Mexican prisoners down in L.A. I didn't know what the C.S.O. was or who this guy Fred Ross was, but I

"Would there be a bosky dell hereabouts?"

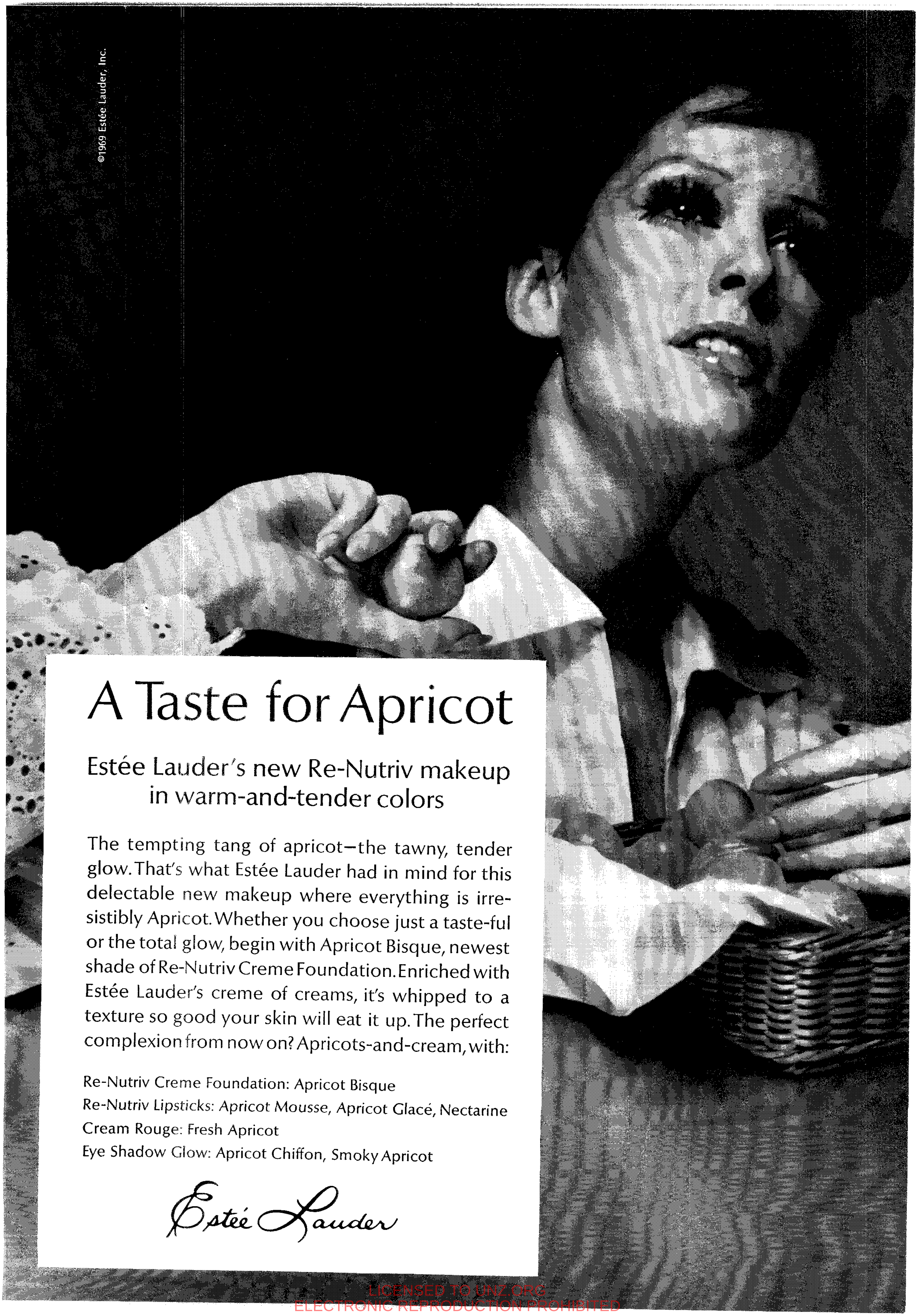


"Oh, for goodness' sake! You act as if we're the only ones getting wet!"

knew about the Bloody Christmas case, and so did everybody in that room. Some cops had actually been sent to jail for brutality, and it turned out that this miracle was thanks to the C.S.O. By this time, a couple of guys began to get a little drunk, you know, and began to press me for some action. But I couldn't give the signal, because the gringo wasn't a phony. I mean, how could I? I couldn't do it, that's all. So some of them got nasty, and I jumped in and said, 'Listen, the deal's off. If you want to stay here and drink, then drink, but if you can't keep your mouth shut, then get out.' They said I had chickened out, so I took them outside and explained. There were a couple of guys that *still* wanted to get this gringo, but, anyway, the meeting continued, and he put everything very plainly. He did such a good job of explaining how poor people could build power that I could even taste it, I could *feel* it. I thought, Gee, it's like digging a hole—there's nothing complicated about it!" There was still a note of discovery in Chavez's voice, sixteen years later.

"You see, Fred was already an organizer when Alinsky hired him. I guess some of his theories came from Alinsky, but I learned everything from Fred. Anyway, I walked out with him to his car and thanked him for coming, and then I kind of wanted to know—well, what next? He said, 'Well, I have another meeting, and I don't suppose you'd like to come?' I said, 'Oh, yes, I would.' I told the others I would be right back, and I got in his car and went with him, and that was it. That first meeting . . . I'd never been in a group before, and I didn't know a thing. Somebody asked for a motion, and I didn't know what the hell they were talking about. The next day, I tried to get answers from my friends, and none of us knew. We were just a bunch of *pachucos*—you know, long hair and pegged pants. But Fred had wanted to get the *pachucos* involved—no one had really done this—and he knew how to handle the difficulties that came up, and he didn't take for granted a lot of little things that other people take for granted when they're working with the poor. He had learned, you know. Finally, I said, 'What about the farm workers?' and he said that the C.S.O. could be a base for organizing farm workers, and it was a good prediction—not exactly as he envisioned it, but it came about."

Chavez laughed. "I was his constant companion. I used to get home from work between five and five-thirty, and he'd say, 'I'll pick you up at six-thirty—give you a little time to clean up and eat,' and I'd say, 'No, I don't want to clean up and eat. Pick me up at five-thirty—wait for me!' So he would be



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waiting when I got home from work, and I’d just drop off my lunch pail and rush right out—maybe change my shirt. I was observing how he did things, how he talked to people and how patient he was, and I began to learn. A lot of people worked with him, but few learned what I learned. I think the reason was that I had more *need* to learn than anybody else. I really *had* to learn. So I’d pay attention to the smallest detail, and it became sort of a—well, I’d use the word ‘game’ if it didn’t throw a wrong light on it. It wasn’t a job, and at the same time it was very, very important, trying to understand these things and then apply them.”

Chavez first joined the C.S.O. as a volunteer in a voter-registration drive. The organization of Mexican-American bloc voting was a first lesson in his understanding of how to build a power base. “Most of the volunteers were college people, or had good jobs. Very few were farm workers. I had a part-time job in a lumberyard. The voter registration depended on as many evenings as you could give, and soon so many people stopped showing up that we had to find a new chairman every day. Finally, I was the only one who went with Fred every night, so he made me chairman. So here I am in charge, and where do I start? I can’t go to the middle class, or even the aspiring middle class, for my deputy registrars—I have to go to my friends in Sal Si Puedes. So I round up about sixteen guys”—at the memory, he began to smile—“and not one of them can qualify as a deputy registrar, not *one.* They can’t even *vote!* Every damn one of those guys had a felony!” He laughed. “Well, they could still knock on doors, you know, and they put out a lot of energy.”

Some months later, with Alinsky’s approval, Chavez was hired by Fred Ross as an organizer to work on voter registration and citizenship training. After six months in San Jose, he took over Ross’s C.S.O. chapter in Decoto, and two weeks later was asked to start a new chapter in Oakland. He was still so poorly educated that he could scarcely read. He was small and thin, and looked much younger than his twenty-seven years, and he lived in terror of the meetings he was supposed to run. He would drive back and forth in front of the house where one was to be held, then dart in and sit in a corner until he was forced to identify himself as the organizer. But his first big meeting in Oakland was a success, and Fred Ross recognized it as a kind of turning point for him; soon after, Ross put Chavez in charge of the whole San Joaquin Valley. In the next few years, Chavez established chapters in Madera, Bakersfield, and many other towns. He was already a good organizer, and he got better as he developed techniques of his own. He learned to beware of established precepts, to cut around the entrenched local leadership, and to avoid philosophizing in favor of clear illustration and example (“You have to draw a simple picture and color it in,” he often says), and, above all, he recognized that organizing required time. From forty to fifty per cent of California farm workers, he estimates, are illiterate in English and nearly so in Spanish. “You have to spend time with people, that’s all,” he told me. “If he is interested, it makes no difference if a man can read or write—he is a man.”

In the early fifties, the Cold War reaction that congealed around McCarthyism was widespread in the Valley, and a man who encouraged Mexican-Americans to vote struck many people as an obvious subversive. Cowed by local patriots, his own people in the Madera chapter began investigating Chavez for symptoms of the dread Communism, and then retreated, abashed, when he challenged them to do this in his presence, not behind his back. According to Chavez, the experience taught him not so much how foolish it was to expect gratitude as how pathetically afraid poor people were. Subsequently, he had to return to San Jose and rebuild the C.S.O. chapter there; in the absence of strong leadership, the people had withdrawn again into apathy. Nevertheless, the C.S.O. was gaining strength, and its new power was reflected, among other ways, in the increased expense accounts of its staff. Politicians and professional people attached themselves to the organization for purposes of prestige, and meanwhile the organization’s own leaders opposed what they regarded as Chavez’s impractical demand that they try to organize a union of farm workers. At meeting after meeting, Chavez spoke out against the new luxurious habits and the softening of purpose—the “erosion,” which he speaks of to this day as the thing most to be feared in his own union. To symbolize his protest, he

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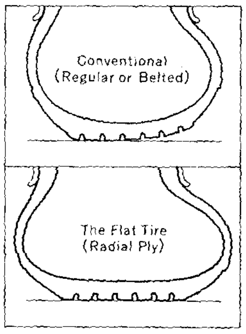

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showed up at meetings unshaven and tieless—he has been tieless ever since—and refused any further increase in his own salary. "To come in a new car into a community of poor people to organize them—that doesn't work," he told me. "And if you have money but dress like they do, then it's phony. Professional hunger." He grunted in disgust. "You can be hungry and have money in the bank, or you can be hungry and have nowhere to go. There's a big difference."

In 1962, having failed to interest the C.S.O. in organizing farm workers, Chavez quit the organization and settled in Delano, where he began his campaign to win for farm workers the right to organize in their own behalf that is enjoyed by all other large labor groups in the United States. The union he heads is now engaged in a strike to organize the workers of the entire California grape industry, and it has called a nationwide boycott to support the strike. If his organization survives, it will be the first effective farm workers' union in American history.

A CAR coming up behind us slowed down suddenly. Chavez, like a feeding deer, showed his awareness with a sidelong flick of his brown eyes, but he did not turn, and he did not stop talking. A voice called out in Spanish, asking him if he would like a lift. He smiled and waved, then pointed to a church two streets away. "*No, gracias! Yo voy a la misa!*"

A sign giving the name of the pretty stucco church at the corner of Eleventh Avenue and Clinton Street—Our Lady of Guadalupe—was garish and utilitarian, and the churchyard was a parking lot, enclosed by a chain-link fence. But the place was planted with cypress, pines, and yew, which, in the early light, threw cool, fresh shadows on the white stucco under a red tile roof. Two white crosses stood outlined against the hot blue of the sky. Chavez hurried across the concrete. Though he had said nothing to me about church, it appeared that he had been bound here all along. "Let's just go in for a little while," he murmured. He was hurrying now as if a little late, though in fact the Mass was very near its end. Inside, he moved into the shadows on the left, where he crossed himself with water dipped from a font in the rear wall and subsided onto his knees behind the rearmost pew. The people had begun to sing "Bendito." All were standing, but Chavez remained there on his knees behind them until the hymn was

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finished. Alone in the shadows of the pew, the small Indian head bent on his chest and the toes of his small shoes turned inward, he looked like a child at prayers beside his bed.

Outside, under the evergreens, members of the congregation greeted Chavez.

"*Buenos días!*"

"*Cesar! Cómo está?*"

At one point, Chavez answered, "*O, batallando con la vida!*" ("Oh, I am still struggling with life!") He grinned at me. A Filipino in his sixties came up with a fine, wordless smile and pumped Chavez's hand in both his own.

"That's one of the brothers," Chavez said when the old man had gone. (The term "brother" is used to describe a union member, but it also has the connotation of "soul brother," and is so used by Chavez.)

A young priest, Father Mark Day, came up and spoke heartily to Chavez. The following Sunday, he said, the Catholic churches of Delano would speak out in favor of the workers' right to form a union. Hearing this, Chavez merely nodded. Many national church groups, and particularly the Migrant Ministry of the National Council of Churches, had long ago come to his support, with personnel as well as money, and Father Day, a Franciscan, had been assigned to the farm workers in 1967. But the local clergy, Catholic as well as Protestant, had denounced the grape strike or dodged the issue, for fear of offending the growers, most of whom are Catholics of Italian or Yugoslav origin and are important contributors. Chavez's union was allowed to hold its strike vote in the parish hall of Our Lady of Guadalupe in 1965, but until Father Day and two other Franciscans took it over the church did not support the strike. ("I find it frankly quite embarrassing," Father Day has said, "to see liberals and agnostics fighting vehemently for social justice among agricultural workers while Catholic priests sit by and sell them religious trinkets along with distorted notions of Christianity.") It was only in recent months that—more and more embarrassed by the example of outside clergy of all faiths, many of whom had marched in the union picket lines—the Delano clergy had begun making some attempts to reconcile the growers to the union.

The young priest spoke to Chavez of the large Zaninovich clan, some of whom came to Mass at Our Lady of Guadalupe. "If they would just get together with their workers," he said, "we wouldn't have any problems."

Chavez looked doubtful, but he nodded politely. "Yes," he said, after a moment, "this church is really coming to life." With Chavez, it is often impossible to tell when he is joking and when he is being serious, because he is so often both at the same time.

A worker in a soiled white shirt with a fighting cock in bright colors on the pocket stood waiting for a hearing. Though Chavez is available to his people day and night all week long, it is on Sunday that they usually come to see him, and his Sundays are all devoted to this purpose. ". . . *buscando trabajo*," I heard the worker say when he had Chavez's ear: he was looking for work. The man had just come in from Mexico on a "green card," or visa, which is a symbol of the most serious obstacle that Chavez's organizing effort faces: the century-old effort of California farmers to depress wages and undercut resistance by pitting one group of poor people against another.

By the eighteen-sixties, the Indians who were used as near-slaves in Spanish California had all but disappeared. In agricultural areas, they had been largely replaced, after the Gold Rush, by Chinese labor, originally brought in to work on the Southern Pacific Railroad. But the thrifty Chinese were resented and persecuted by a rabble of jobless whites for whom the Gold Rush had not panned out, and also by small farmers, who could not compete with the cheap labor force. Chinese immigration was ended by the Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882, and after that the big farmers turned to the importation of Japanese. The Japanese, too, were soon bitterly resented, because they undercut all other labor. Even worse, they were better farmers than the Americans and they bought and cultivated poor land that nobody else had bothered with; this impertinence was dealt with by the Alien Land Law of 1911, which prevented further acquisition of farm land by aliens. The next waves of farm laborers in California contained Hindus, Arabs, Armenians, and Europeans. The European and Armenian immigrants, less oppressed than other groups by the racial discrimination that had advanced the economy of California from the start, gained a strong foothold, and the parents of many of the Valley farmers of today were among those immigrants. Mexican peasants had always crossed the border more or less at will, and after the Mexican Revolution

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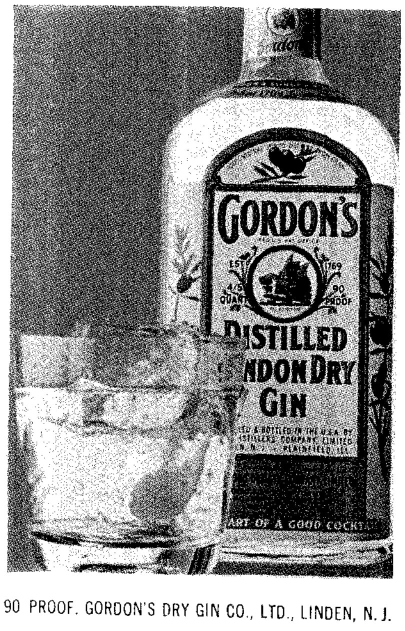
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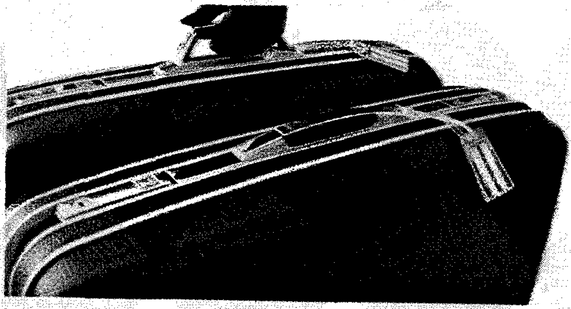

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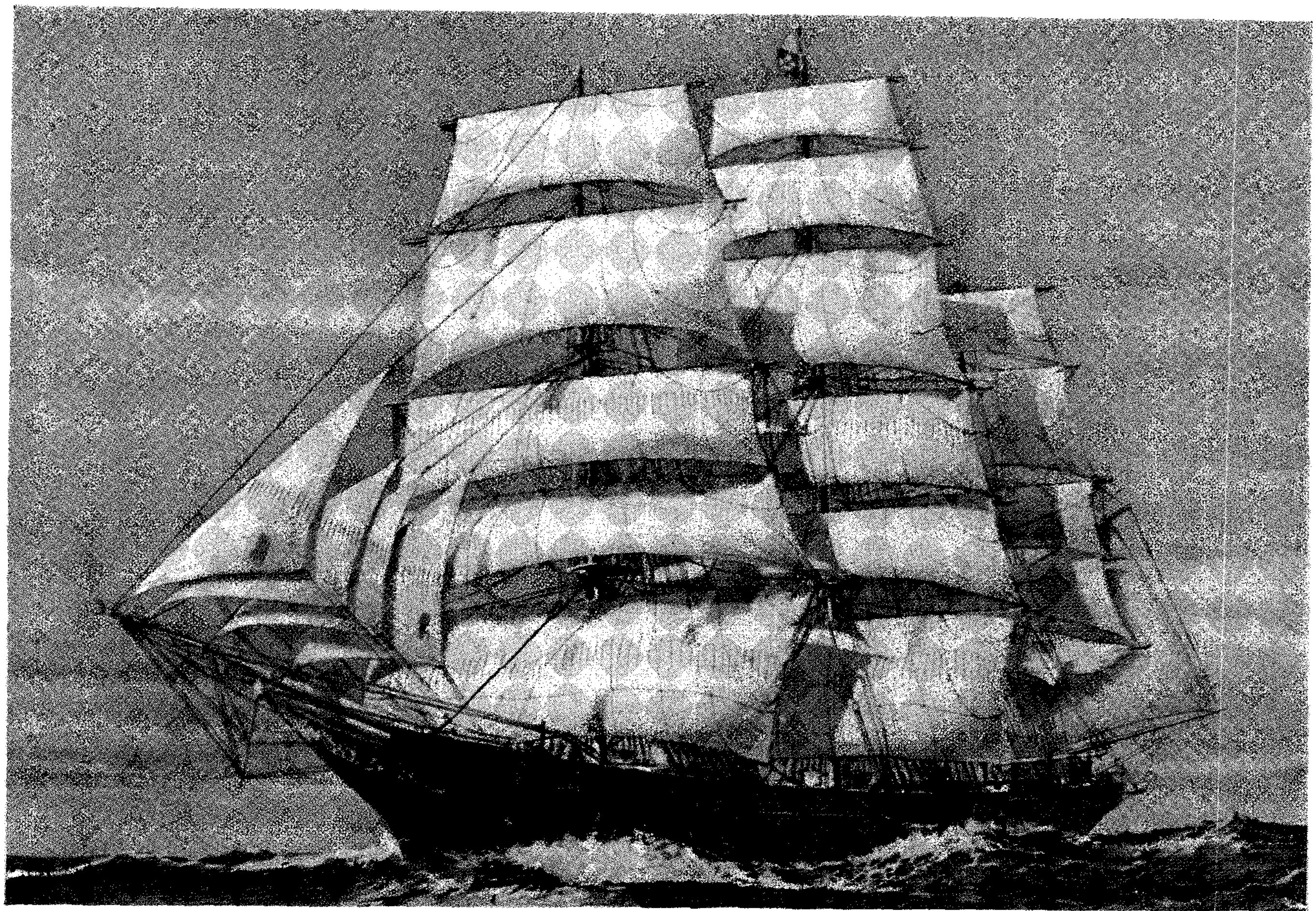

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"Cutty Sark first...the rest nowhere"

1876. The annual wool race is over... and a reporter describes the finish.

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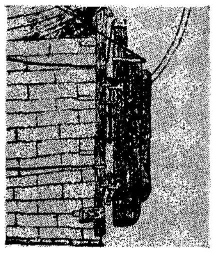
From the CUTTY SARK's Log...



CUTTY's jury rudder.

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1872. CUTTY vs. THERMOPYLAE in the most famous tea race of all time. CUTTY, leading by 400 miles, loses her rudder in a gale. Her crew cannibalizes her spare spars and ironwork, and through 6 days of gale, makes and fits a jury rudder. The jury rudder snaps, so a second rig is fitted—this one in only 24 hours. THERMOPYLAE docks first, but a special maritime commission declares CUTTY the winner, based on actual time under sail.

1889. Enroute to Sydney, CUTTY passes the new P. & O. steamer BRITANNIA. At the time, BRITANNIA (called "cock of the walk of the Pacific") was making 16 knots.

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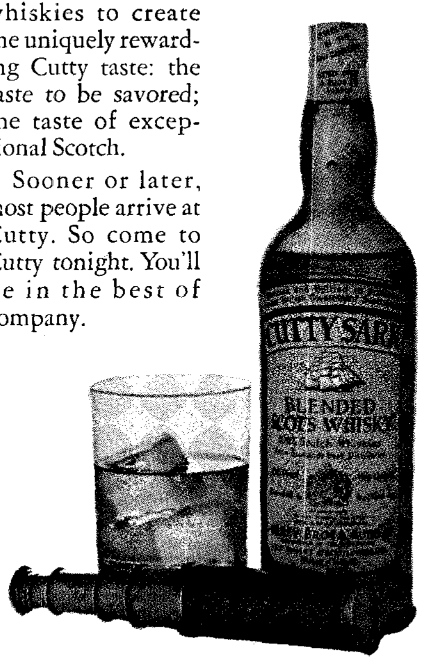

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of 1910 starving refugees presented the growers with a new source of cheap labor, which, because it was there illegally, had the additional advantage of being entirely defenseless. Filipinos were brought in in the nineteen-twenties, and for a time cheap Mexican labor was undercut by cheap Filipino labor. Most of the Mexicans were deported after 1929, when the Okies and Arkies and upcountry Texans swarmed into California from the dust bowl; the Depression produced a heavy labor surplus among the native-born, and an effort was made to keep the border closed. Mexicans had been predominant in the farm-labor force from 1914 until 1934, and in those years, because of their illegal status, they had tended to be more tractable than other groups. For the most part, it was Filipinos and Anglos—as non-Mexican whites are called in California—who staged the famous farm strikes of the nineteen-thirties. The Filipinos became known during this period for their militance and for their refusal to scab on other workers or underbid them. After the Philippine Islands Independence Act of 1934, the importation of Filipinos came to an end, and their numbers have been dwindling ever since. By 1942, the Chinese had long since moved to the cities, the Japanese had been shut up in concentration camps, the Europeans had graduated from the labor force and become farmers, and other Anglos had drifted into the booming war economy of factories and shipyards; the minority groups that remained were not numerous enough to harvest the enormous quantities of produce that the war demanded. The farm-labor emergency was met by a series of agreements with the Mexican government known collectively as the *bracero* program, under which large numbers of Mexican field hands, or *braceros*, were brought into California and other states of the Southwest by truck at harvest time and trucked out again when the harvest was over. The *bracero* program was so popular with the growers that it was extended when the war ended. In Washington, lobbyists for the growers argued successfully that Americans would not do the hard stoop labor required in harvesting cotton, sugar beets, and other crops; hence the need for extension of the *bracero* program. Everyone conveniently forgot that the white fruit tramps of the thirties had done plenty of stoop labor, and that workers of all colors were available to the farms if a living wage and decent conditions could be obtained. But the Mexicans, whose poverty was desperate, worked long, hard days for pay as low as sixty cents an hour, and were used to undermine all efforts by indigenous workers to hold out for better treatment. By 1959, an estimated four hundred thousand foreign workers (mostly Mexicans but including small numbers of Canadians, in the potato fields of Maine, and British West Indians, in the Florida citrus groves) were obtaining work in the United States, although four million people here were unemployed. Churches and various citizens' groups began protesting the lot of the farm workers—especially that of domestic migrant laborers—and at the end of 1964 Public Law 78, the last and most notorious phase of the *bracero* program, was allowed to lapse. (This was a year in which Congress passed significant poverty and civil-rights legislation, but P.L. 78 was primarily a casualty of congressional concern over the outflow of gold.) The death of P.L. 78 seemed to be the birth of hope for a farm union, but by 1965, when the current grape strike in California began, the growers had found another means of obtaining the same cheap labor. Under P.L. 414 (the Immigration and Naturalization Act of 1952), large numbers of foreigners were permitted to enter the United States as "permanent resident aliens," on a special green visa card. "Green-carders" can become citizens after five years of residence—and pay taxes, be drafted, and qualify for Social Security while they wait. A migrant agricultural worker can earn fifteen times as much for a day's work in the United States as he can in Mexico, but most Mexicans have declined the opportunity to become citizens. Instead, they "commute," taking their high harvest wages—an estimated fifteen million dollars' worth in 1967—back to their homes each year. Under the law, no green-carder is supposed to work in a field where a labor dispute has been certified, but enforcement has been desultory, to say the least, and although almost half of the members of Chavez's union are not United States citizens, many Mexicans have become strikebreakers. As long as farm workers are excluded from the provisions of the National Labor Relations Act, they have no legal means of forcing employers to negotiate. When their strike was subverted by imported scabs and antipicketing injunctions, they resorted to

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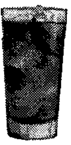

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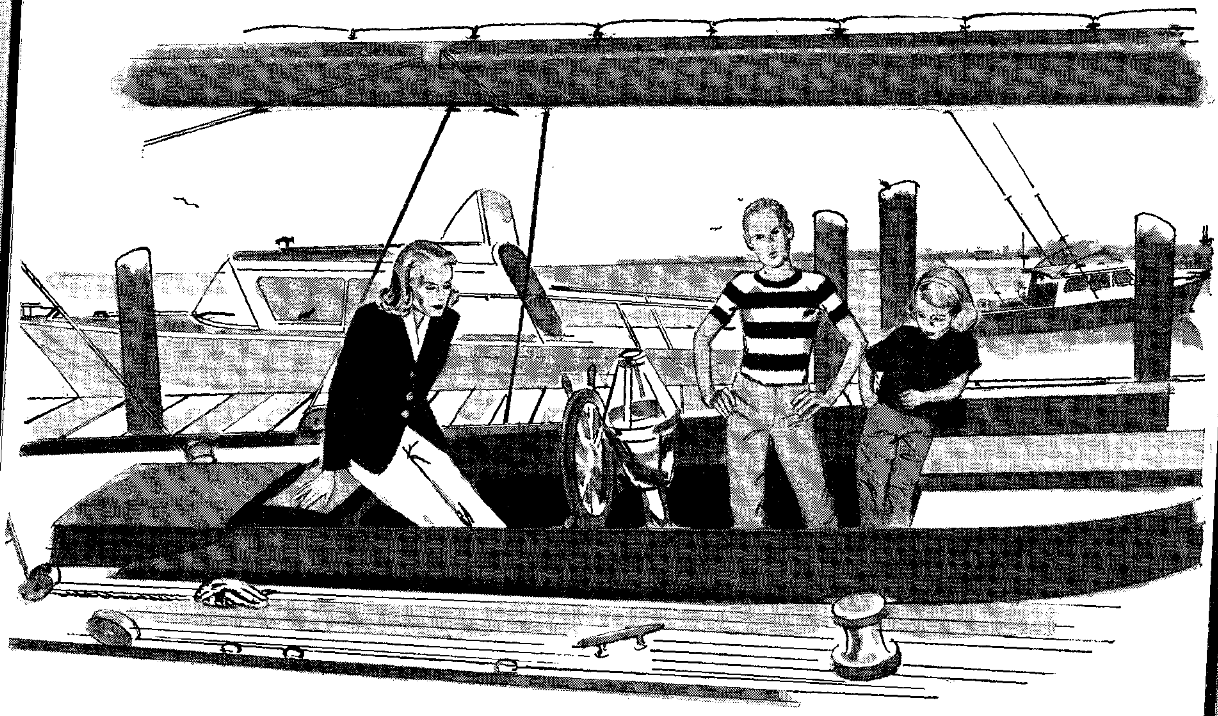
what the growers call an "illegal and immoral" boycott.

The man with the fighting cock on his shirt was a union green-carder who did not wish to cross picket lines. At the moment, however, there were more union workers than union jobs—only three growers out of several dozen in the Delano area had signed contracts with the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee—and Chavez encouraged the man to take a job wherever he could find it. He did not have to encourage the man to help the union on the job by whatever means he could; the man complained that Social Security payments had been deducted from his last paychecks even though no one had asked for his Social Security number. Chavez says that workers who cannot read are chronic victims of petty paycheck chiselling on the part of both labor contractors and growers. "Those people make a lot of money that way," Chavez said. "A *lot*." At that moment, he looked ugly. "In the union, they get an honest day's pay, because both sides understand the arrangement and accept it. Without a union, the people are always cheated. And they are so innocent."

We walked on along Eleventh Avenue to Albany Street and turned south along cotton fields. The day was hot now, and the flat farmland stretched away unbroken into dull mists of agricultural dust and sprays, still unsettled from the day before, that hid the round brown mountains of the Coast Range. Chavez said that many of the green-carders, and especially those who intended to return to Mexico, felt they could do better than the union wage scale by working furiously for non-union growers on a piecework basis; others refused to join the union out of ignorance—they had never heard of a union—or out of fear of reprisal. "Out at Schenley—we have a contract there now—there was a guy named Danny," Chavez said. "Danny was so anti-union that he went to the management and said, 'Give me a gun. I'll go out and kill some of those strikers.' He just hated us, and he didn't know why. He was working inside when we came with the picket line, and I guess he felt guilty about not joining us, so he went too far. And also, he told me later, 'I didn't know what a union was. I never heard of a union—I had no idea what it was or how it worked. I came from a small village down in Mexico.' You see? It's the old story. He was making more money than he had ever seen in Mexico, and the union was a threat. Anyway, we won there, and all the guys who went out on strike, they got their jobs back. And, man, they wanted to clean house, and they wanted to get Danny, and I said no. 'Well, he doesn't want to join the union,' they said. 'And if he doesn't join the union, he can't work here.' And so I challenged them. I said, 'One man threatens you? Do you know what the real challenge is? Not to get him out but to get him in. If you are good organizers, you will get him, but you're not—you're lazy!' So they went after him, and the pressure began to build against him. He was mad as hell. He held out for three months, and he was encouraged by the Anglos—the white guys. They had the best jobs—mechanics and all—and they didn't want to join the union, either. But finally Danny saw the light, and they did, too. It took about six months before we actually got down to negotiating a contract after we won the election, and by the time we got around to setting up a negotiating committee Danny had not only been converted but been elected to the committee. So when the committee walked in there, Danny was one of them, and the employers stared at him. 'What are you doing here, Danny?' " Chavez laughed. "And now he's a real St. Paul. He'll never turn against the union, because he knows both sides. People who don't know, and come on so enthusiastic and all at first, they might be turncoats one day, but not the ones like Danny. That's why the converted ones are our best men."

A CAR passed us, bursting with cries, and rattled to a halt a short way beyond. Two workers were driving a third out to the Forty Acres, the site of a new union headquarters that is being built, and Chavez suggested that we ride out there with them. The car turned west and rolled two miles through cotton and alfalfa to a barren area of mud, shacks, and unfinished construction on the north side of the road. The Forty Acres lies between a state road and the city dump. Useless for farming in its present condition, the land was obtained in 1966 from a widow who no longer wanted to pay the taxes on it. Here the car left us, to go back to town, and the third man, shouting cheerily to Chavez, went off to water some scattered saplings that were shrivelling in the summer heat.

"We've planted a lot of trees,"



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Chavez said. "Elms, mostly, and Modesto ash—only the cheapest kinds." He stood with his back to the road, hands in hip pockets, gazing with pleasure at the desolation. "Don't get me started on my plans," he said. To Chavez, the Forty Acres, on which he envisions the country's first migrant workers' center, is already very beautiful; he goes there regularly to walk around and let his plans take shape. "There's alkali in this land," he said, putting it mildly. "We're trying to get something growing here, to cut down the dust."

Near the highway, an adobe building with an orange tile roof, designed to house gas pumps, an automobile repair shop, and a coöperative store, had recently been completed, but was not yet in use. Behind it was a temporary aggregation of shacks and trailers. These accommodated a clinic and the offices of the union newspaper, *El Malcriado* ("The Rebellious Child," "The Nonconformist," "The Protester"—there is no simple translation), which puts out editions in both English and Spanish every fortnight. A green trailer bearing the legend "Mobile Health Center" was a contribution of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union; its medical staff, like the staff of *El Malcriado* and most of the rest of the U.F.W.O.C. operation, was entirely volunteer. So was the labor being done, intermittently, on the headquarters building, a gray shell on the west side of the property. The work at the Forty Acres was being supervised by Chavez's brother Richard, who was away just then on a trip to help out with the boycott in New York. "The strike is the important thing," Chavez said, moving toward the headquarters building. "We work on the Forty Acres when we get a little money, or some volunteers." The day before, six carpenters from a local in Bakersfield had given their Saturday to putting up gray Sheetrock interior walls, and Chavez, entering the building, was delighted with the progress. "Look at that!" he kept saying. "Those guys really went to town!" He told me that plumbing had been done by a teacher at Berkeley, and that, two weeks before, forty-seven electricians from Los Angeles, donating materials as well as labor, had wired the whole building in six hours. "You should have seen it," he said. "I could hardly get into the building. Everywhere I went, I was in somebody's way, so I just went out through the window." He turned in a complete circle. "Those guys *really* went to town! It's entirely

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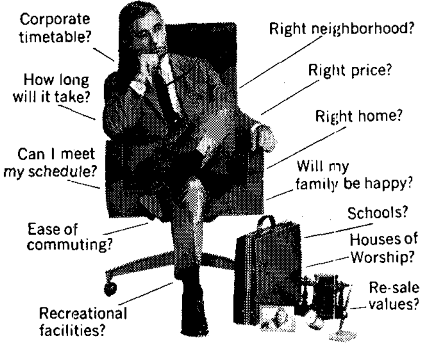
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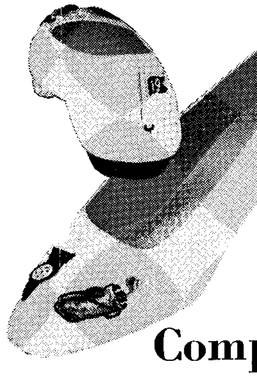

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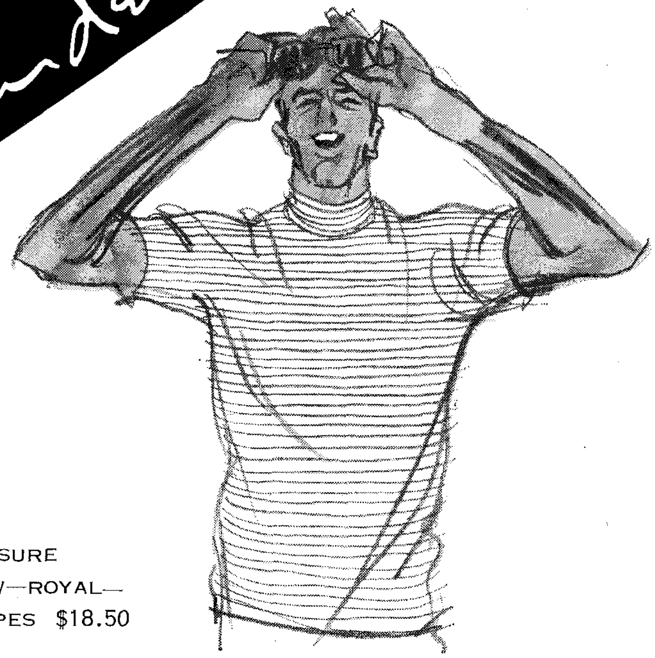
changed! The first center for farm workers in history!"

Outside again, we walked around the grounds, in the hot emptiness of Sunday. "Over there"—he pointed—"will be another building, a little training center, mostly for people in the union, the organizers and ranch committees. Non-violent tactics, you know—though if it were just a matter of non-violence, that could be studied in a monastery. It has to be real, you know—the mechanics of union work, and so forth. And also we want to be very strong about honesty. Some of these guys will be getting a lot of power as the union develops, and some will be very good and some won't know how to handle it. If someone in the hiring hall is willing to take a bribe to put one guy ahead of another for a job, he may also be willing to steal a hundred dollars from the union, or accept a hundred dollars for an act of violence. There's all kinds of chances for corruption, and things can go to hell very fast—we've seen that in other unions. So the best way to teach them is by example."

Chavez glanced at me. He is the least boastful man I have ever met, and, being a truly humble man, he does not waste his own time or his listener's with false humility, yet he is uncomfortable when the occasion arises to speak about himself, and may even emit a gentle groan. He grinned suddenly, glad to change the subject. "You know, we have some great guys in this union, some really great guys. We've put together farm workers and volunteers, people who just wanted to do something for the cause. We have so many volunteers that we save only the best. In a way, we're all volunteers, even the ones—the lawyers and everybody—whose salaries are paid by outside people. They're not making any money. You start paying the strikers for what they should do for themselves, then everything is done for money and you'll never, never be able to build anything. Most of us work for five dollars a week. Outside people thought we were crazy—the Teamsters and everybody—but really it's the only way we can stay in business. It's a long, long haul, and there isn't any money, and if we start paying wages, then it means that only a *few* can be hired, and a few can't do as much as many. It has to be done that way. I've been in this fight for too long, almost twenty years, learning and learning, one defeat after another, always frustration. And then, of course, raising a family—you have to get your family to suffer along with you, other-

Alexander Shields



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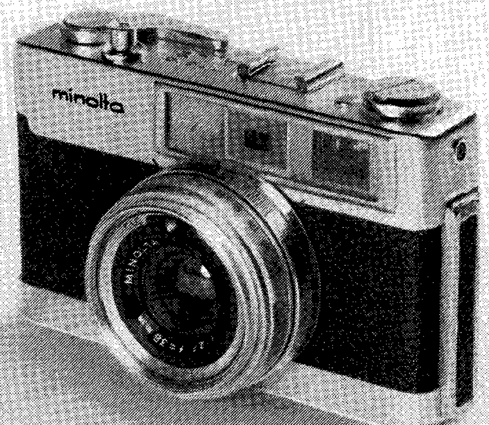

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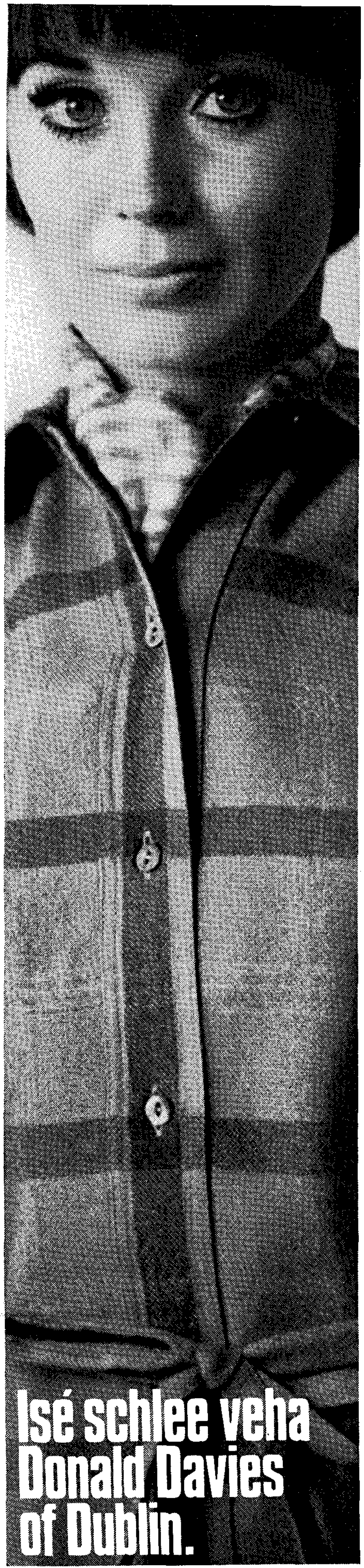

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wise you can't do it, you know. But finally we are beginning to see daylight, and that's a great reward. And then, you see, these farm workers will never be the same. If our union was destroyed today, these people would never go back to where they were."

Under the eaves of the garage, in the shade of its north wall, a blue wooden bench had been placed against the adobe. We sat there for an hour or more, cut off from the hot highway by the cool clay wall. Across the property to the north, dead cars glittered on the crown of the city dump, and to the west was a farm, with a solitary black-and-white cow in the barnyard; surrounding all was the flat, low, dusty green of vast crops. The adobe walls and orange tile roof were Chavez's own wish, to be repeated in the other buildings as they take shape; this idea came from the old Franciscan missions and from an adobe farmhouse of his early childhood. "The people wanted something more modern—you know, kind of flashy—to show that they had a terrific union going here, but I wanted something that would not go out of fashion, something that would last," he said. Eventually, the entire Forty Acres will be surrounded by a high adobe wall, which will mercifully shut out its grim surroundings. The flat, hard sky will be broken by trees, and there will be a fountain in a sunken garden, and a central plaza where no cars are to be permitted.

Chavez drew his hopes in the dust with a dead stick. "Inside the walls, paths will lead everywhere, and we'll have places for the workers to rest," he said. "There will be little hollows in the walls—you know, niches, where the people can put little statues if they want, or birds and things. We'll have frescoes. Siqueiros is interested in doing that, I think. This place is for the people, and it has to grow naturally out of their needs." He smiled. "It will be kind of a religious place, very restful, quiet. It's going to be nice here." He gazed about him. "I love doing this—just letting it grow by itself. Trees. We'll have a little woods." He pointed to some Arizona cypress that had been planted along the property lines, but I noticed that many of the seedling trees had yellowed and died in the heat.

Near the blue bench, a shaded passage penetrated the building. Opening off it to the left was a back door to the coöperative store, which was stocked with food for the strikers donated by individuals and agencies all over the United States. (During the strike, members have been able to get food there when not holding a job, and, if necessary, their rent has been paid out of the strike fund.) Opposite this back door to the coöperative was the door of a small storeroom, eight feet by six. It was in that small room, behind thick walls that sealed away the sounds of the outside world, that Chavez had fasted for some three weeks.

The fast began on February 14, 1968, just after Chavez returned from a fund-raising tour around the country. (Of such tours Chavez once remarked, "The speaker is just a little man in a big box. When the speech is over, he is put back in his box and carried on to the next place.") Everywhere he had gone, the militant groups that supported him or sought his support had been talking about the violence that was being planned for the summer of 1968, and in Delano his own people were rivalling the growers with loose talk about quick solutions. It was winter, in the hungry time between the pruning and the girdling of vines, and the grape strike had been going on for two and a half years, and the workers were muttering that they had waited long enough. Hadn't violence got results in the ghetto riots of 1967? Perhaps a little burning in Delano, or an explosion or two, might force the growers to negotiate. Chavez could not deny this. "If we had used violence, we would have won contracts long ago," he once told me, "but they wouldn't be lasting, because we wouldn't have won respect." Depressed, he decided on the fast as a kind of penance for the belligerence that had developed in his own union.

Chavez had fasted twice before, for periods of four days and ten days; he had no idea when he began how long this fast would last. "I started to fast on a Wednesday, and on Monday I called a special meeting in town and told the people what I was doing. I said that there was nothing to debate or decide, because it was a personal decision—that I knew I would not be able to carry out all my duties, because I would be in bed, but that I would do the best I could, and would always be available to them. I told them I thought the best place for the fast was our own Forty Acres. I told them that I didn't want anybody else to fast. Somebody might say, 'Well, if Cesar can do it I can do it,' but there was no reason for them

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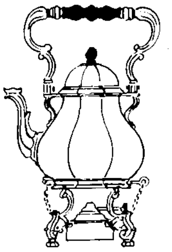

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to starve themselves. For me, it was different—I was prepared and everything. So I got out of the meeting and I walked a couple of miles, and then Helen got a ride and caught me, and walked with me the rest of the way out here to the Forty Acres. I told everybody that the fast should be kept as secret as possible, and that if it got out I wouldn't talk to the press. The people could come to see me day or night, and the strike should go on as usual. But it didn't, and there was a lot of confusion. Even at the meeting, there were some people against, some people for. It was the sixth day or the eighth day before everybody accepted it. When I disappeared, there was a rumor that I had been shot, and then everybody said that I was very sick, and finally we had to tell them the truth, but we still said we didn't want any interviews or pictures or anything. I didn't talk to the newsmen—didn't want to. I just wanted to continue working."

He laughed. "I did more organizing out of that bed than I did anywhere. It was really a rest, though. To me, it was a vacation. As soon as the word got out, the members began to come. Just people! From all over the state! Mexicans, you know—farm workers. We estimated that ten thousand people came here during the fast—we never turned anybody away. And Negroes came, and Filipinos. Everybody! I didn't know how the people were going to respond to the fast, but the Filipinos and the Mexicans have very similar traditions—the Spanish went to the Philippines and they did pretty much what they did in Mexico. Anyway, everything went beautifully. The Filipinos came and began to paint the windows in some of the buildings, and all kinds of little things began to appear. They weren't artists, but the things looked *beautiful*." He spoke this last word with great intensity, turning to look at me. "I think the fast was a sort of rest for the people, too. You know? Oh, I could go on for days about the things that happened in the fast that were really great! I guess one time I thought about becoming a priest, but I did this instead, and I'm happy to be a part of it. For me, this work is fun. It's really fun! It's so great when people participate. Mexico is such a poor country, and I could never understand how after the Revolution they could produce all that beautiful art. But now I see it in our own strike. It's only a very small revolution, but we see this art beginning to come forth. Art is becoming important to the peo-

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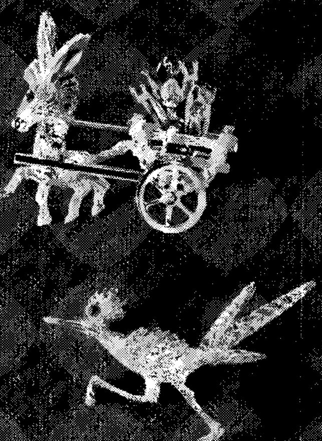

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ple, and they are bringing these things. When they find themselves like this, they begin to appreciate some of the other things in life. I didn't understand this at first, but they began to bring things. Offerings, you know—religious pictures, mostly. Some people brought a hundred-and-fifty-year-old Christ of the Miners, handmade out of silver down in Mexico, and there were some other really valuable pieces. We've got everything safe, and we'll put it on display one day here at the Forty Acres. The only pictures we got that weren't of Christ or of a saint were of John Kennedy—there were many of them. And the people learned more about Martin Luther King and about Gandhi in that fast than if we had sat them down for a whole year of lectures.

"Something else very beautiful happened. For years and years, the Mexican Catholics have been very discriminatory against the minority Mexican Protestants. They didn't know anything about them, they were just against them, and I didn't like it a bit. Well, we used to hold Mass every day in the store across from my room—we made it into a kind of chapel. And about the fifth day a Protestant preacher came. He works out there at Schenley, and he has a little church in Earlimart. And I said, 'How would you like to come and preach at our Mass?' And he said, 'What?' I mean, such a thing had never happened, and he thought he would be stoned, because there was a lot of nonsense still going on between Catholics and Protestants. I told him this was a wonderful time to begin to repair some of the damage that had been done, the bad feeling, but he said, 'I can't preach here. I'll get thrown out.' I said, 'No, if that happens I'll go out with you.' So he said, 'All right, fine.' And when he came I introduced him, gave the full name of his church and everything, so there was no room for doubt about where he came from. And he did it in great form, something like the Negro Southern preacher, but it wasn't too much or anything. He knew the Bible by heart. He spoke about non-violence—from Matthew, I think. I think it was from Matthew. And the people accepted him. There was a great spirit. They just took him in. So three days later I asked another one to come, and he came, and he was also great, and then a Negro minister came—it was beautiful. So then I went back to the first one and told him to come again and bring his whole group and sing some of those Mexican Protestant hymns. He said, 'Gee,

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no.' " Chavez shrank back and imitated the clergyman's voice. " 'Sure,' I said. 'The people *will* love it.' So they came and sang some real great Mexican Protestant music that we're not familiar with because of that prejudice. And now our Franciscan priest has gone and preached out there, in that little Protestant church in Earlimart!"

I asked him if his concept of the fast derived from Gandhi.

"Well, partly," he said. "In India, fasting is part of the tradition—there's an Indian engineer here who is a friend and comes to see us, and he says that in India almost everybody fasts. But Mexicans have the Catholic concept of sacrifice. The *penitencia* is part of our history. In Mexico, a lot of people will get on their knees and travel for five miles. I didn't know much about Gandhi, so I read everything I could get my hands on about him, and I read some of the things that he had read, and I read Thoreau, which I liked very much. But I couldn't really understand Gandhi until I was actually in the fast. Then the books became much more clear. Things I understood but didn't feel—well, in the fast I *felt* them, and there were some real insights. There wasn't a day or a night that I lost. I slept in the day when I could, and at night, and I read. I slept on a very thin mattress, with a board—soft mattresses are no good. And I had the peace of mind that is so important. The fasting part is secondary."

In the heavy Sunday silence of the Valley, Chavez got up from the bench and stretched and grinned, and we went back out into the sun. Ten o'clock had come and gone, and the blue sky had paled to a blue-white. In one corner of the Forty Acres, just off the highway, was a heavy wooden cross made of old telephone poles, with ten-foot arms. It had been consecrated soon after the fast, and after the assassination of Robert Kennedy it was covered with a shroud. In late June, after two attempts to burn it, vandals had sawed it down. The charred remnants had been left there in the mesquite-desert dust, so that no one on either side should forget the event. Chavez glanced at the despoiled cross but made no comment. We went out onto the highway and walked toward town.

During the fast, Chavez subsisted on plain water, but his cousin Manuel, who often guarded him and helped him to the toilet, was fond of responding to knocks on the door by crying out, "Go away, he's eating!"

I asked if in the fast he had had any hallucinations.

"No, I was wide awake," he said. "But there are certain things that happen, about the third or fourth day, and this has happened to me every time I've fasted. It's like all of a sudden when you're up at a high altitude and you clear your ears. In the same way, my mind clears—it is open to everything. After a long conversation, for example, I could repeat word for word what had been said. That's one of the sensations of the fast. It's beautiful. And usually I can't concentrate on music very well, but in the fast I could see the whole orchestra and everything, that music was so clear. That room, you know, is fireproof, and almost soundproof—not quite but almost. There's a ten-inch wall, with six inches of poured concrete. There were some Mexican guitars around—this was about the nineteenth day—and I turned to Helen and my brother Richard and some of my kids and said, 'I hear some singing.' So everybody stopped talking and looked around. 'We don't hear anything.' So I said, 'I'll bet you I hear singing!' So this time they stopped about forty seconds. 'But we don't hear anything!' 'Well,' I said, 'I still hear singing.' Then my sister-in-law glanced at Richard. Her expression was kind of funny, so I said, 'We'd better investigate this right now, because either I'm hearing things or it's happening.' They said it was just my imagination, and I said, 'Richard, please investigate for me, right now, because I won't feel right if you don't.' So Richard went outside, and there were some guys there across the yard having a drink, and they were singing." Chavez laughed. "Then, toward the end, I began to notice people eating. Helen and everybody. I'd never really noticed people *eat*. It was so . . . so . . ." He struggled for words to express fascination and horror. "Well, like animals in a zoo. I couldn't take my eyes off them."

I asked Chavez what had persuaded him to end the fast.

"Well, the pressure kept building, especially from the doctor. He was getting very concerned about the acids and things that I didn't know anything about. A kind of cannibalism occurs, you know—the acid begins to eat your fat, and you have to have a lot of water to clear your kidneys. First of all, at the beginning, I wouldn't let him

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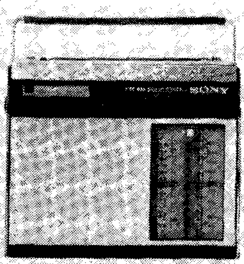

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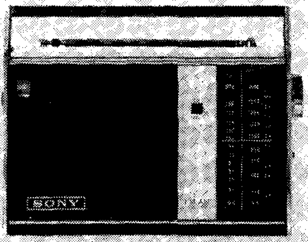

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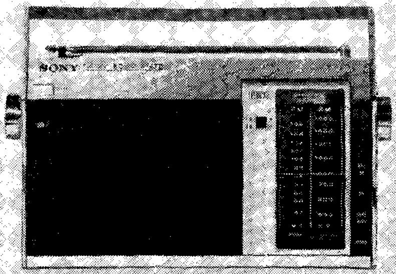

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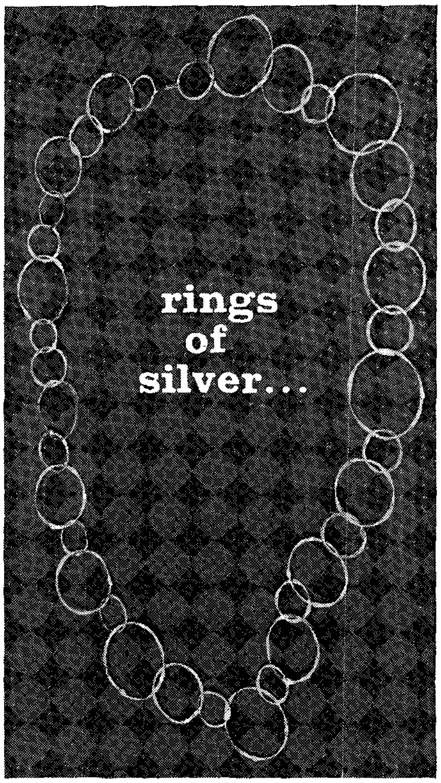
test me. I said, 'If you declare me physically able to begin the fast, then it's not a sacrifice. If you find out that I'm ill, there will be too much pressure not to do it. So let me begin, and after I've started, *then* we'll worry about what's wrong with me.' But I forgot that the doctor was responsible for me—that if something went wrong with me he would get it. So I argued and he worried. Finally, after the twelfth day, I let him check my urine, and about the seventeenth day I let him check my heart, and he said, 'Well, you're fit.' And I said, 'I know I'm fit. I knew it when I got into this.' " On the twenty-first day of the fast, Chavez's physician, Dr. James McKnight, insisted that he take medication, and also wanted him to drink a few ounces of bouillon and unsweetened grapefruit juice. Dr. McKnight and many other people felt that Chavez might be doing himself permanent harm. Chavez did not agree. He said that the back pains that had been bothering him for about ten years gave him less trouble during the fast than they had for some time, and that the chronic headaches and sinusitis from which he had suffered also disappeared. "After the fast, they gave me a complete analysis—blood and all that stuff—and do you know something?" Chavez smiled, shaking his head. "I was perfect!"

Chavez told me that he could have gone on longer than he did, but that the pressure—all kinds of pressure—kept mounting. He smiled again. "Usually there was somebody around to guard me—give me water, or help me out if I had to go to the rest room—but one time, about two o'clock in the morning, they were singing out there, and then they fell asleep, and the door was open. And this worker came in who had come all the way from Merced, about fifty miles from here, and he'd been drinking. He represented some workers' committee, and his job was to make me eat and break my fast." Chavez laughed. "And he had tacos, you know, with meat, and all kinds of tempting things. I tried to explain to him, but he opens up this lunch pail and gets out a taco—still warm, a big one—and tries to force me. And I don't want to have my lips touch the food. I mean, at that point food is no temptation—I just thought that if it touched my lips I was breaking the fast, you see, and I was too weak to fight him off. This guy was drunk, and he was pretty big, and so he sits on top of me, he's wrestling with me, and I'm going like this."



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Chavez twisted and groaned with horror, rolling his eyes and screwing up his mouth in an imitation of a man trying to avoid a big, warm taco. "Oh! Ow!" he cried. "Like a girl who doesn't want to get kissed, you know. I begin to shout for help, but this guy really meant business. He had told his committee, 'Look, you pay my gas and I'll go down there and make him eat. He'll eat because I'll *make* him eat. I won't leave there *until* he eats.' So he didn't want to go back to Merced without results. First he gave me a lecture, and that didn't work. Then he played it tough, and that didn't work. Then he cried, and it didn't work. And then we prayed together, and that didn't work, either."

I asked if the man was still sitting on him while they prayed, and Chavez said he was. "He got my arms, like this." Chavez gestured. "And then he got my hands, like *this*." He gestured again. "In a nice way, you know, but he's hurting me, because he's so heavy. I'm screaming for help, and finally somebody—I think it was my cousin Manuel—opens the door and sees this guy on top of me. Manuel thinks he's killing me, but he's so surprised he doesn't know what to do, you know, so he stands there in the door for at least thirty seconds while I'm yelling, 'Get him off of me!' Then about fifty guys rush in and pull him out of there. I thought they were going to kill him because they thought he was attacking me. I can hardly speak, but I try to cry out, 'Don't do anything to him! Bring him back!' 'No!' they yell. 'Bring him back!' 'No!' they yell. I'm shouting, you know. 'Bring him back! I have to talk to him! Don't hurt him!' " In describing this scene, Chavez made his voice quaver piteously. "So finally they brought him back. He wasn't hurt—he was too drunk. So I said, 'Sit down. Let me explain it.' And I explained it, step by step, and the guy's crying—he's feeling very dejected and hurt." Chavez stopped on the highway shoulder, laughing quietly at the memory, in genuine sympathy with the emissary from Merced.

"Anyway, the kids began to feel the pressure, and my father and mother," he went on. "My dad began to lose his sleep. He'll never talk about himself, but he's over eighty, you know, so I got a little worried. He has fasted a couple of times himself. Once, he had dysentery and he couldn't clear it up, and he was dying. And one of those hoboes on their way through—this was in the Depression and they were white Okies, mostly—one of

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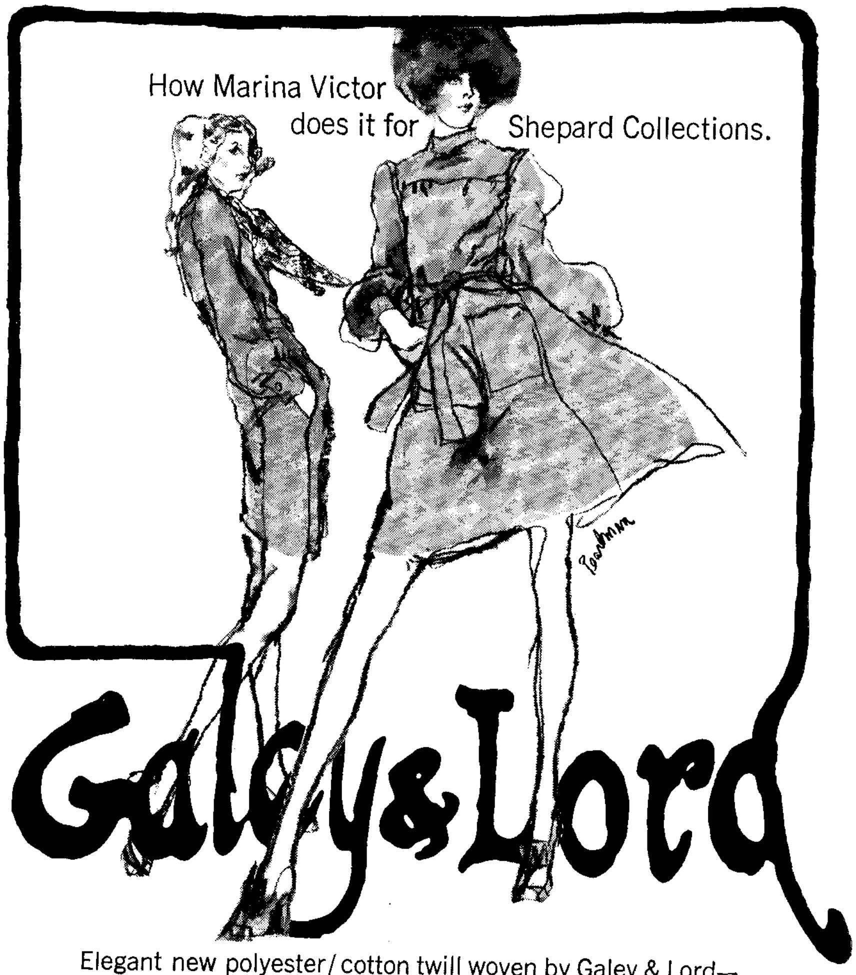
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them told my father not eating could take care of it. He said, 'I'll either save you or I'll kill you, and I'll be back in three days, so you think it over.' Well, my dad had been to a specialist and everything, and nobody could help him, but he said, 'Hell, how can I stop eating? I can't stop eating for even half a day.' And the hobo said, 'No, you can go for twenty days, maybe thirty days.' So, anyway, when the hobo came back my dad said he would try it. So he stopped eating, and in three days he got rid of the dysentery—there was nothing to feed it. He went for twenty days. So I said to him, 'Dad, you fasted for twenty days,' and he said, 'Yes, but that was different.' I had no set date in mind, but a combination of things made me end it on March 10th, after twenty-five days. I could have gone a few days more. I broke the fast on a Sunday—it must have been about one or two o'clock. I ate a small piece of bread. But actually I kept on fasting for the next four days, because you can't eat right away. So really I felt weaker *after* I broke my fast."

During the fast, Chavez had received a telegram from Senator Robert Kennedy ("I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I FULLY AND UNSWERVINGLY SUPPORT THE PRINCIPLES WHICH LED YOU TO UNDERTAKE YOUR FAST. . . . YOUR WORK AND YOUR BELIEF HAVE ALWAYS BEEN BASED SOLELY UPON PRINCIPLES OF NONVIOLENCE. . . . YOU HAVE MY BEST WISHES AND MY DEEPEST CONCERN IN THESE DIFFICULT HOURS"), and the Senator, with a phalanx of the press, appeared in person on the epochal Sunday when the fast ended. Chavez had first met Robert Kennedy in Los Angeles back in 1960—a brief early-morning meeting concerned with a voter-registration drive for John Kennedy's Presidential campaign—and in 1966, as a senator, Robert Kennedy had come to Delano for hearings of the Senate Subcommittee on Migratory Labor. "Even then, I had an idea he was going to be a candidate for the Presidency, and I was concerned for him because he endorsed us so straightforwardly, without straddling the line," Chavez told me. "This was a time when everybody was against us—the only people for us were ourselves. He didn't have to go so far. Instead of that awful feeling against politicians who don't commit themselves, we felt protective. He said that we had the right to form a union and that he endorsed our right, and not only endorsed us but joined us. I was amazed at how quickly he grasped the whole picture. In the hearings, when they began to call the witnesses, he immediately asked very pointed questions of the growers. He had a way of disintegrating their arguments by picking at the very simple questions. He had to leave just before the hearings ended, but he told the press that the workers were eventually going to be organized, and that the sooner the employers recognized this the sooner it was going to be over. And when reporters asked him if we weren't Communists, he said, 'No, they are not Communists. They're struggling for their rights.' So he really helped us, and things began to change."

On March 10, 1968, while Senator Kennedy was in Los Angeles, he was notified that the fast was ending, and he chartered a plane and flew to Delano with Paul Schrade, head of the West Coast United Automobile Workers. At first, according to some of the people around Chavez, Kennedy seemed rather cold. "He felt kind of uneasy, and one of our people heard him ask Paul Schrade or somebody, 'What do you say to a guy who's on a fast?' " Chavez told me. "He was only in the room with me about thirty seconds. He looked at me"—Chavez grinned mischievously—"and he says, 'How are you, Ce-*zar*?' I said, 'Very well, thank you. And I thank you for coming.' He said, 'It's my pleasure,' or something. So then we kind of changed the subject. I was very weak, and I did not know what to say, either. I think I introduced him to Paul Schrade." Chavez laughed. "The TV people were there, and one poor cameraman got blocked out. I saw he was frantic, and I was too weak to shout, but finally I signalled to let him in, and they let him in. The poor guy was really pale. And he said, 'Senator, this is probably the most ridiculous request I ever made in my life, but would you mind giving him a piece of bread?' And the Senator gave it to me, and the camera rolled, and the man said, 'Thank you very, very much.' "

Chavez, who used to be rather stocky, had dropped from a hundred and seventy-five pounds to a hundred and forty during the fast; bundled up in a dark checked hooded parka against the March cold, he was half carried to a Mass of Thanksgiving held in a Delano park, where an altar had been set up on a flatbed truck. During the offertory, Paul Schrade, on behalf of his auto workers, presented the union with fifty thousand dollars for the construction of its new headquarters at

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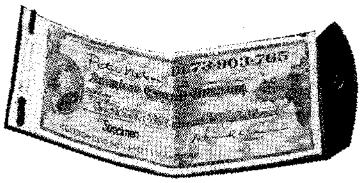

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the Forty Acres. Reies Lopez Tijerina, a leader of New Mexico's Mexican-Americans, gave a fiery speech, and Kennedy declared that he was present out of respect for "one of the heroic figures of our time." After taking Communion with Chavez, he gave a speech in a Spanish so awful that he stopped to laugh at himself. "Am I murdering the language?" he inquired, and was wildly cheered. "*Hool*-ga!" he shouted, in an effort to say "*huelga*," which is Spanish for "strike." "*Hool*-ga!"

The Mass was attended by from four thousand to ten thousand people, depending on the source of the estimate, and Kennedy's meeting with Chavez and with the crowds in Delano obviously enlivened him more than anything had in a long time. "He had a heck of a time getting from where we were sitting to the car," Chavez told me. "The crowd was pushing and surging, and when he got there he didn't get in. The way the people were reacting, he wanted to stand there and shake their hands and talk to them. Everybody was afraid of so many people pushing like that, and when he got inside, the people were saying through the windows, 'Aren't you going to run? Why don't you run? Please run!' Then the car got moving, and Kennedy turned to some people in the car with him and said, 'Maybe I will. Yes, I think I will.' So when he announced his candidacy a week later, it was no surprise to us. When Paul Schrade called to ask if I would endorse the Senator and run to be a delegate, I knew it would not be honorable to ask for something in return. With most politicians, this would have been all right, but not with this man who had already helped us so much. After a three-hour discussion, our members voted unanimously that I should be a delegate, and we immediately began a voter-registration drive for the primary in June. We worked right up to the last minute. We had a beautiful time, and the drive was a tremendous success. Some precincts went out a hundred per cent for Kennedy. But I was very tired after the voting, and I felt embarrassed when my name was called at the victory rally at the Ambassador in Los Angeles, and so I left early, before the Senator came downstairs. The last time I ever talked to him was when he gave me that piece of bread."

OUR shoes scuffed along on the highway shoulder, over the slag of broken stone, tar bits, glass, and flattened beer cans. Passing cars buffeted with hot wind the big yellow

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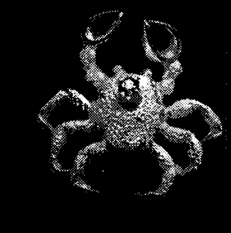

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sunflowers that had gained a foothold between the asphalt and the dull, man-poisoned crop, and pressed toads, as dry as leaves, gave evidence in death that a few wild things still clung to life in this realm of organophosphates and chlorinated hydrocarbons. Hard-edged and monotonous as parking lots, the green fields seemed without life. The road we walked across the Valley floor was as straight and rigid as a gun barrel, without rise or curve.

Of all California's blighted regions, the one that man has changed most is this great Central Valley, which extends north and south for almost four hundred miles. The Sacramento Valley, in the northern half, was once a sea of grass parted by rivers; the San Joaquin Valley, adjoining the Sacramento to the south, was a region of shallow lakes and bulrush or tule marshes. Both of these sections of the Central Valley supported innumerable animals and birds, among which waterfowl, antelope, and tule elk were only the most common; there were also significant populations of wolves, grizzlies, cougar, deer, and beaver. To the Spanish, centered in the great mission holdings along the coast, the grasslands of the interior were scarcely known, and their destruction was accomplished almost entirely by the wave of Americans that followed hard upon the Gold Rush. Game slaughter became an industry, and the carnivores were poisoned; unrestricted grazing by huge livestock herds destroyed the perennial grasses. Oat grass, June grass, and wild rye gave way to tarweed, cheatgrass, and thistle, which were crowded, in turn, by rank annual weeds escaped from the imported food crops of the settlers. In the last part of the nineteenth century, the huge corporate ranches were challenged for the dying range by huge corporate farms; the first big factory crop was wheat, the second sugar beets. One by one, the tule marshes were drained and burned over; by the beginning of our century, the lakes and creeks, like the wild creatures, had disappeared without a trace. As the whole Valley dried, the water table that had once lain just below the surface sank away; the search for water became fiercely competitive, and in some places people resorted to oil-drilling equipment, tapping Ice Age aquifers hundreds of feet down. To replace the once plentiful water, the rivers were dammed and rechannelled; Shasta Dam destroyed the Sacramento, and Friant Dam choked off the San Joaquin. Today, there are no wild rivers in the Valley, and very few in all

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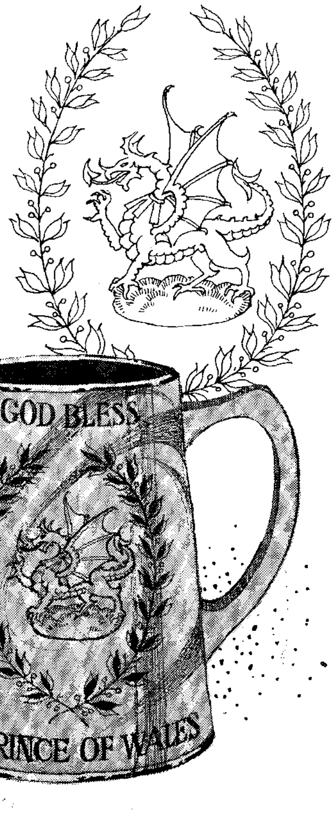

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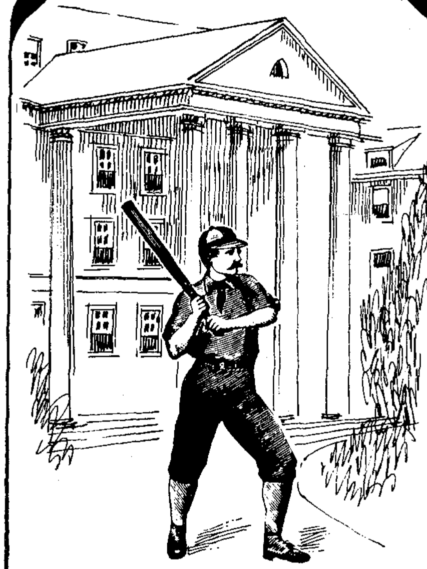

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of California; the streams of the Coast Range and the Sierras have been turned to irrigation, seeping across the Valley floor in concrete ditches.

A car, bulging with children, slowed down, and the driver offered us a lift; when Chavez refused, the occupants shouted in surprise. The car swayed on, and a woman's voice drifted back to us: "... *su penitencia?*" Chavez, glancing at me shyly, grinned. "*Sí, sí,*" he murmured. "*Mi penitencia.*" The driver of the next car, seeing Chavez refuse the ride, blared a loud greeting on his horn, and a child's voice—"Hi, Mr. Chavez!"—was whirled upward and away in the hot, dusty wind of the car's wake.

A farm truck came by as we approached the town, and the sunburned face of a blond boy stared back at us. I wondered if he had recognized Chavez. "Some of the growers still get pretty nasty," Chavez remarked, after a moment. "The worst are some of these young Anglo kids. They come by and give you the finger, and you wave back at them. Then they give you a double finger, and you wave back again. You don't wave back to make fun of them—you just wave back."

As he spoke, Chavez stopped to pat a mangy dog, which flinched away from him; he squatted down to talk to it. "'*Hay más tiempo que vida*'—that's one of our *dichos*. 'There is more time than life.' We don't worry about time." (In a letter to the head of a growers' association, he once wrote, "Time accomplishes for the poor what money does for the rich.")

Children and a woman greeted him from a shady yard, and he called back to ask the woman about her husband's job. The woman's house was right next door to the old union office, now the hiring hall, a gray stucco building at the corner of Albany Street and First Avenue; this is the far southwest corner of Delano, and across the street, to the south and west, the vineyards stretch away. The hiring hall, which was originally a grocery, is in poor condition, because of old age and cheap construction, and also because of several hit-and-run assaults. "One truck backed right into it," Chavez said, bending to show me a large crack in the wall. "Practically knocked down the whole thing. See? See what he did there?" He straightened. "They broke all these windows. One time, they threw a flaming gasoline-soaked rag through the window—that just about did it. But someone saw them and called the fire department, and they put it on the radio, and my brother Richard was listening to the radio and took off and got over here quick. He had it out before the fire department got here." Chavez shook his head. "One second more and the whole thing would have gone." He laughed suddenly. "Man, they used to come here with bows and shoot fire arrows into the roof! We had to keep a ladder and a hose on hand for a long time."

Rounding the corner into First, we approached the union headquarters, in a building known as the Pink House. Although it was Sunday, several cars were parked along the street, and two workers in clean denims stood on a bleached patch of lawn behind a low picket fence. Chavez hailed them: "*Qué tal?*"

I talked with the two workers for a little while. In telling me about Chavez and the union, they interrupted each other out of pure enthusiasm. They both said that if a secret ballot could be taken, ninety-five per cent of the workers on most ranches would be pro-union but that the workers were uneducated people who did not speak English very well and were afraid. "They scared if they do anything the boss just kick them out," one of the men said. "And if you got kids you *got* to work, you know. If you got kids, you got to work every day." He was a very big man with heavy eyebrows and steel-rimmed glasses. At the mention of children, he looked worried.

"We know we livin' in a free country, but the growers don't know it yet," said the other man, whose broad, open face had a small mustache on it. "Why they don't want a secret ballot? Because they afraid! When the picket line comes, they have *everything* out there to drown it out." The man snickered with delight. "Man, they have radios, they have loudspeakers, car horns, bells!"

One non-union grower, the men told me, was paying a dollar-sixty an hour at the moment, because he needed people for the harvest, but later he could drop the wage to a dollar-forty, and anybody who didn't like it was out of a job. Union workers had a two-year contract, giving them a dollar-ninety an hour, which would automatically be raised ten cents the following year. Not only that but the work hours were regulated now, with time and a half for overtime.

The face of the man with glasses wrinkled in distaste. "Before Cesar was there, everybody was afraid." To illustrate, he doffed his hat in a slow, obsequious gesture. "Now we not afraid no more."

"We *got paid vacations now*," the other man said, in a voice suggesting that he could still scarcely believe it. "We got seniority. You know Henry? Well, we got this colored fella, Henry, that was out there eleven years and never got no seniority on the best jobs. Now he's drivin' a tractor, and he don't believe it. He just don't believe it."

Both men were silent. Then the man with the mustache said, "I want the union for every poor people in this country. I *win more money, then they* must win it, too. If you got a big family, one-forty an hour is not much—you got to work twelve to sixteen hours every day. This is the way they killin' the peoples. A man workin' seven days a week for twenty, thirty years—I don't think that man is livin'."

In the late afternoon, Chavez sat down in the shade of the Pink House with a delegation of high-school students from East Los Angeles called the Young Adult Leadership Group. On his busiest day, Chavez seems unhurried; he is altogether where he is. Once, I asked him about a magazine interview in which his responses to the reporter seemed too simple, and Chavez nodded. "He was in a hurry," he said. "So I was, too." The students were mostly Mexican-Americans, along with a few whites and blacks. Some were straight and some wore long hair and hippie beads, but all were interested in helping the union boycott by picketing the East Los Angeles supermarkets. "We had a great reception in East L.A. when we went down to get the vote out for Senator Kennedy," Chavez told them. "I went to many polling places and talked to the ladies and the men, and they knew all about the union. We made a *lot* of friends there. They send us food now, and some have come to visit us in Delano. Anyway, don't let them kid you about those grapes *coming from* Arizona or Mexico. In East L.A., they shouldn't be selling any grapes at all." He grinned. "They should only be selling tacos and tamales, things like that." The Mexican students laughed.

Chavez talked about race prejudice and the problems he had had with it in his own union. "The *chicanos*"—the Mexican-Americans—"wanted to swing against the Filipinos. We don't permit that against anyone. I told them they'd have to get somebody else to run the union. *You don't* take a vote on those things—whether to discriminate or not. You don't *ask* people

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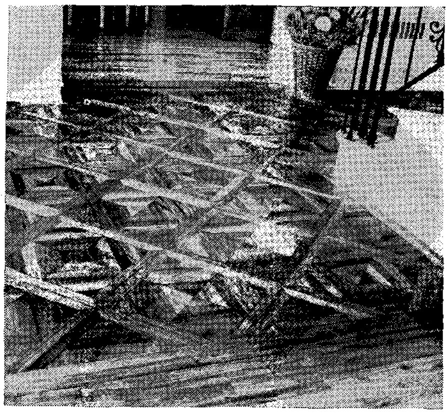

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whether they want to do that or not—you just don't do it." He regarded his audience of black, white, and brown students. "That doesn't mean you can't be proud to be what you are. In the union, we're just beginning, and you're just beginning. Mexican-American youth is just beginning to wake up. Five years ago, we didn't have this feeling. Nobody wanted to be *chicanos*. They wanted to be anything but *chicanos*. But three months ago I went up to San Jose State College and they had a beautiful play in which they let everybody know that they were *chicanos* and that *chicanos* meant something and that they were proud of it." He paused again. "In a conflict area like here in Delano, you have to be for your people or against them. We don't want to see anybody on the fence. I walk down the street here and I get insulted almost as many times as I get a friendly wave. And that's the way it should be—you have to be for or against. If you aren't committed one way or the other, then you might as well lie in the weeds."

The students told Chavez that the police in East Los Angeles had become very hostile, especially against the Brown Berets, a group of young Mexican-American militants who pattern themselves after the Black Panthers. A girl said, "The Man is after everybody now. I think they're out to crush the whole *chicano* movement." Discussing the police, the young people sounded tense and worried, and in their haste to confide their worry to Chavez, who looked worried himself, they interrupted one another.

"Them thirteen that were arrested—"

"Club you, man. They club you—"

Chavez was nodding; he has told me that he feels it is only a matter of time before brown communities start exploding like the black ones. "But those police clubs will organize the people," he told the young visitors.

After Chavez excused himself, the students chattered excitedly among themselves. Already a few of them had acquired buttons that said "Viva la Causa!" and "Huelga!" One of the hippie contingent, a boy with dark skin and long hair, wearing wild beads and a green Che fatigue shirt, was pinning on a "Grapes of Wrath—Delano" button. "We'll show these guys," he told me. "Cesar don't believe in violence, but we do." Fists on hips, he tossed his chin toward his fellow-students, who were squealing, jostling, squalling, and flirting their way to a bus. "The Young Adult Leadership

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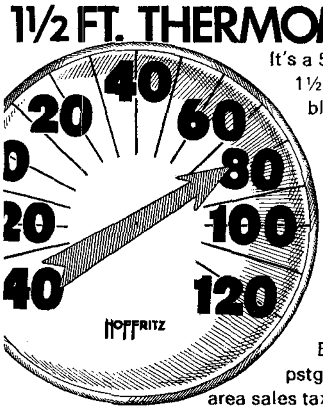

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Group," he said, and he gave a low, mocking whistle.

At the Stardust Motel, I ran into the sunburned blond boy I had seen staring at Chavez from a pickup truck. He turned out to be the nephew of a local grower, and was working in the vineyards for the summer, before going to college. He had stared at Chavez because a foreman in the truck had said that whenever he saw a Mexican near Albany Street it was probably one of Chavez's men, and now he was surprised to learn that he had actually seen Chavez himself. Most of the growers, I had already discovered, had never laid eyes on this dangerous figure, and probably would not recognize him if they did. The nephew was handsome, pleasant, and polite; he called me "sir." He said that although his generation felt less strongly than their fathers, and although some sort of farm workers' union seemed inevitable, the Delano growers would let their grapes rot in the fields before signing a union contract with Chavez. I asked if this was because Chavez was a Mexican. No, he said, it was because Chavez was out for himself and had no real support; even that three-day fast last winter had been nothing but a publicity stunt.

A FEW days later, I drove down the Sandrini Road to Lamont, a farming town southeast of Bakersfield, where a small vineyard was to be picketed by Chavez's people. The Lamont-Arvin-Weedpatch fields, celebrated by John Steinbeck in "The Grapes of Wrath," are the southernmost in the San Joaquin Valley; here the grape harvest, which had scarcely begun in Delano, thirty-five miles to the north, was almost complete.

At dawn, the hot summer air was already windless, and a haze of unsettled dust shrouded the sunrise. Trucks were unloading empty grape boxes for work crews at the ends of long rows of vines, which looked almost fresh in the thin dew, and the men in charge, standing beside their pickups, watched my strange car approaching from a long way off.

As I drew up behind the waiting vehicles, two men in the middle of the road began to argue. One said, "You don't want to do that, Abe. You don't want to do that. You do that and they'll know they're getting to you."

But the other, small and bespectacled, stomped over to my car. "You on our side?" he demanded.

His companion, a husky, dark-haired man in his late twenties, came over to

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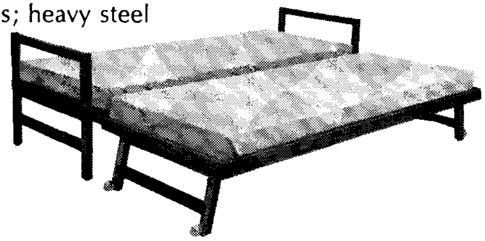

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calm him down. Politely, to elicit my identity, he introduced the small man—Abe Haddad. "Barling's my name," he added, hand extended. "Most people around here call me Butch." He glanced at Haddad, who glared at me, unmollified. "Our dads are partners in this field," Barling explained.

I asked how they had known they would be picketed this morning.

"How did *you* know?" Haddad countered.

I said that I had learned it from the union office.

"Well, we have a spy system, too," he said. "But their system is a hell of a lot better." He pointed to some unpicked vines near the public road, where his pickers would be working within easy reach of the voices from the picket line. The pickets, he said, would arrive around seven-thirty, when the pickers were well settled at their work. If even one worker could be persuaded to walk off the job and give his name to agents of the United States Department of Labor, then a labor dispute would be certified, under P.L. 414. "I think me and Johnston's are the only ones left around here that do not have a certified strike," Barling remarked. But, in fact, I knew he was wrong: several people had walked off the Johnston farm after work the day before.

Haddad and Barling told me that Chavez had been losing ground with the workers. "As far as your local help here, they don't want no part of him," Haddad said. "They wish he'd get the hell out of here."

I asked why.

"Because they're makin' more money here than they could ever make with the union!" Haddad said.

"The union, they only work a forty-hour week, so even with their wage increase they make less money," Barling said. "On your union ranches, sure the wages are just as good, maybe better, but they don't let 'em work the hours, work the days. The union is tryin' to run a farm like a factory, and you cannot run a farm like a factory!"

When Haddad had gone, Barling acknowledged that the boycott had hurt him. "Today the market is three dollars a box—I'm breaking even. Next week I could be going backward." He laughed at his own helplessness. And even a grower with a small holding, like Barling, is far better off than a man trying to subsist on a family farm. Two-thirds of California's farms are of less than a hundred acres, and even without the pressure of a strike the family farms are going under; California has lost fifty-three thousand farms—nearly half—in the last decade. Since 1960, more than a quarter of America's family farms have vanished, but it is the family that vanishes, not the farm; farm land, absorbed by the large growers, has decreased only about four per cent in the same period. The small farm, with small capital and small margin, can afford neither the labor force nor the new machinery that keep increasing the advantage of the large ones. Rarely do the small farms coöperate in their production and distribution operations, or join forces to support the price of their smaller crop. Huge corporate enterprises, which can make money on a small profit from an enormous volume, are actually far more of a threat to Barling than Chavez's union.

We stood around awhile, waiting for the pickets. Before long, Barling said, "Here they come now." A caravan of ancient cars had appeared on the Sandrini Road. They drew off the pavement, and fifteen or twenty people got out, stretching. Carrying horns and "HUELGA!" banners, the pickets split into two groups, stationing themselves opposite two main crews of pickers.

"Well, this is a pretty good-looking group," Barling said, starting across the highway. "Sometimes we get a lot of these guys with long hair and beards." He grinned bitterly through his own early-morning stubble. "Course, *we* know they're actual grape pickers, not just a bunch of hippies from L.A.," he said. "Don't get me wrong." For the first time, and the last, we laughed together. He crossed the public road. Arms folded on his chest, legs wide apart, he took up a position where his workers could get a good look at the boss.

Up and down the road, red strike flags fluttered, the only brightness in the sunny haze that stretched away to the brown shadows of the Tehachapi Mountains. Already the voices of the pickets were calling to the workers.

"Venga! Véngase! Compañero!"

"Huelga! Huel-ga!"

To Chavez, the picket line is the best school for organizers. "If a man comes out of the field and goes on the picket line, even for one day, that man will never be the same," he once told me. "The picket line is the best possible education. Some labor people came to Delano and said, 'Where do you train people? Where are your classrooms?' I took them to the picket line. *That's* where we train people. That's the best training. The labor people didn't get it. They stayed a week and went back to their big jobs and comfortable homes. They hadn't seen training, but the people here see it, and I see it. The picket line is where a man makes his commitment, and it's an irrevocable commitment. And the longer he's on the picket line the stronger the commitment. The workers on the ranch committees who don't know how to speak, or never speak—after five days on the picket lines they speak right out, and they speak better. A lot of workers make their commitment when nobody sees them—they just leave the job and they don't come back. But you get a guy who, in front of the boss and in front of all the other guys, throws down his tools and marches right out to the picket line—that's an exceptional guy, that guy, but that's the kind we have out on the strike. Oh, the picket line is a beautiful thing, because it does something to a human being. People associate strikes with violence, and we've removed the violence. Then people begin to understand what we are doing, you know, and after that they're not afraid. And if you're not afraid of that kind of thing, then you're not afraid of guns—these things can't frighten you. If you had a gun and they had a gun, then you would be frightened, because it becomes a question of who gets shot first. But if you have no gun and they've got a gun, then—well, the guy with the gun has a lot harder decision to make than you have."

In the first months of the strike, in the autumn of 1965, local sheriffs and the state police of Kern and Tulare Counties followed the strikers everywhere they went. At that time, many of the ranch foremen carried guns, and shotgun blasts destroyed picket signs and car windows. The growers, startled by a walkout of several hundred harvest workers in the first few days, apparently meant to see to it that this strike was broken as quickly as all the rest, and they set about their business with a will. With policemen watching, they marched up and down the picket lines slamming the strikers with their elbows, kicking them, stomping their cowboy boots down on strik-

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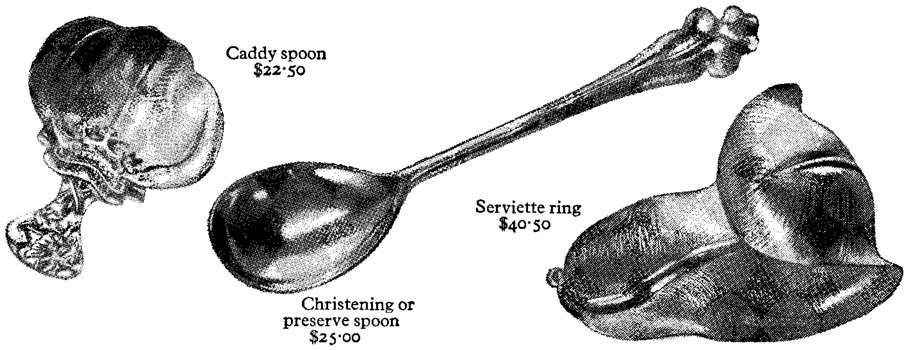

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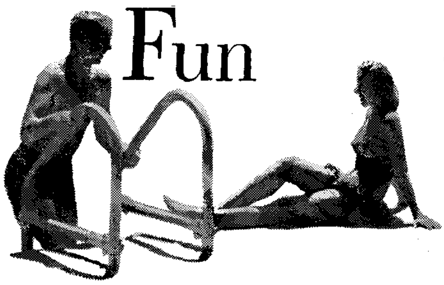

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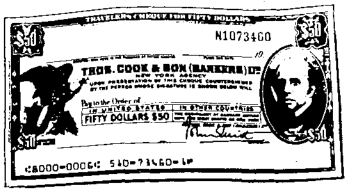

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ers' toes; they cursed them, spat on them, and brushed them narrowly with speeding trucks. On September 23, 1965, while picketing the house of a scab-labor contractor in Delano, a small striker named Israel Garza was knocked down repeatedly by a grower before the police intervened; they had been warned by Chavez that he could not control the crowd if the attacks continued. The police reported to the Fresno *Bee* that they had dispersed the crowd "when one picket fell down." The strikers accepted this treatment, in the expectation that arrests would soon be made, but those arrested were invariably strikers, who were taken into custody for such offenses as shouting, the public use of bullhorns, the public use of the word "*huelga*," and, in one case, the public reading of Jack London's "Definition of a Strikebreaker."

Of all the tactics of harassment, the threatening use of trucks was the most dangerous, but repeated complaints got nothing more from the police than the statement that no crime had been committed. At one point, a Filipino union member named Alfonso Pereira, who said that he had lost faith in the non-violent philosophy, announced that he was old and despondent and wanted to trade his life for that of a grower. He got into his car, drove around a field to pick up speed, and then launched himself into a trio of growers by the roadside. All but one jumped clear; the victim, John Zaninovich, got away with a broken hip. Pereira was dealt with swiftly by the courts, and went off to spend a year in jail, apparently with no regrets.

A few months later, a striker was run down. The complaint charged:

> On or about Oct. 15, 1966, at the packing shed located at Garces Highway and Glenwood St. in the City of Delano, County of Kern, State of California, at or about the hour of 10 A.M. of said day, defendant Lowell Jordan Schy, acting within the course and scope of his employment, did maliciously, deliberately, and willfully assault and batter plaintiff by driving a flatbed truck, California license number W49-554, over plaintiff's body.

The plaintiff, Manuel Rivera, who had been one of the first workers to walk off the job and join the strike in 1965, was permanently crippled, and very nearly lost his life. The man who crippled him was not a trucker but the sales manager of a large grower; he had got angry when the drivers refused to cross the picket line, and decided to drive a truck himself. But, having run down Rivera, he rolled up the windows of the truck cab and subsided into a

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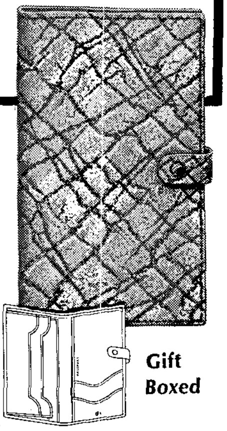

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funk. If the episode had taken place out in the vineyards instead of in town, Schy would almost certainly have been killed. Had Chavez not arrived very quickly, he might have been killed anyway, because the truck was coming down around his ears when Chavez got there. Chavez had left the scene a few minutes before the accident; Helen Chavez phoned him at the office, and he came rushing back. Schy was actually calling for Chavez to come and save him, but Chavez could not reach the truck door through the angry crowd. Finally, he crawled under the truck bed and surfaced at the running board of the cab, where he rose like a vision before the mob. But the people were cursing non-violence; they wanted blood, and Chavez was in their way. Chavez yelled that they would have to get him, too, then, and at last the people in front calmed down enough to listen, and he brought them back under control. He escorted Schy to the packing-shed offices, where he confronted the owner, a man named Mosesian. "That was the maddest I ever got," Chavez told me. "I really let him have it. I told him, 'You people value your damned money more than you value human life.' " Mosesian said he was sorry about what had happened, but subsequently a citation was issued against Manuel Rivera, for obstructing traffic. An assault case against Schy is still pending, and Rivera has received no compensation.

The mood of that time has been described by the Reverend James Drake, Chavez's administrative assistant: "Everybody thought Rivera was going to die, so everybody wanted to get the cops, who had been practically goose-stepping up to the picket line with their clubs, and they wanted to get the driver. One of the strikers, carrying a gun, walked up to Cesar and said, 'Goodbye. It's been nice knowing you.' He said how enjoyable it had been, working with Cesar and the union. So Cesar said, 'Where are you going?' and the man said, 'I'm going to kill that guy.' So Cesar put his arm around him and said, 'Let's take a little walk.' Anyway, in a situation like that you forget your philosophy. I've been on the picket line ten different times when I didn't even know myself—you just see red and you have to do something."

I had followed Barling out onto the public road, and he pointed out two Labor Department officials and a heavy man in a white shirt who was leaning against a pale-blue car, arms folded. This was Joseph Brosmer, of the Agricultural Labor Bureau—an organiza-

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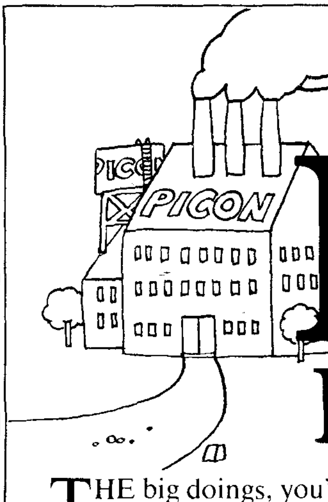

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tion set up, in effect, to protect the growers by keeping them from getting "overly excited," as Barling put it. "Some of your growers lose their tempers fairly easy, particularly if they are picked on or aggravated at, or so on and so forth," Barling said. He introduced me to Brosmer, who, upon discovering that I had a journalistic interest in the strike, asked me if I was aware of the fact that a worker who had been employed only one second could walk off the job and give his name to the gentlemen over there—he pointed to the Department of Labor people—in order to certify a labor dispute. "This situation tends to lend itself pretty well to plants," he said.

Approaching the strikers, I was stopped by the picket captain, a husky blond man with glasses. He had seen me talking with the growers, and he asked for my identification. "I want to know if you're friend or enemy," he said. I told him that on a public road I was under no obligation to identify myself. "I'm asking anyway," he said, neither rudely nor politely, and I obliged him, because if he could not stop me from asking questions, he could stop me from getting answers. This picket captain was Nick Jones, a member of the staff of the Migrant Ministry, a Protestant group that attends to the needs of migrants in many states and, in Jones's opinion, does a poor job of it everywhere but in California. A sign that read "No Trespassing: Survivors Will Be Prosecuted" attracted Jones's attention, and he went over to an old Volkswagen and got out an old camera to record it. In the foreground of his picture he placed a stout Mexican woman striker with a bullhorn, whom he addressed as Mrs. Zapata. She wore a big, cone-peaked straw sombrero with a pink brim, which was festooned with Kennedy buttons, an A.F.L.-C.I.O. badge, a "Grapes of Wrath—Delano" button, a small portrait of Jesus, and a purple feather. In the long rise and fall of loudspeaker rhetoric, she talked nonstop most of the morning. She told the workers that they should not be afraid of the *patrón*, that they, the strikers, had known hunger, too, and were seeking to better the lot of the poor, that all workers must organize and fight so that their children would not have to work like animals, as they had. "*Véngansc, señores!*" she bawled. "*Para su respeto y dignidad!*" Her entreaties were carried to the workers on waves of "*Huelga! Huelga!*" from the picket line, and the workers glanced at her uneasily and kept working. Now and then, Mrs. Zapata was drowned out by a passing truck, which would blare its horn from half a mile away and continue blaring after it had passed, its dust cloud rolling off into the fields. These trucks were driven at high speed, skimming the road edge just behind the strikers. Once, I had to jump, and each time I was shaken by the passing blast of air. Then the strike cries would resume again: "*Huelga!*"

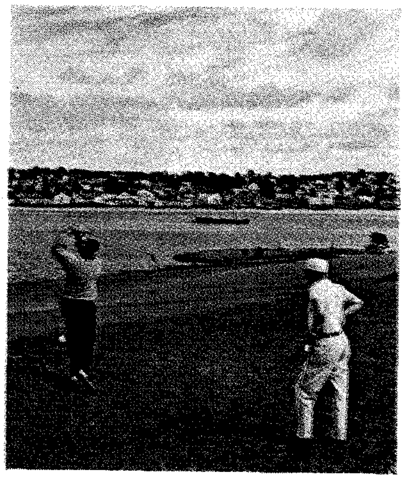
Since many of the first-line strikers were now working on the boycott in the Eastern cities, what was left was a sort of skeleton crew. The men pickets that morning were mostly aged Filipinos, the women mostly Mexicans who were out of work. One pretty woman told me that she had been knocked unconscious by nitrate fertilizer spray while she was working in the Coachella Valley a few weeks before. She was a green-carder from Mexico City, Magdalena by name and beautician by trade, who had come to make some quick money during harvest time. She was gaily attired in a green shirt with huge white polka dots, a yellow bandanna, lavender slacks, and fake red hair, all set off by a small silver Virgin on a chain, and she was extremely cheerful about her ailments, which included nosebleeds, headaches, and sore lungs. It still pained her to breathe, she told me, and she could not go near the smell of sprays without a recurrence of her symptoms.

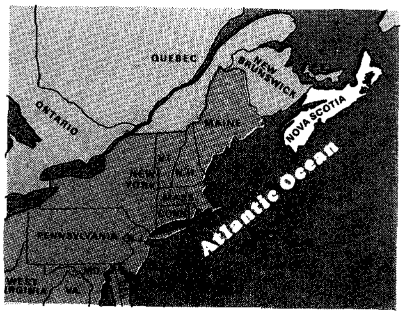
"*Huel-ga!*" the pickets shouted. "*Vénganse! No tengan miedo del patrón, señores! Vénganse!*" The old Filipino men beckoned with their arms, or waved red banners back and forth like fans. When they saw a countryman among the work crews, they would switch from poor Spanish and English and cry out to him in their native Tagalog: "*Mag labas kayo, kabayan! Huelga!*"

Jones told me that he was optimistic about the progress of the strike. The Johnston ranch had been struck yesterday; no workers had walked off the job during the picketing, but a whole group had come in to the farm workers' office afterward. "If we get the base here, we can start sweeping, take a lot of ranches further north," he said. "Those guys aren't going to make us boycott, because that hurts them worse than the strike itself. Much as they dislike Cesar, they'll sit down and negotiate."

"*Esquirol!*" a woman shouted at the workers. "*Esquirol!*"

I asked her what the word meant,

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and she said it was a term used for scabs. "*Es un animal.*" She laughed, making an ambiguous writhing motion with her hand. "*Ni aquí ni allá.*"

"Man, they don't like Cesar," Jones went on. "And behind the dislike for Cesar is the whole Mexican thing—someone they called 'boy' is standing up and asking to negotiate."

Chavez himself has given a good deal of thought to the growers' feelings about race. "Let them have their pride," he once told me. "What we want is the contract. This is what they fail to understand. We are not out to put them out of business, because our people need the work. We are out to build a union, and we'll negotiate half of our lives to get it. If we can get better wages and conditions for the workers, we are willing to give up something. But they choose to make it a personal fight, so we have to do something to save their face. It's not hard to understand why they feel the way they do, because they've had their own way for so long that they've got the habit of it. So things can't look as if we are getting a victory and they are not."

The perfunctory yells and catcalls on the picket line gained sudden momentum; red flags danced as the pickets gathered in a single spot, like a flock of birds. Down a row of vines, perhaps fifty yards away, a work crew had run out of boxes, and while they waited for a truck they turned toward the picket line and sat down to listen. The strikers' big gun, Mrs. Zapata, was moved into position, and while she huffed and blew into her bullhorn a Filipino shouted at the work crew in an old, hoarse voice that could scarcely be heard. Most Mexicans in the vineyards do not speak English, and this man's Spanish was not up to the job. "*Ven!*" he cried. "Come on, you! All of you! *Ven!* Come on! *Leesten,* you!" He wore a red "HUELGA" kerchief tied into the band of a plastic straw hat, and a purple button that said "DON'T BUY SCAB GRAPES."

"*Para respeto, hombre!*" Jones yelled. "Come on!"

The workers appeared to be arguing among themselves. Then one boy stood up and started for the picket line. After a few steps, he retreated, to argue some more. A second time he started down the road, motioning over his shoulder for his friends to follow. Though several got to their feet, they did not move. When the boy reached a point perhaps ten yards from the property line, he looked back and saw that he was all alone. He was no more

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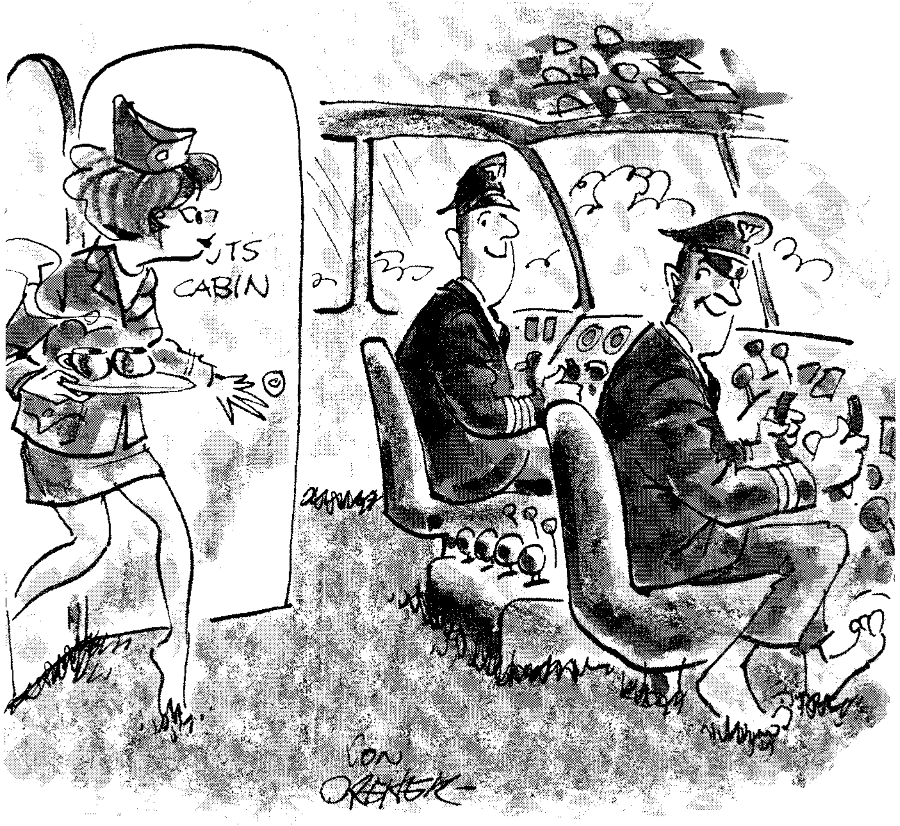

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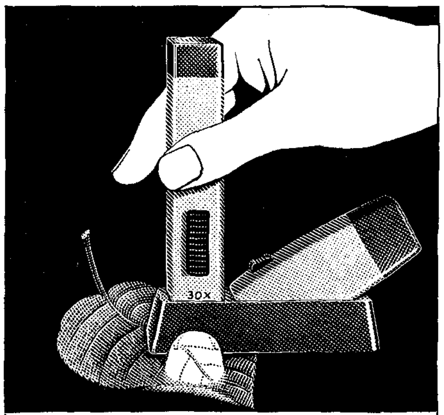

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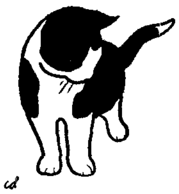
than eighteen, and very small and thin, with a red-and-white kerchief tied around a homely narrow head. He stared at the dancing banners of the picket line—"*Véngase! Venga!*"—and at his boss, Barling, and at Joseph Brosmer, and at the two federal officials. He glanced back again at the *campesinos* he had left. Then he sank slowly to one knee and picked at the earth. He forced a smile, to suggest that he was only playing a game. He glanced back again to where he had come from.

"*Venga! Véngase! Nosotros también tenemos hambre!*"

The boy with the red-and-white kerchief waved a thin, ragged arm at the workers he had left behind. No one was working now; the boy's crew had been joined by others. But after a while the other crews dispersed and went back to work. Soon the long row was almost empty, stretching away southward into the dusty sky. The boy got up. He hesitated, then he spun away, cringing in a howl of disappointment that went up from the pickets. Shoulders hunched, he hurried down the row. Staring at the ground, kicking at clods, he lifted both hands high into the sky, thumbs outward, and, without turning, waggled a goodbye with his fingers to the picket line.



The picket line subsided in discouragement; the boy had dissipated any pressure that might have been built up, and the morning was a failure. Mrs. Zapata moved a few rows away, where, using the bullhorn, she burst into song. "Nosotros Venceremos" ("We Shall Overcome") was followed promptly by "Huelga General" ("General Strike"):

Viva la huelga en el "fil"!
Viva la causa y la historia!
La raza llena de gloria!
La victoria va cumplir!

A big woman came to the edge of the fields and shouted violently at Mrs. Zapata. Through the bullhorn, Mrs. Zapata notified the workers that she knew this broad only too well and that she was entirely untrustworthy; in fact, she owed fifteen dollars to Mrs. Zapata herself, which she refused to pay. The woman, calling Mrs. Zapata a bitch, shrieked out an invitation to cross the property line, at which time she would be paid in full. In response, without letting up on the bullhorn, Mrs. Zapata saluted the woman with one finger. (To cross the property line, as the workers knew, was to get arrested.) Laughing, the picket line disbanded. The strikers got into their old cars and drove away.

When I recrossed the road, Barling said, "That Mexican gal with the bullhorn is terrific. She's better than all the rest of their people put together." He seemed more tense than ever. Barling and Brosmer had been joined by a young grower named Dan Surber, of Caratan Farms. "Him and I have some grapes together, too," Barling said.

"Them geese are making one-forty an hour fertilizing that pond," Surber said, pointing at some white geese in a farm pond behind his truck, "and they're goin' on strike."

Brosmer laughed.

Barling had promised to let me go into the fields and talk with his workers once the pickets were gone, and when I reminded him of his promise he looked unhappily at Brosmer.

"I think that would be useless, Butch," Brosmer said. "I think it would be better to wait until you finish your day." To me, Brosmer said, "People have a natural-born curiosity, and you may only talk to two, but every goddam one of 'em is going to stop working to watch. It's just human nature." Barling nodded, in discomfort. He did not look me in the eye. Brosmer continued, "I think I'd have to agree with Butch that you'd better hold off going in there until Butch finishes his working day."

Apologetically, Barling said that after work he would take me in and let me pick out any worker I wanted to talk with, and I asked him why, now that the strikers were gone, it would not be all right for me to walk into the fields by myself.

"I guess we're not communicating," Brosmer said before Barling could speak. "You would be a disruptive factor."

But Barling said, "That would probably be all right. Just so long as I don't get disrupted."

"No," Brosmer said. "I think you're making a mistake."

"Well, let's go, then," Barling said ambiguously, looking at no one. He set his jaw and started for his truck, and I went with him and got into it.

"You're making a big mistake!" Brosmer called after him.

We drove down a side road into the fields. It was nearly noon, and the truck raised big, evil clouds of hydrocarbon dust. Barling swung off into a service lane that crossed the rows of vines, and stalled the truck at the edge of a crew of workers. "I ain't *never* goin' to get this crop out of here if them damn people don't leave me alone," he said. His voice was tight and his face red.

Down the rows, I spotted a red-and-white kerchief on a head that sank down behind the leaves. I waited a little while, and then I asked Barling if I could talk with the worker of my choice. Sure, he said. Which one? If he didn't mind, I said, I'd like to operate alone—it might be more spontaneous. He grunted and let me go. But the big woman who had shouted at Mrs. Zapata saw where I was going. "*That* young kid?" she called. "There weren't any boxes, and he said, 'I'm going to have some fun with them while I'm waiting.' That's why he walked out there and sat down."

The boy was deep under the vines, which were no higher than my chest. In the shadows, the filtered sun gave the big bunches of green grapes a soft glow. Crouched there, he stared up at me. He did not speak English.

"*Buenos dias,*" I said.

He did not so much answer the greeting as repeat it, in a hushed voice full of fear.

In bad Spanish, I told him please not to be afraid, and then asked why he had gone back.

I had expected a few frightened murmurs, but he spoke right out, in passion and pain. He was a green-carder on vacation from an insurance job in Mexico, and he could speak frankly because in harvest time no one was fired. His voice grew louder. Besides, as an insurance man he would be here only two weeks more before his vacation ended. The insurance man poked his head out of the vines and looked up and down the row before continuing, in a lower voice. *Sí*, he was in favor of a union. "The ranchers have no concern for us. Everybody should have a union."

Persisting, I repeated my question: Why had he not walked out an hour before?

The boy picked at the dust on his sandals. "The whole world was awaiting me," he murmured, "and I became afraid." —PETER MATTHIESSEN

(*This is the first of two articles on Cesar Chavez.*)

•

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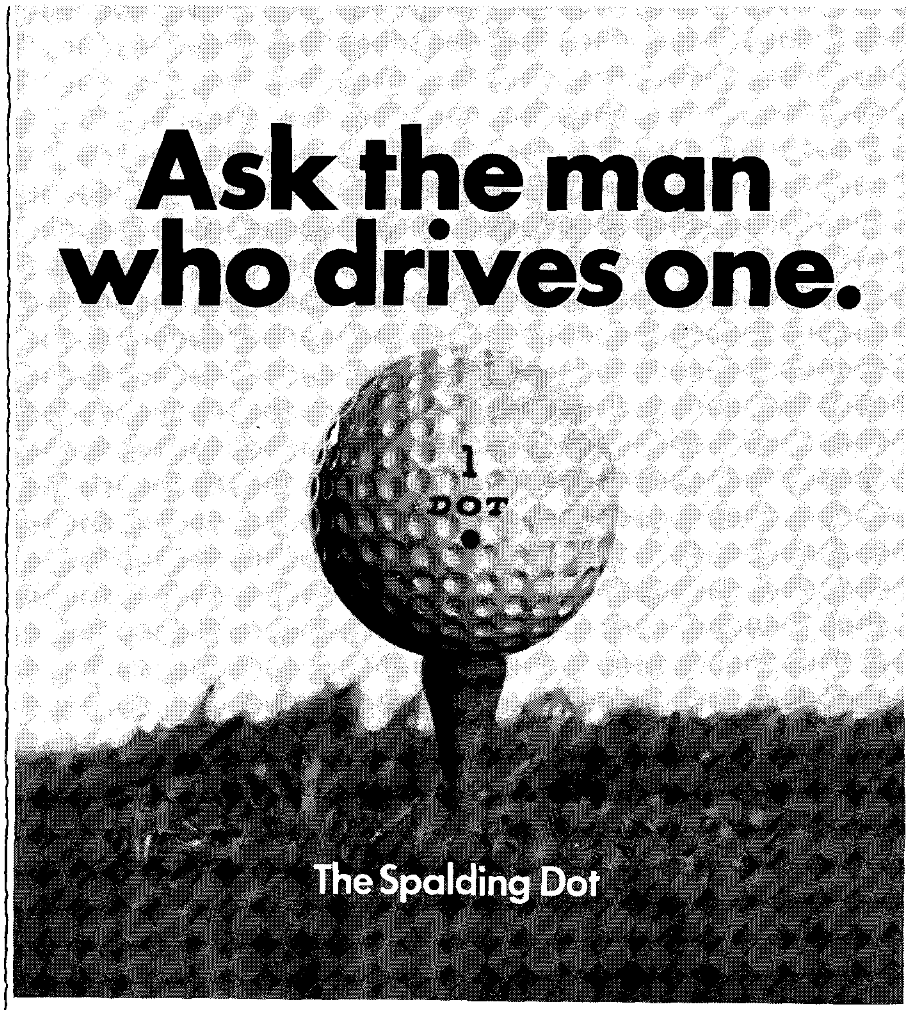
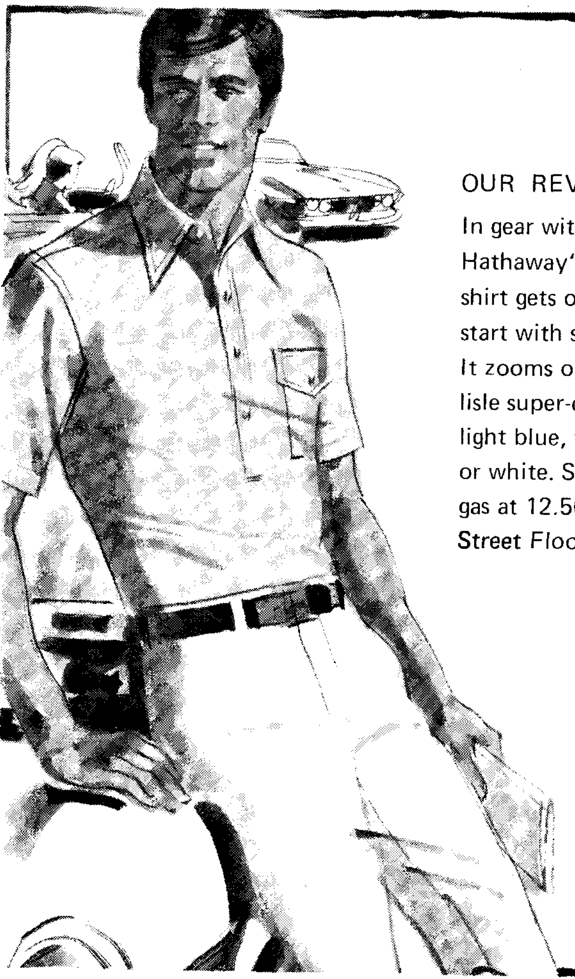
NONE ATTEND HER
—*Headline in the Times.*

Oh, well. Happy is the bride the sun shines on.





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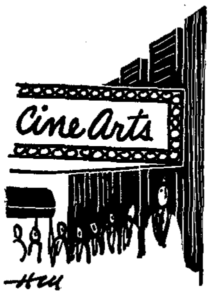
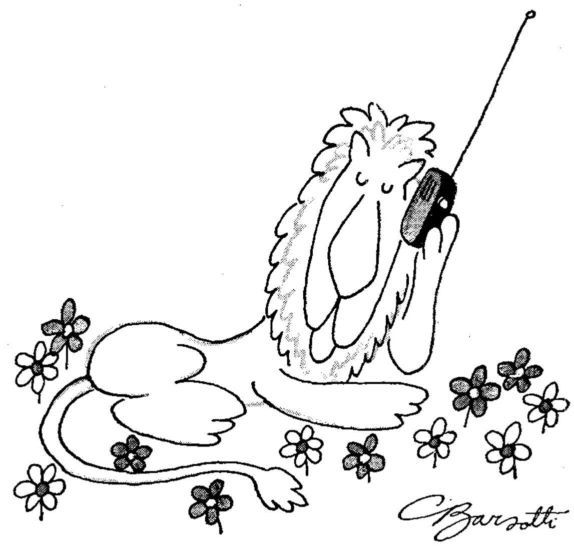
THE CURRENT CINEMA

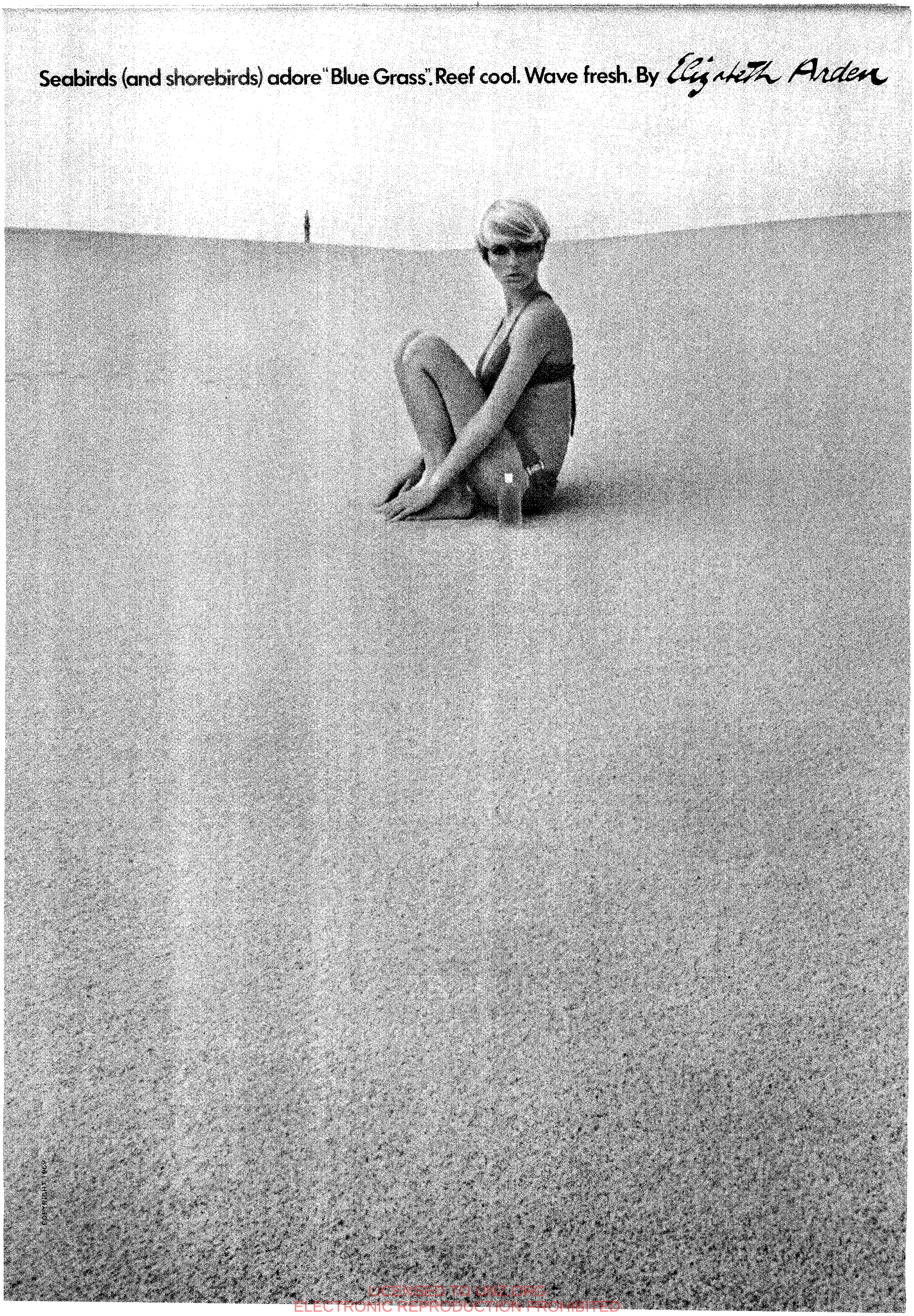
To W. C. Fields, Dyspeptic Mumbler, Who Invented His Own Way Out



"THE time has come," W. C. Fields would moan, with his usual all-seeing, alcoholic meditativeness, "to take the bull by the tail and face the situation." Well, to grasp a tail, the new films of the week are nothing to write about (not even to write home about, which Fields would have thought a pretty rotten fate even for a bad movie, since home left him to his own resources at the age of eleven). "The Maltese Bippy," directed by Norman Panama, with Dan Rowan and Dick Martin, tries earnestly hard to be zany, but that's its trouble. The muscles bulge. Rowan and Martin stand together in dinner jackets, quipping about things exactly as if they were on TV—as they generally are, of course. As to what the name of the movie means, some perspiringly offbeat mind apparently thought of *x* number of offbeat titles, and the two stars asked the audience of the Joey Bishop show to make a choice, and "The Maltese Bippy" turned out to be the most offbeat of all, if offbeat-vote-assessment computers are honest. I suppose the comedy isn't that bad, unless you have been seeing something actually funny. There are also not more than about two minutes of horror when you might want to look away, which counts as a record at the moment. They happen when the heroes are trying to nerve themselves to operate on a naked stomach with a meat knife to get out a diamond. ("Godfrey Daniel!" as Fields used to say in the quiet caw he used for homemade curses, flummoxing the Hays Office.) One might draw a veil over two other films this week—"The Fool Killer" and "The Tree." Good acting has gone into both pictures, especially from Anthony Perkins in the first, and from Jordan Christopher, Ruth Ford, and Eileen Heckart in the second. So there's no call to hammer the poor misbegotten things into the ground, except that I should warn you that both contain a rough *sixty* minutes when you might want to look away, which is a high proportion of time to be turning your back on a medium primarily meant to be faced. There is now a preview audience's appreciation machine in use that registers the sweatiness of people's palms. Sweatiness here counts as good, so by that standard these films would have to be called terrific. In each of them, you are offered the sight of a child looking plainly cognizant of what's going on during scenes about adult psychoses, beatings up, slanging matches, and art-movie killings, which are now much more brutal than they are in the films for the big markets. W. C. Fields himself might have had a hidden qualm about those kids. He was known to have been furtively kind even to Baby LeRoy. And he would have had more than a qualm about "The Maltese Bippy," because he knew what was funny. I would say he was one of the four or five funniest men we have lately had in the world.

NOT everyone responds to Fields, but the people who do love him recognize a blood brother. He is one of life's losers, and the hell with it. He is not in the race. Fields is truly debonair and his own man, a covert friend to mongrels and a brilliant enemy to privilege, hiding affliction under a far-off and sulphurous view all his own. He is Chaplin's diametric opposite. Chaplin's little man can seem to be on his knees and begging for sympathy with his bravely managed suffering, but Fields is on his feet and thinking. ("It is much more easy to have sympathy with suffering than it is to have sympathy with thought," wrote Oscar Wilde in an essay on Socialism.) Fields is a smoldering independent who asks no pity and who saves himself with eccentrically conceived and harmless vengeances. In "It's a Gift"—which has been turning up regularly at the art houses, along with the other Fields works—he tries hard to run a grocery store that is eventually flooded with molasses by Baby LeRoy. Fields lets the little saboteur go unscathed. The incident merely adds a baleful new jot to his analysis of the human condition, and the notice that he hangs on the door of his wrecked shop mildly reads, "Closed on Account of Molasses." Surrounded by virago wives, soppy girls, and overblessed children, he deals unexceptionably with the immediate situations, walks away with a skeptical expression somewhere around the hips, and implies that the better part of his considerable brain is disreputably engaged with other things. His battleship wife, Mrs. Bissonette ("pronounced Bissonay," he writes loyally on a placard, obeying her haywire snob teaching), makes him halve a sandwich that he then has to eat in the middle of a storm of cushion feathers. She yells, never satisfied, that these were her *mother's* feathers. But Fields has secretly won, all the same, for even if he is getting hell for obligingly eating a stingy half sandwich full of feathers, he is also eating the half sandwich that contains the complete sandwich's ration of meat, which he has neatly swiped from his own greedy child during the forced act of partition. Fields often has a bad time, but he is no victim. He is fortified because he always holds an opinion, even if the opinion isn't exactly communicated in speech as we know it. Fields doesn't so much speak as amuse himself with self-addressed soliloquies. The to-and-fro of less doughty men is not for him. His is only the fro. In his great films he is always the reactor. He plays the muttering straight man to Life, the counterblow to a punch in the stomach. His surreal retorts are conceived for himself alone, like his endearments and his curses. In "Million Dollar Legs," as the weight-lifting President of an otherwise rather weedily athletic state called Klopstokia, he tries to do something about the economy and simultaneously deals with his dopey daughter's suitors. One of them is visible out of his window. "What's his name, Angela?" he says, with native distaste for his own offspring's name, though his hungover Richard Tauber voice suggests that the seraphic fib committed at her christening is only the way of the world and scarcely




Seabirds (and shorebirds) adore "Blue Grass". Reef cool. Wave fresh. By Elizabeth Arden

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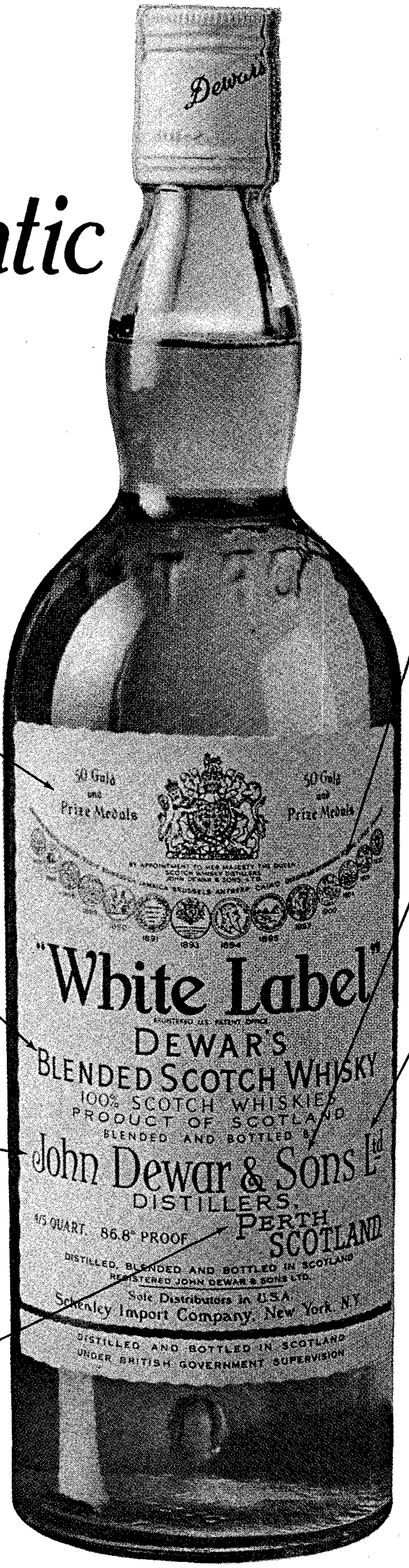
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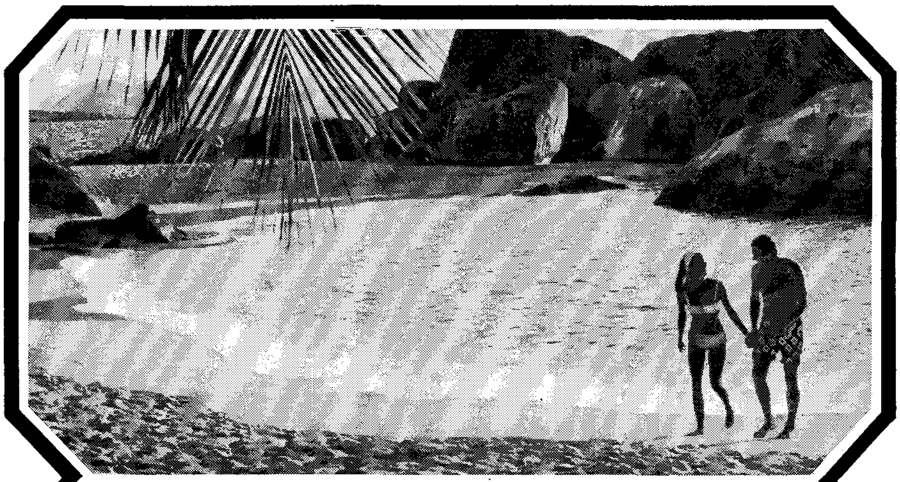

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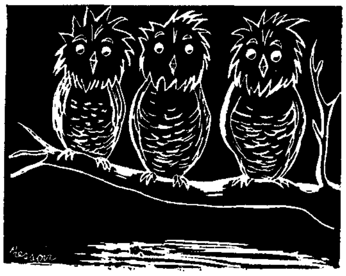

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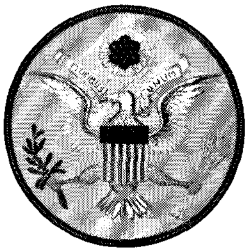

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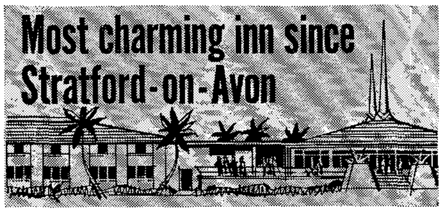

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lines too fast, which he never did when he wasn't cold sober. He had an outlaw's gift that was matched by no other comedian. Faced by the conventional breakfast, he would suddenly ad-lib an inviting burble suggesting that ordinary food might as well go out the window. "How'd you like to hide the egg and gurgitate a few saucers of mocha-java!" he mutters convivially in one film. He liked words very much. "Sars'parilla" engaged him. So did "my little plum," and "kumquats," and a game he called "squidgalum," and an uncle called "Effingham Hoffnickel," and foggy snatches of descriptive narrative out of the blue: "She dips her mitt down into this mélange. . . ." He can make gracious sentences to the dignitaries who are his natural enemy. "I am Dr. Eustace P. McGargle," he says, elegantly switching from gambling to preaching in the presence of a mayor. "Perhaps you've read my book on the evils of wagering. . . . I was a victim of this awful scourge. A helpless pawn in the coils of Beelzebub. Beelzebub . . . Beel-zee-bub . . . Lucifer." His famous puffy nose was a source of distress to him. Most people believed the misshapenness to be due to drink, but it was really because of the bashing and pounding it had taken when he was a child living in ditches. He slips in a revealing line somewhere: "The man had a rather prominent proboscis, after the fashion of eminent men." Fields allowed himself no sympathy and he joined no one. He was the author of his own life, and he behaved as though he had no kin. It isn't surprising that new generations have loved him, and that a record of clips from his sound tracks is on the hit parade. The fact that it is No. 41 on the list is something he would probably have quite relished. He never wanted anyone else's favors. He had the wiser trick of extending a license to himself, and he died an agnostic, without help, as he promised he would. "I'll go without knuckling under," he droned once, about believing in God.

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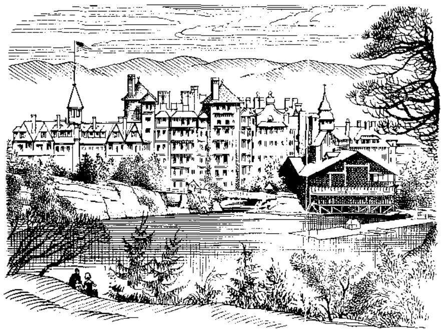

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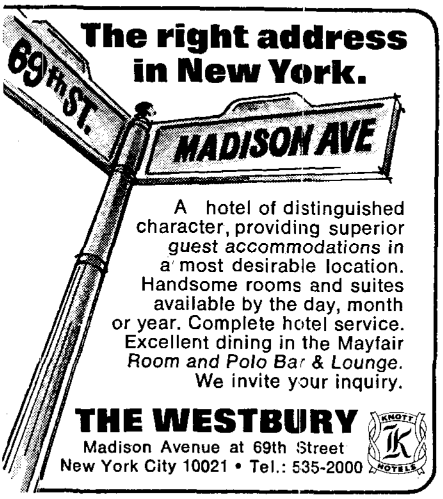

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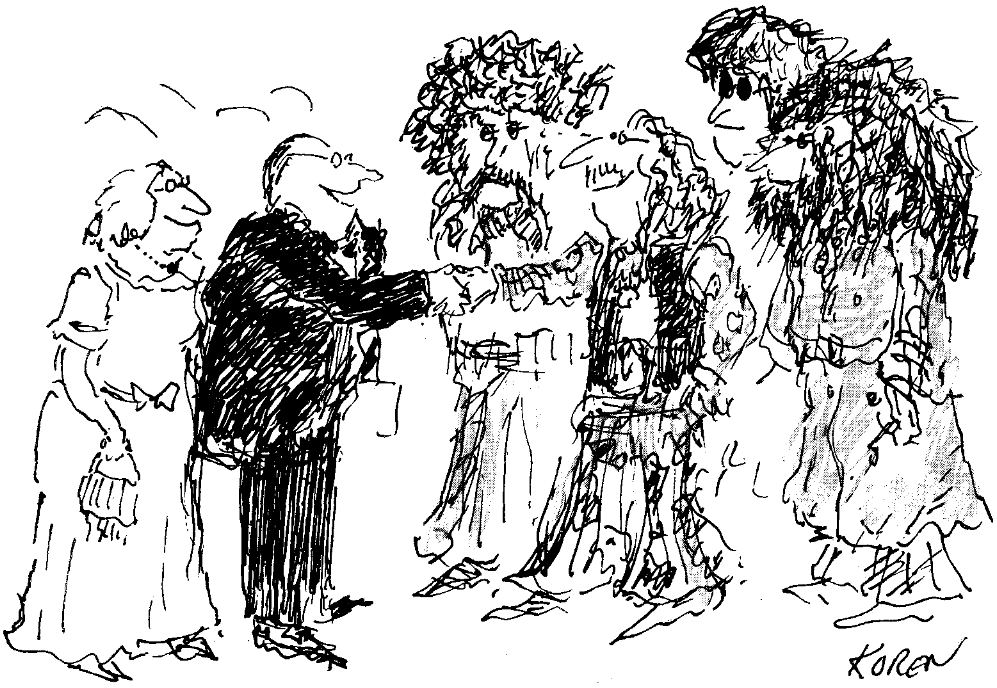
THE ART WORLD

Arp: Pro-Art Dada

THOUGH Jean (Hans) Arp was one of the original Cabaret Voltaire founders of Dada, his work has few of the qualities commonly associated with Dadaism. His images—mildly fantastic, and humorous in a genial way—are lacking in rancor; his color is bright, simple, and appealing; his outstanding effect is poetic. Though his choice and handling of materials are radical, there is nothing in his reliefs, collages, and sculptures that reflects the catastrophe of Europe in 1914-18 or the rage of Dada against the prevailing powers and values—no mechanical brides, desecrated Mona Lisas, photomontages of sex and violence, ready-mades, scandals, highlighted clichés. Arp's motifs feed on nature (the moon, the leaf, the navel), on dreaming (an "egg board," a "cloud pump"), and the everyday (a mustache, a shirtfront, a fork)—subjects that, while not eternal, carry no date. In the Dada that has defined itself historically by its anti-social and anti-art gestures, periodically revived, Arp appears an outsider. He was present in Zurich in 1916, and, according to Hans Richter's "Dada: Art and Anti-Art," he "played a part in every Dada event," but Richard Huelsenbeck, one of the bravos of Dada's staged provocations, has gone on record that Arp "seldom if ever participated in these anti-bourgeois activities." Either Arp was not a true Dadaist or the notion of the movement that has been formed by decades of quoting the most militant utterances of Tzara, Picabia, and Duchamp is an oversimplification. Undeniably, Dada originated in "disgust" (Tzara), it encouraged the practice of "anti-painting" (Picabia), and it was permeated by the feeling, which has continued to arise in active minds, that in the midst of the upheavals of this century art is "not a goal to fill an entire lifetime" (Duchamp). Arp, too, dutifully repeated the ritual attacks on the unimaginative bourgeoisie, which, he wrote, "in place of a heart has an over-life-size corn, which twitches in times of approaching storm—on the stock exchange," and he sought new modes in art because he believed that artists were "disgusted" with oil painting, as "characteristic of a pretentious, self-satisfied world." But though Arp shared Dada's view that the art of the past had dried up as a source of inspiration, he never doubted the worth of art itself and never wanted to be anything but an artist.

The example of Arp shows that there was a side to Dada other than that of its "matadors"—a state of mind less socially aggressive but at least as radical in terms of sensibility. Dada was the crèche for the reborn of the First World War generation. (The significance of the infantile title of the movement is passed over in the history of its scuffles with the public and within its own ranks.) In his rhetoric of mystery, Max Ernst has described the psychic effect of the war upon his own personality; he "died," he says, "the first of August, 1914," and was "resuscitated the eleventh of November, 1918, as a young man aspiring to become a magician and to find the myth of his time." Marcel Jean's "The History of Surrealist Painting" adds that "after his resurrection, Max Ernst rallied to the Dada cause and became . . . the chief animator of the movement in the Rhineland." During the war years, Arp underwent a comparable transformation. In 1915, the year he arrived in Zurich, he tells us, "I produced my first 'essential' picture. [He was then twenty-eight.] I believe that I was playing with some children's blocks at the time." In this year occurred, too, "the most important event of my life"—his participation in the exhibition at the Tanner Gallery, in Zurich, where he met Sophie Taeuber, whose work, he says, descended upon his existence "like the leaves of a tree in a fairy tale." He at once became her collaborator, and later her husband. For Arp, Dada was itself a fairy tale, of the detached and innocent world of childhood: "Revolted by the butchery of the 1914 World War, we in Zurich devoted ourselves to the arts. While the guns rumbled in the distance, we sang, painted, made collages, and wrote poems with all our might."

In his illuminated state ("Arp's hypnotic language," wrote Ernst, "takes us back to a lost paradise"), Arp saw in Dada not a guerrilla attack on civilization but the recovery of art from "beneath the ruins of the centuries." "Dada," he explained, "was more than a kettledrum [probably an allusion to Huelsenbeck, who beat a large drum in Cabaret Voltaire performances], a big noise, and a joke." Dada was the revival of the search for the natural man—the child who would "open his eyes forever." Its destiny was to produce an art that was "anonymous and collective," thus liquidating the egotism responsible, in Arp's view, for making both art and man "unreal." Arp dreamed of works "not signed by their creators," and situated "in the great studio of nature, like clouds, mountains, seas, animals, men." His often quoted statement on the origin of



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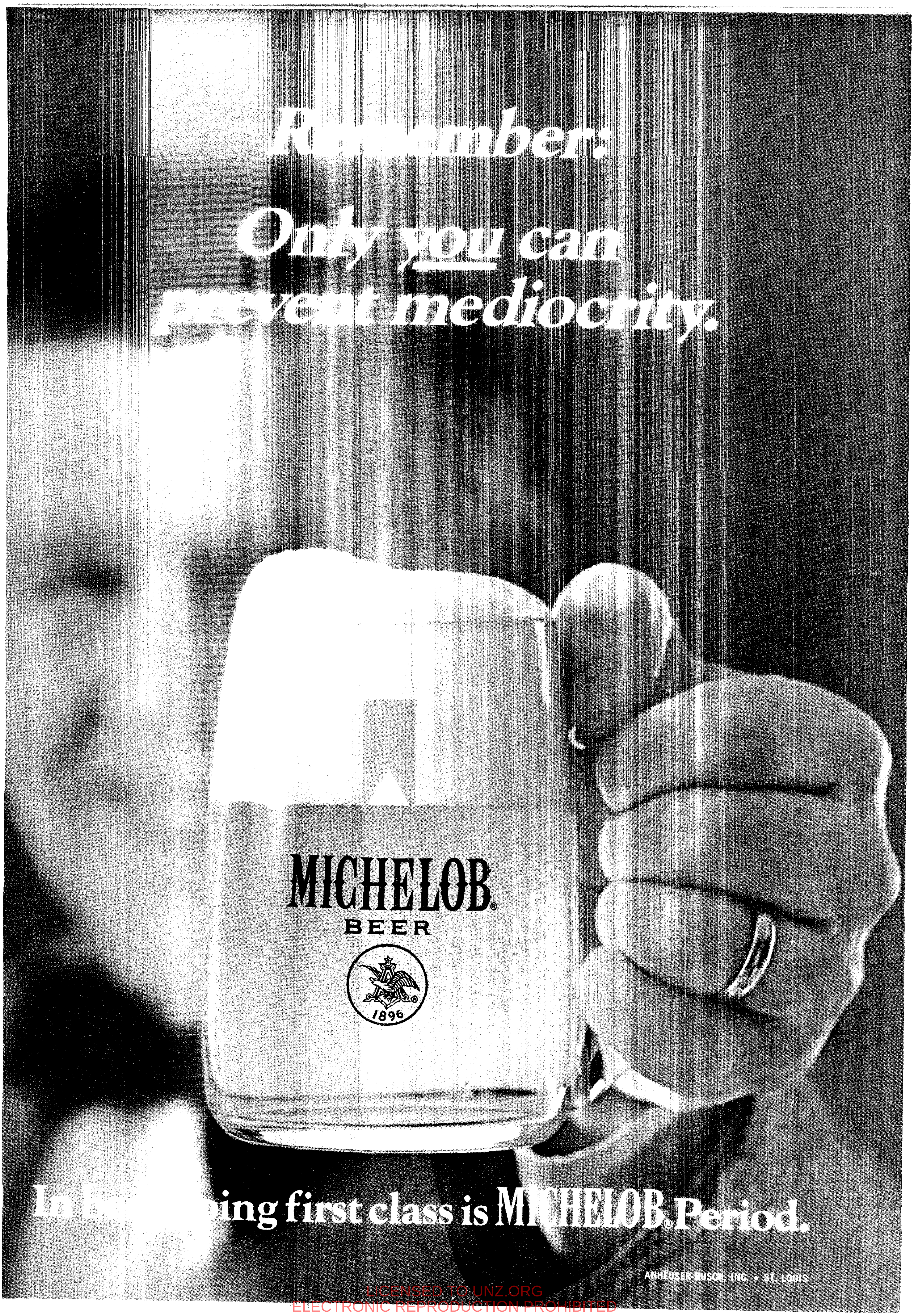
art—"Art is a fruit growing out of man like the fruit out of a plant like the child out of the mother"—invokes continuous organic renewal, as if Arp himself were constantly emerging from the stream of creation. Perhaps his metaphysical interpretation of Dada as a shedding of self stemmed from his dual identity of "Hans" and "Jean," imposed upon him by his German-French heritage as an Alsatian. Everywhere but in his native Strasbourg, Arp found himself an immigrant—legally a German in wartime Paris, French in his feeling against the Germans—and this sense of estrangement and ambiguity is intrinsic to his poetry, drawings, reliefs, and sculptures. "The spectator," he observes, oddly, "always finds himself in a false position before a leaf." Books on Arp almost invariably omit his Christian name from the cover, to avoid choosing between "Hans" and "Jean." The "Arp" isolates itself like the twang of a string. "For Arp," writes Mme. Carola Giedion-Welcker, his biographer, "man is not the crown of creation but simple, lost, transient, like a leaf in the wind." His sense of encountering a universe of unidentified, or only partly identified, persons and things has about it something Whitmanesque, of being without a past and needing to start from scratch on a newly discovered continent. Arp's Dadaism is, to borrow Gertrude Stein's Dadaist phrase, a "beginning again and again."

With his vision of collective and anonymous creation, Arp turns the position of anti-art Dada inside out. Instead of wishing to subvert art, Dada releases it from the burden of its exclusive history in order to discover it everywhere. "We declared that everything that comes into being or is made by man is art," Arp wrote. "Art can be evil, boring, wild, sweet, dangerous, euphonious, ugly, or a feast to the eyes. The whole earth is art. To draw well is art. . . . The nightingale is a great artist. Michelangelo's 'Moses': bravo! But at the sight of an inspired snowman the Dadaists also cried bravo." If even art is art for Arp (as it alone is not for practitioners of Camp and for current earthworks artists and conceptual artists), it is because works of all times coexist with present-day things as phenomena that are open to the innocent eye and to the mind purged of self. To remove the art object from a preferred category in order to exalt the processes of creation, natural and human, was the interpretation of Dada that led Arp to his formal innovations. Speaking of his destruction of his early work (a practice common among artists "awakened" to a new vision), Mme. Giedion-Welcker declares that "it is only with the beginning of the Dada period in Zurich, from 1916 to 1919, that Arp's work takes on a distinctly personal note." With creation itself as his paramount objective, all media attract him; he writes books of poetry, illustrates magazines and pamphlets, does embroidery, engravings, drawings, paintings, collages, sculptures, reliefs. His concept of the self-negating artist impels him to experiment with chance—with the scattering of bits of paper and with found objects. In Arp's scheme, Duchamp's ready-mades and Schwitters' finds are art intended "to cure human beings of the raging madness of genius and return them modestly to their rightful place in nature." The spirit of an informal art, transitory and blended into nature, induces him to condemn frames for pictures and pedestals for sculptures as "useless crutches;" later he envisions his sculptures as stones "formed by the human hand," ideally to be found lying by the side of a stream. Discovering some of his collages in a state of deterioration, he is at first oppressed by a sense of death, then embraces transience by integrating the inevitable destruction of the work into its creation through torn (instead of cut) paper, careless pasting, cracks—ephemeral art representing "the dribbling away, the brevity, the impermanence, the fading, the withering, the spookishness of our existence." In keeping with his poetry and the importance of extending his creative processes from one image to another, he accompanies his works with interpretations of their meanings: "Often the interpretation was more important for me than the work itself."

Undoubtedly, Arp's reliefs, begun in the Dada period, are his most surprising invention. Flat wooden cutouts superimposed upon one another or upon a background plane, they draw their imagery from the free-verse poetry he kept producing all his life. Arp's jammed metaphors ("the burning banner hidden in the pigtail of clouds," "flying Cyclopean mus-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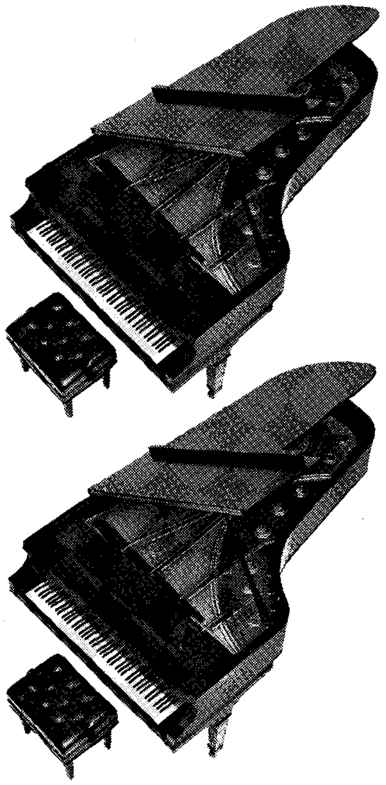

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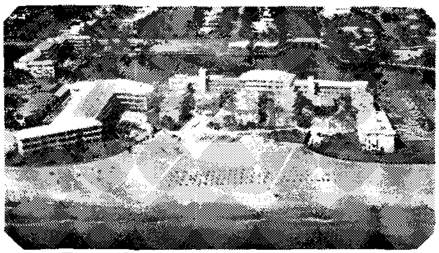

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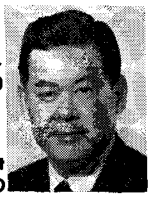

tache"), in the tradition of Rimbaud's deliberate derangement of the senses (a mode later practiced by the Surrealists as "automatic writing"), are materialized into plastic forms as elementary as a coat hanger or a roll of tape. Sculpture makes Arp's arbitrary verbal images exist as things. (The most nearly direct descendant of the Arp of the early reliefs is Oldenburg, while that of the Arp of the later sculptures "in the round" is Henry Moore.) The subjects of the reliefs, which tend to mix humor and "spookishness" in a childlike yet elegant and often metaphysically suggestive simplification, are matched by the even painting of their surfaces in whites, yellows, blues, and blacks, like painted toys or boats. The rhythmically contoured forms derived by Arp from mustaches, navels, shirtfronts, forks, and mountains, and their meticulous spacing upon a rectangular or irregularly shaped ground, have inspired a generation of designers of "free-form" furniture, wall decorations, and swimming pools. The distribution of the flat cutout pieces often causes the reliefs to resemble a game of checkers or shuffleboard suddenly interrupted, while their caricatured personages and their objects in irrational juxtaposition evoke masks or wraiths haunting one another. In thus supplanting the representation of nature with absolute creations, Arp liked to think he had achieved a "mystical reality."

A similar combination of play and metaphysical search animates Arp's series of collages entitled "According to the Laws of Chance," begun in 1916, the year of the first abstract reliefs. Arp "made of chance an almost religious presence," wrote Richter. Resorting to chance is another way of negating the self and the will, as well as a means of seizing the present in the fullness of its content and possibilities. Arp conceived of his experiments with chance as carrying him beyond accident into the occult. (Interestingly, he later claimed that dropping torn papers to see how they would compose themselves was an anticipation of the dripping of pigment by "stain" painters.) Like Klee, Arp emerges as a pioneer in techniques for purging the imagination of preconceived patterns by submerging the consciousness in a sea of blended words and images. As Arp develops his methods, the interaction between his poetry and his plastic conceptions becomes more direct: his "sky clock," or "square cloud with a pendulum of blue smoke," is a mental contrivance ready to be added to nature in material form.

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In Arp's Dada formulation of an "anonymous and collective" art, the anonymity was contingent on the collectivity; when the group cohesion dissolved, its members were bound to relapse into individualism. Dada collaboration broke down very quickly—by 1922 it was being described by its leaders in the past tense. Yet Arp retained for a remarkably long time his ability to stand aside from the givenness of self—to find himself "in a false position before a leaf." At length, however, his personal dissociation, with its accompanying lightness, flimsiness, irony, and fantasy, gradually gave way to a desire for permanence and place. Mr. Robert Melville, a British critic, writing in the catalogue of the Arp retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art in 1958, made the ingenious point that whereas in the first printing of Arp's declaration that "art is a fruit growing out of man" the artist refers to himself in lower case, a later version of the statement has been revised by the artist in the direction of solemnity and conventionality, and the "i" has been changed to "I." "The amended version," Melville concludes, "was made by a man who was shouldering the burden of an artistic reputation." Committed to art, Arp found himself forced toward a method of creation in which he could foresee and control his product rather than simply wait for the gifts of chance and illumination. However much it is resisted, the destiny of art is to turn to craft.

By 1930-31, Arp had entered his post-Dada phase—that of the in-the-round sculptures, which he called "concretions." The term, which he had used formerly to distinguish his ideal of "mystical realities" from the abstract and mechanical art of the Futurists and the Constructivists, now became literally descriptive of solidifications of hybrid entities. "Our very first concrete works made a final break with change," wrote the former pioneer in techniques for building time and deterioration into his paintings and collages.

In Arp's solid sculpture—some monolithic, some with "empty spaces in the marble nests"—the visionary metaphors of the reliefs are replaced by ambiguous forms related to forms of nature: a torso that can also be a leg, a vegetable turning into an animal, a star that might be a starfish, buds that are breasts. (Henry Moore's monument to the atomic bomb at the University of Chicago—a head shape that is a skull and a helmet—follows the principle of Arp's later sculpture, which converts forms found in nature into representa-

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tions of two or more possible motifs.) In Arp's concretions and free-standing flat cutouts, the poetry consists of expressive gestures, *in which* Arp continues, on occasion (e.g., "Owl's Dream"), to be capable of surprising finds.

IN the current Arp retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum, which covers his work from a 1903 example almost to 1966, the year of his death, paintings and collages, and even many of the reliefs, are in frames, and the sculptures are on pedestals (and at home on them). A selection of the early masterpieces is on display—"First Dada Relief," a small composition made up of six or seven elements, as if taken from a Cubist painting plane by plane, cut out in wood, and screwed together, one on top of another; "Egg Board," a wooden relief consisting of painted breadboard shapes with superimposed ovals (it represented, according to Arp, "a game for the upper ten thousand, in which the participants leave the arena covered with egg yolk"); and such lyrical all-white reliefs as "Balcony 1" and "Torso Mask." Reliefs featured in the 1958 retrospective at the Modern Museum—"Infinite Amphora," "Mountain, Table, Anchors, Navel"—are, regrettably, missing.

The bulk of the Guggenheim exhibition consists of Arp's figures of arrested metamorphosis—the concretions in bronze and stone. Few of these match the revelations (at times laced with humor) and the compositional intensity of the early reliefs and collages. The surfaces of two or three of the painted reliefs have become dirty or worn, but this gives them the added attractiveness of a fragment of children's furniture or a toy found in a back yard. It is difficult not to prefer Arp's cosmic clocks, rope figures, and torn papers to his later evocations of classical figure sculpture. Yet Arp's poetry occurs in the latter, and in the reliefs and collages of his late years as well. "Three Graces," "Animal Conscious of Its Beauty," and "Ambitious Concretion" go beyond his metamorphosed Venuses ("Demeter," "Demeter's Doll") into an idiom of gestural dance.

The exhibition at the Guggenheim is in no sense visually overpowering. Arp's pieces are modest in scale and unspectacular in color. They are meant for contemplation, not shock to the senses. The pleasure in Arp's best work is that of reflection and wonder; one tends to appreciate his forms in terms of his titles—that is, to apprehend his images within the universe of words. The sculptural concretions, in contrast to the poetry-derived reliefs, exist in silence, the condition of traditional sculpture. The career of Arp is exemplary; his autobiographical notebook "On My Way" could have been entitled "On My Way to the Museum." Art is the preserver of childhood, and its betrayer. For the non-militant avant-gardist, maturity consists in passing from games in the garden of the imagination to the inventions of a professional in the world of institutionalized values. Pro-art Dada (now revived in the Dada of Johns, Arman, Rauschenberg, and other Dadaists of the sixties) has not escaped this development.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

• •

HER LAST SICKNESS

Sailing the long hot gulf
of her last sickness,
out past the whispering beach,
she saw the town lights dim.
What were those voices shouting in her head?
She was their sentence, they were hers.
Words ripped at her ribs
like multiplied hearts until
she drowned in that intolerable pulse.

Now riding the slow tide
she's dumb as driftwood, sheds
her last light skins of thought
easily as October.
Mouthing the great salt flow,
black with it, white with its foam,
she's picturesque—no more than a design
on the packed sand, a hieroglyph
from another land.

—SANDRA M. GILBERT

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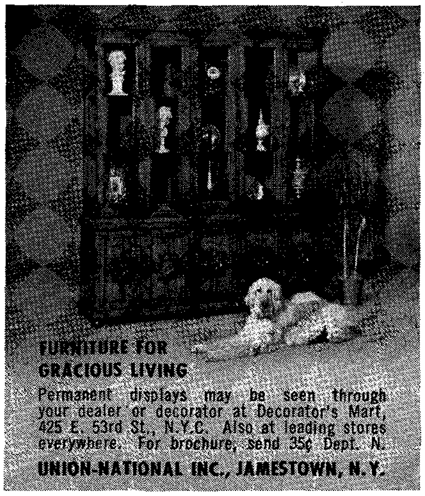

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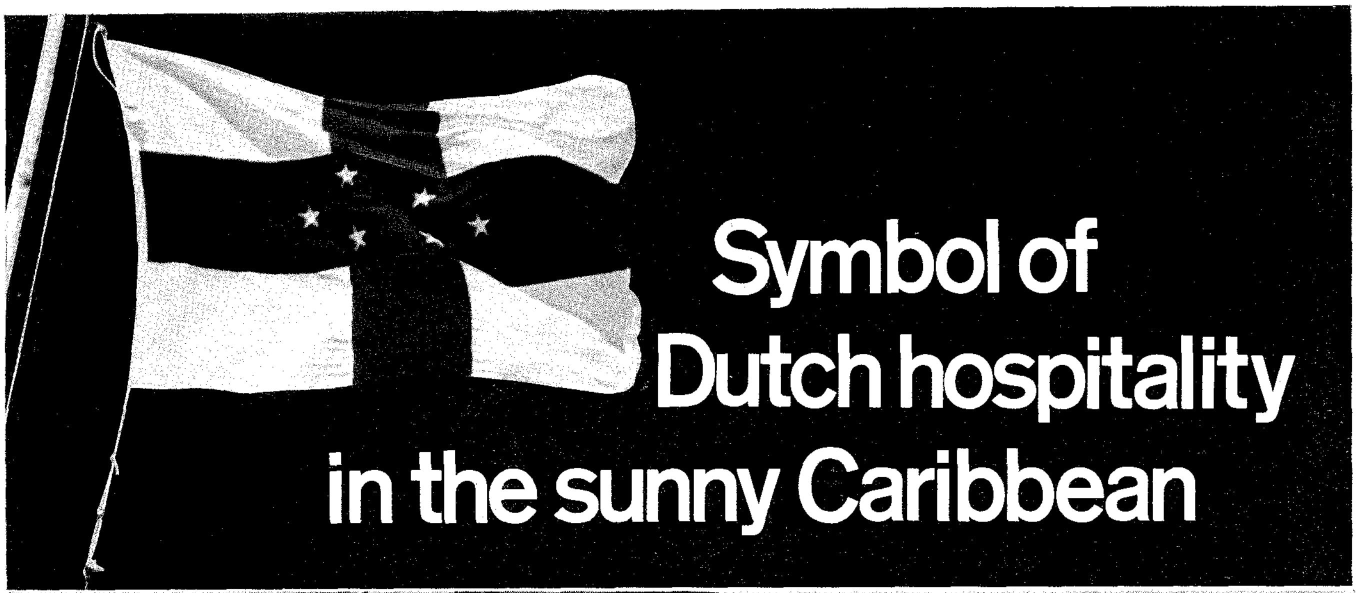

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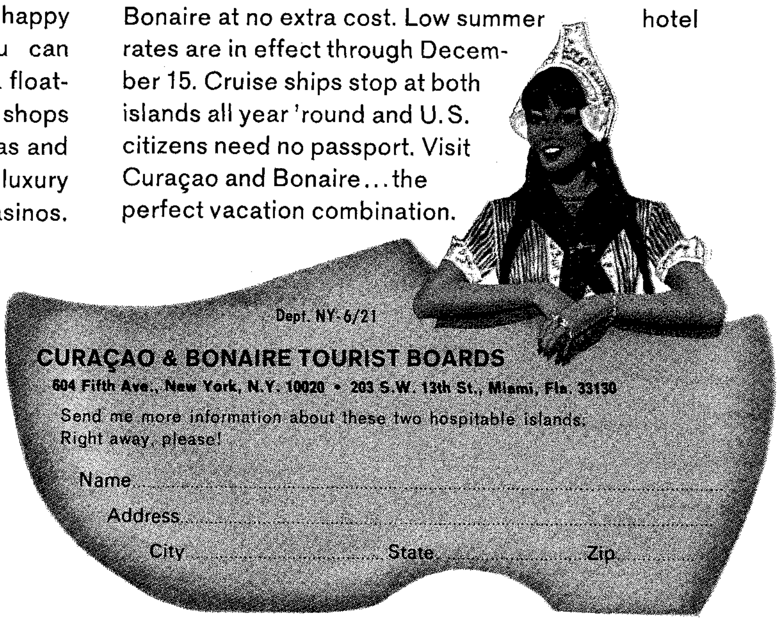

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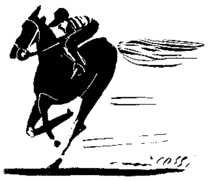
THE RACE TRACK

Grass Cutters

NEITHER dark clouds, which hung over the course, nor a light rain, which came and went, dulled the Bowling Green Handicap at Belmont Park last Saturday. In a race that was thrilling from start to finish, Gus Ring's Czar Alexander won the mile-and-a-half gallop on the grass by nearly two lengths from the Tartan Stable's Ruffled Feathers, who took the place by a nose from Thomas Nichols' Jean-Pierre, with Mrs. Louisa d'A. Carpenter's Irish Rebellion fourth, a neck behind. It's too early for long-range predictions, so I'll merely submit that at present Czar Alexander seems top of the list on our turf tracks. He certainly was much the best in the Bowling Green, carrying 126 pounds and giving weight in chunks—from eleven to seventeen pounds—to the nine other starters. He was most impressive in the paddock, too, looking very fit, with a sheen to his coat, although he's been in training for ever so long and had hard races last month in the Macomber Memorial at Suffolk Downs and the Dixie Handicap at Pimlico, both of which he won. In the Bowling Green, he was never far behind Kentucky Kin and Jean-Pierre, who raced in front for more than a mile; he took over when Kentucky Kin tired on the turn for home, and went on to win comfortably. Ruffled Feathers was second best. A runner who likes to keep in the clear, he got into close quarters several times, and that didn't help him. Jean-Pierre, wearing tight bandages on his hind legs, went surprisingly well. By the way, the rain had no ill effect on the footing. In fact, the mile and a half was run in 2:27⅖—a second and a fifth faster than the mark set in 1962 by Beau Purple.



Owned by a Washington, D.C., contractor, the Czar is a well-made, medium-sized, Irish-bred four-year-old bay colt by Pampered King out of War Ribbon. Abroad, he ran in England, France, and Germany, and in this country he has campaigned from Massachusetts to Florida, and to Chicago and back. His best efforts last year were in the Man o' War, which he won, and the Washington, D.C., International, in which he was second to Sir Ivor. So far this season, he's had three firsts and a second in five tries. His next start will be in the two-hundred-thousand-dollar Yankee Gold Cup at Suffolk Downs a week from Saturday. Angel Penna, who trains the Ring horses, has a second string to his bow for that one—Majetta, winner of the recent Edgemere Handicap. They could run one-two. Penna, as you know, comes from Argentina, where his father, Angel, Sr., was a leading jockey and later a top trainer. Another son, Julio, led the trainers' list there last year.

WHEN it rains too hard, races on the grass are often shifted over to the main track, to save wear and tear on the softened turf. This happened at Monmouth last weekend, so Al Hattab, winner of the Jersey Derby, had no chance to show how well he could go on turf. The Long Branch Stakes was transferred to a very muddy racing strip indeed, and Al could do no better than finish third to North Flight and Dr. Zetzel. And, from all accounts, a colt named Tell led all the way in the Hollywood Derby in California, winning by four and a half lengths from Jay Ray, with Court Road third. Majestic Prince was paraded between races, and it's my guess that he was cheered as loudly as Tell was later in the afternoon. And had he run he would have beaten Tell as easily as Tell beat the others. Oh, well . . .

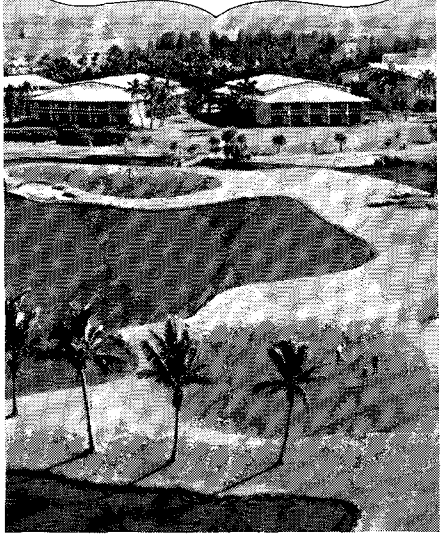
TO get back to Belmont, the disappointment of the week was the failure of Raymond Guest's L'Escargot, winner of the Meadow Brook Steeplechase earlier in the meeting, to run for the Grand National. He went lame in his stall shortly before the race. (Nobody knows how such things happen to horses, but they do.) For the record, Miles Valentine's High Patches, who led most of the way, won it from Vocalist, the favorite, and Curator was third. Just before the Grand National, the electric power that operates the elevators went phut, and the stewards, on the way down from their stand on the roof to an inquiry, were trapped for half an hour. It was the heat that did it—or maybe a gremlin who'd just lost a bet.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

President Nixon's plan to eliminate 57 cents has triggered bitter debate and stormy hearings in Congress.—*Boston Herald Traveler.*

Solons are so jumpy.



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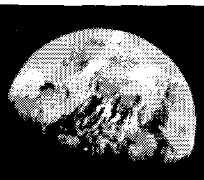

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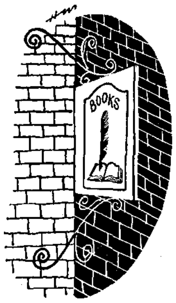
BOOKS

The Prisoner Who Became a Guard



“FROM BEGINNING TO END” (Prentice-Hall) is a thin volume containing two short novellas by Jozsef Lengyel, a Hungarian writer who was born in the days when his country still formed a part of the Austrian Empire, and who had already made a name for himself as a poet when that Empire collapsed at the end of the First World War. When the Communist leader Béla Kun came to power in 1919, Lengyel became editor of the Budapest publication *Red Gazette*, but he held the post only briefly until the counter-revolution sponsored by the British, French, and Americans succeeded in bringing in Admiral Horthy and the Whites and driving out the Reds. Lengyel thereafter made his way to Moscow, where work was found for him as editor of a Hungarian-language newspaper. He functioned in this capacity from the early twenties until 1937, when he was arrested and transported into that eastern land of labor camps and penal settlements which is outside Soviet society yet part of it. In that limbo, Lengyel lived as a number and the shadow of a man for eighteen years. Then, in 1955, he was set free and permitted to return to the homeland that he had not set eyes on in thirty-four years.

The two stories in the present volume—atrociously translated, it must be said—are the distilled essence of Lengyel’s lost years. The title story covers the whole experience, literally from beginning to end, and the other, “The Spell,” deals with a single episode in the nightmare. The hero of the first, having been discharged from a labor camp in Siberia after serving, *more sovietico*, twenty-six months more than the legal term of his sentence, is issued twelve pounds of bread and money enough to buy a ticket to a place on the European side of the Urals where he has friends who will be able to help him to make a fresh start. This seems fair enough, but when he gets to the railroad station he finds that ex-convicts have such a low order of priority at the ticket office that it is virtually impossible for them to secure a place on the regular trains. He has to wait at the station for ten days—sleeping on the floor, eating up his precious bread, and running through his money—until an unscheduled train composed entirely of boxcars arrives. This is the 508, a derelicts’ special that runs the length of the Trans-Siberian line roughly three times a month picking up ghosts like him, who don’t have officially recognized identities. The journey westward is an extraordinary ordeal, since the train is ruled by bands of hooligans, and its passengers are harassed as class enemies by the police along the way. At his destination, the hero finds himself destitute, ill, and without a ration card or residence permit. As soon as he has solved the problem of how to remain alive in these circumstances, he is picked up by the police and held in jail for four months while his case is reviewed. At the end of that time, he is assured that he has been cleared and that he is a citizen in full possession of his civil rights—entitled to “vote and all that.” The only thing is that he is not to be allowed to leave the place of residence to which he is to be assigned. If he does that, he will be committing a crime against the state that carries a penalty of twenty years’ imprisonment. The hero is then put on a train that takes him back to the station in Siberia where he picked up the 508, and he is there transferred to a truck that takes him seventy-five miles out into the boondocks and dumps him in the market square of a small town, to await assignment:

> The State Security men did not leave us stranded entirely. They made telephone calls to the local kolkhozes, and soon the chairmen and vice-chairmen arrived and began to pick the ones they fancied from among us. The artisans were much in demand.

Lengyel’s Lengyel-like hero, being an intellectual, is taken on reluctantly by the representative of a kolkhoz with a special need. A stranger is wanted to fill the post of field guard—a night watchman to keep pilferers away from mounds of grain that are left in the open at the edges of the fields at the end of the harvest, when the combines have done their work. The authorities shrink from giving the job to a local man, because the thieves will be local men—if they come—and they will kill the watchman if they think there is any chance that he might recognize and denounce them. So it is by virtue of his ghostly non-connection with anything or anybody that this man can begin his new life. He works first as field guard, then as assistant to a charcoal burner, and at last as ranger and game warden responsible for patrolling the kolkhoz’s twelve thousand acres of virgin forest. In his loneliness, three thousand miles from any place that means anything to him, isolated

by his habits of mind and the nature of his experiences from the peasant community around him, whose members seem to be living in another historical epoch from his own, he comes to realize that age is overtaking him and that he is at the end of the road down which his loyalty to the Party and its revolutionary ideals has led him. He knows that in another couple of years he will no longer have the strength to make the week-long forest patrol that entitles him to three pounds of grain. He faces a prospect that he doesn't fancy but can see no way of avoiding:

> Soon enough . . . a new method of procuring bread awaits me. Begging from house to house, hat in hand. . . . I am thinking up my begging chant, a loathsome one, to nauseate people, make them hand me out quickly their copper coin or slice of bread. It will be loathsome, piteous, rebellious:

> *My enemies are high and mighty*
> *My friends are gone with the wind,*
> *If you don't care a damn, have*
> *mercy—*

> then go on like a hypocrite, mendaciously, in bad faith:

> *He who sowed and reaped has no*
> *bread to eat. . . .*
> *Give a pittance, give to a poor*
> *beggar for Christ's sake.*

The story called "From Beginning to End" gives the factual outline of this experience of doom, but "The Spell" goes even more horrifyingly into its meaning for Lengyel, by focussing on the issue of its hero's inability to establish any kind of rapport with the strangers among whom his lot has fallen. The villagers dislike him because he is enclosed in his role of victim. He has been so deeply wounded by his society's rejection of him that he in effect endorses its arbitrary verdict of guilt by withdrawing into himself and refusing the crude offers of sympathy that are made to him. The peasants find evidence of surliness and ill nature in his compulsive behavior and, concluding that he must be a bad man, since he behaves badly by their canons, carry his rejection a stage further.

The action of the story turns finally on the question of the ownership of a dog. The animal deserts an established member of the community who has habitually treated it with callous brutality, and transfers its loyalties and affections to the ghost, who understands it and is kind to it. The dog's behavior is natural, but since it doesn't conform to the idea of the ghost that the villagers have adopted, they decide

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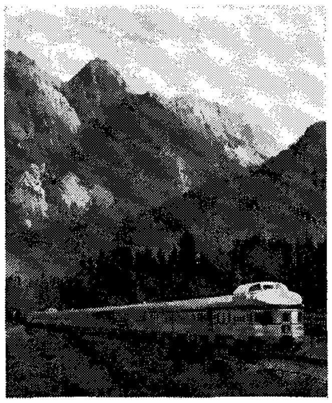

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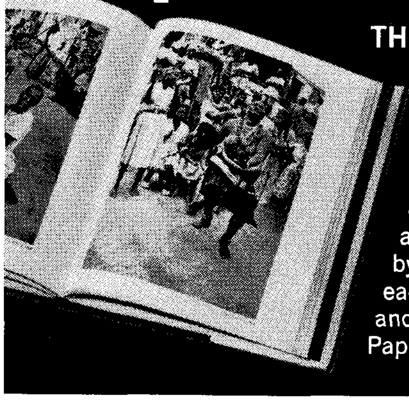

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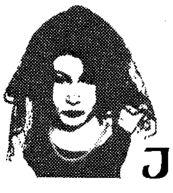

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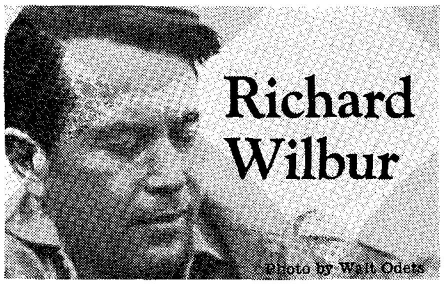

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that he must have put some kind of spell on the beast. It is thus the very survival of human warmth and sympathy in him that completes his alienation from his neighbors. Under the surface of this at-first-sight sentimental story, rendered in the convention of realism, Lengyel goes deeply into the occult and complex processes of self-condemnation that are inextricably involved in the institutionalization of social injustice and that make so many of the victims of bureaucratic tyrannies functioning collaborators with their persecutors.

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE RAG DOLLS, by Simon Cooper (World). Simon Cooper is the pseudonym of a young man who, we are informed, has made it in Carnaby Street and really knows its models and photographers and all the ruthless controllers of the one-dress-a-week provincial dollies. Rupert and Caroline Walker—"Mr. and Mrs. Fashion"—and Caroline's pretty brother, Julian, are fashion designers and part owners of a chain of boutiques called Ragtime. Alex, their predatory female business manager, takes her sole enjoyment in manipulating their checkered sexual tastes. All the characters are very unhappy indeed, and most of them take drugs. The novel is set in London and New York; the latter is distinguished by the naïveté of its fashion world and the more blatant homosexuality of its businessmen. Perhaps "The Rag Dolls" is a truthful book, taking the lid off a maggoty and transient world.

GENERAL

MISS ELIZABETH: A MEMOIR, by Elizabeth Anderson and Gerald R. Kelly (Little, Brown). Mrs. Anderson, now eighty-four, was Sherwood Anderson's third wife. She met him in New York (where she was managing the Doubleday Doran bookstore) and lived with him in New Orleans, Paris, and rural Virginia until 1929, when he sent her to visit her parents and then wrote her a one-line letter: "I just wish you would not come back." Mrs. Anderson then moved to Taxco, Mexico, renewed a friendship with William Spratling, whom she had known in New Orleans, and opened what became a successful dress shop. Her book ends with Spratling's death in an automobile accident in 1967, of which she comments: "I miss Bill Spratling so very much more than I ever missed Sherwood Anderson." It is a curious book, bland in describing her early years, dutiful and matter-of-fact about the Anderson years, and chatty about the Mexican years that followed. The writing is clearly that of Mr. Kelly, a professional journalist, but Mrs. Anderson's observations on her celebrated friends are just as clearly her own: "Others might eat an apple; Sherwood *experienced* it;" "Edna St. Vincent Millay . . . always had a coterie of followers but did not care about them one way or the other;" "Bill Faulkner's studied courtesies and Southern mannerisms were a pose."

THE URBAN GUERRILLA, by Martin Oppenheimer (Quadrangle). A sociologist's study—part journalistic, part scholarly, and all first-rate—of today's currents of rebellion and unrest. The author agrees that the drive for civil rights and human rights that got under way in the nineteen-sixties and that was nonviolent in its approach has now run its course, after having achieved a certain number of significant reforms. Noting, on the one hand, that the Establishment is now in a mood to retrench (and to institute repressive counter-revolutionary measures, if necessary) and, on the other hand, that the militants of the left are even hungrier than before, he goes on to speculate on the direction things will take. His only certainty is that they will not stand still. He furnishes two "scenarios" of fancied revolutionary uprisings of urban blacks against the white power, and demonstrates that, in the present circumstances, such rebellions have no chance of success. His book is a pocket seminar in megalopolitan revolutionary tactics and counter-tactics.

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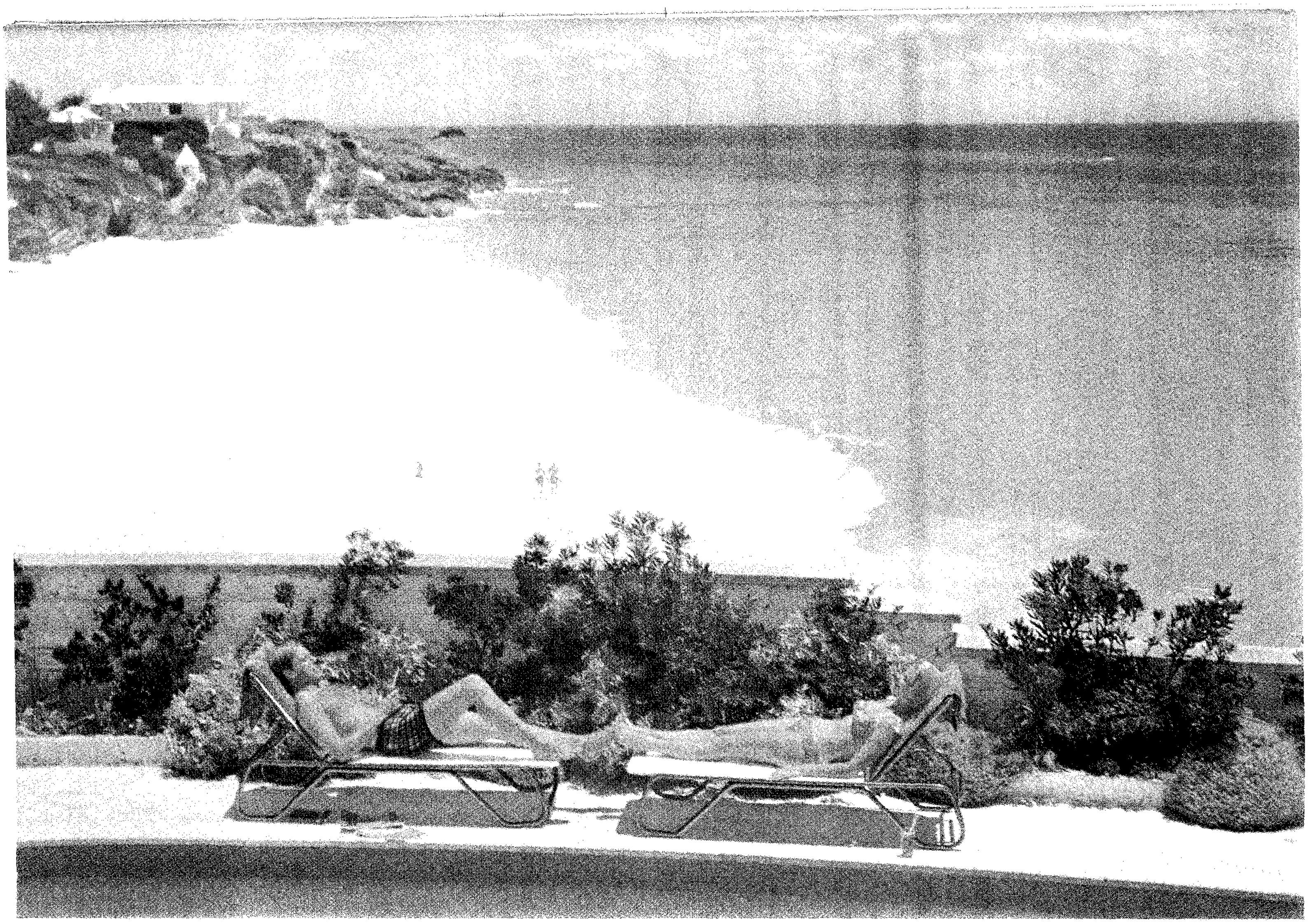
Strands of sparkling diamonds cascaded from her ears and swathed her neck.

Are they real, a woman inquired?

"I wouldn't be wearing them if they weren't," Miss Crawford replied.
—*Joan Crawford interviewed in the Toronto Telegram.*

Her shoes and bag were paddy green and glitter was added with sparkling long earrings and a bib necklace. "Real?" she repeated when a reporter asked. "Don't be silly. Would I be wearing real ones like this?"
—*Joan Crawford interviewed in the Toronto Star.*



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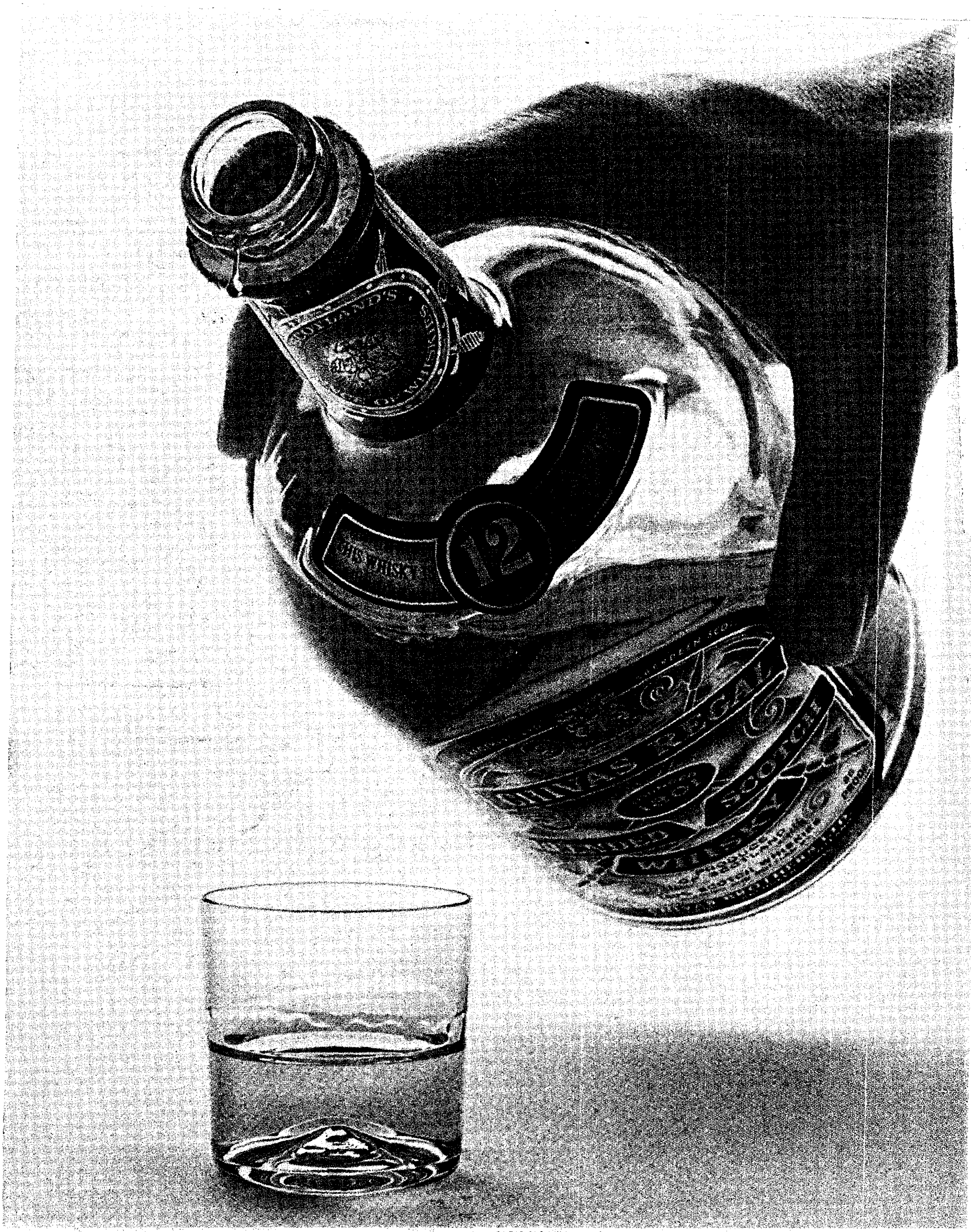
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